

Mohan Lal

TRAVELS in the PUNJAB AFGHANISTAN and Turkistan to Balk Bokhara and HERAT



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Travels in the

PUNJAB AFGHANISTAN TURKISTAN

to

BALK BOKHARA & HERAT

and a visit to

Great Britain and Germany

MOHAN LAL

1979

AL-BIRUNI

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public the following journal of my travels, I feel it incumbent on me to state that my course of instruction in the English language was not of a long duration, and therefore I hope that errors of idiom, and the use of terms not strictly proper, will be overlooked by candid readers. Even in that short period of my tuition, I was not able to attend the college regularly, and pay close attention to my studies, owing to the sudden change from highly comfortable and adequate means, my predecessors having been deprived of respectable estates by Government.*

Part of this Journal, which I kept during my

* During this distressed state of my mind and circumstances, I was supported by Mr. C. E. Trevelyan with many friendly and encouraging speeches, and sometimes with pocket-money, for which, though at present in a more prosperous condition, I feel deeply grateful. He gave me some lessons before he sent me to College, and also a document promising to promote my success in the world as far as lay in his power.

travels in Turkistan with the late Sir Alexander Burnes, was published by me in India, but as not a single copy of it was left unsold, and scarcely one was to be found in England, I thought it best to add it to the entirely new account of my travels in the Mazari country, and the commercial reports of the different marts on the Indus.

The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to find that this volume contains nothing whatever concerning our disasters in Afghanistan. A narrative of those yet unexplained transactions will appear in another work, which is now in preparation.

I have abridged a great deal of that part of my Journal formerly printed, and Mr. Trevelyan has likewise made alterations and abridgments in the Memoir. There were many statements in both which were quite uninteresting. The map of my route contains parts which I surveyed myself, and were never before traversed.

I have mentioned the names of some gentlemen and ladies, and quoted their letters, and I have expressed the sentiments of heartfelt gratitude which I owe them. This I have done with the view that the people of Asia might read them, and be thereby assured of receiving kindness in

this civilized and hospitable country, and discard the most unjust idea, that strangers are neither protected nor respected in Europe.

MOHAN LAL,
Kashmirian.

4, *George-street, Manchester-square,*
London, 1*st March,* 1846.

TO

C. E. TREVELYAN, Esq.,

&c. &c. &c.

This volume is inscribed as a proof of my heartfelt gratitude, respect, and affection to a friend to whom I am indebted for all I enjoy in the world: who, besides educating me in youth, early associated me with himself; taught me to think and to act as a man, when most of my companions were still engaged in their education in the class established by him, and who afterwards expressed his satisfaction towards me in the following words: "I feel now that the favourable opinion which I formed of you when a boy, and which subsequently led me to select you to accompany Sir Alexander Burnes on his journey, has been fully justified by the result, and it is satisfactory to me to think that I have been the means of enabling you to commence an useful and honourable career."

MOHAN LAL.

London, 1*st March*, 1846.

MEMOIR OF MOHAN LAL.

BY

C. E. TREVELYAN, Esq.

Originally published at Calcutta, in the year 1834, as a Preface to Mohan Lal's Narrative of his Travels to Bokhara, &c., in company with the late Sir Alexander Burnes.

MOHAN LAL is the son of Rae Budh Singh, the son of Raja Mani Ram, of Kashmir, who held a high rank, with a considerable estate, at the court of the late emperors of Delhi. His father, the Rae, was a resident of that ancient metropolis, and he accompanied the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone to Peshawer, in the capacity of Persian secretary, from which association the subject of this Memoir began even from early childhood to take an interest in the affairs of that quarter. After receiving the ordinary Persian education at home, Mohan Lal was introduced to me by his father, who had learned, from a short residence at Calcutta, the advantages of an English education, and willingly agreed to send his son to join an English class which had just been established in the Persian College at Delhi.

Let no one despise the day of small things. This little class, which was formed amid the scoffs of

the learned inhabitants of Delhi, and the prudential objections of not a few of the European residents; and which consisted, for several weeks after its first establishment, of only six individuals, was the nucleus of a system which, to all appearances, is destined to change the moral aspect of the whole of Upper India. Only five years have passed since that period, and an annually increasing body of the most intelligent and aspiring youths of the upper and middle classes, amounting at present to at least three hundred, is zealously pursuing the study of English; and in a few years, such a number of advocates and teachers of the new learning will have been raised up, that the system must obtain a decided predominance. Except among a few adherents to ancient systems, who foresee the inevitable consequences of the process which is going on, prejudices have been disarmed; and the movement has become so decidedly national, that Indians of rank and influence, no longer willing that the exclusive direction should remain with the Europeans, have begun to take the matter into their own hands, and they are at this moment engaged in devising the means of establishing a separate college for the young nobility of that quarter, in which their children may receive a good English education, without associating with the other classes of the community.

The importance of this change cannot be appreciated unless we recollect that Delhi was of all

places the least promising field for trying a great experiment of this kind. It was justly considered the stronghold of Mohammedan bigotry. The countenance and authority of the king, the large body of learned "maulavis and hakims,"* the numerous mosques and public ceremonials, and above all, the hereditary associations of respect and esteem with which the Mohammedan system was viewed in the Mohammedan capital, seemed to render such an attempt hopeless; yet a more flourishing tree never sprung up even in the best of soils. English learning has now become so well and firmly established, that, in the course of years, by the mere accumulation of existing means, without any new effort, it must displace every other system. After what has taken place at Delhi, we need not despair of success in any quarter, provided the efforts made are sustained by zeal, and directed by good sense.

We do not think our readers will blame us for shewing the connection which exists between Mohan Lal's history and the commencement of one of the greatest moral changes that has ever taken place on the face of the globe. Mohan Lal is among the first-fruits of the new system, and he has done it no small credit. He was one of the little class of six students above referred to, whose memory will be cherished when the professors of the new literature, and of the new system of morals

* Theologians and medical men.

and science embodied in it, will be numbered by millions, and when it will be narrated as a striking instance of the superintending providence of God, that so mighty a change was accomplished by means apparently so weak and contemptible. Shahamat Ali,* who is imparting gratuitous instruction in the English language to the youth of Lodiana, and amusing the people of Calcutta with the interesting news of that quarter, is another of the six; as are also Ramkrishan Jewahir Lal, and Sheoparshad, now teachers in the parent Institution at Delhi. Although less known to fame, Ramkrishan made the earliest and greatest progress of all his fellows, and is now looked up to by his old associates with feelings of sincere respect and affection.

The increase of the numbers of the English class attached to the Persian College led to the formation of a separate English College, among the students of which, Mohan Lal and his associates held, of course, the first rank. The hero of our tale pursued his studies here for nearly two years, during which he was principally distinguished for his amiable and gentle disposition, and unassuming deportment. Ramkrishan always kept somewhat in advance of him in the intellectual race, but none made such an impression upon the hearts of all who knew them as Mohan Lal. Other students might command in a greater degree the respect of visitors to the college,

* Now chief Persian Secretary (Mir Munshi) to the Political Resident at Indore.

but Mohan Lal won their affections; and the natural grace of his simple and unaffected manners made him an universal favourite.

At this period Mr. Fitzgerald, of the civil service, now unhappily no more, arrived at Delhi. He visited the college, and a congeniality of disposition soon led him and Mohan Lal to become frequent associates. It was in his house Mohan Lal first became acquainted with Lieutenant Burnes,* who soon became sensible of his peculiar qualifications, and proposed to the late Lord William Bentinck, to take him as his companion and Persian secretary in the journey which he was about to undertake through Central Asia.

This was the commencement of what may be called Mohan Lal's official career; and since that period he has been so constantly before the public, that there is no occasion for me to trace minutely the steps of his progress. Suffice it to say, that wherever he has been employed, he has left behind him a favourable impression. The natives of those distant countries expected, as a matter of course, to find superior qualifications in the gentlemen who composed the European portion of the party; *their* learning and accomplishments created no astonishment; but to see Mohan Lal, a young inhabitant of Delhi, who had never before left his native country, well stored with interesting information,

* The late Sir Alexander Burnes.

and demeaning himself as one who was conscious of his own worth, at the same time that he was particularly unassuming in his manners—this was indeed a matter of surprise to them. They beheld an individual raised at once by the simple influence of an European education to associate in the highest society; and a person who, under other circumstances, would not have been distinguished from the crowd, courted and beloved for the extent of his information (which to them appeared almost boundless), the agreeable manner in which he communicated it to them in their own language, and the general attraction of his manners. This was, indeed, a triumph of our nation, which does us more real credit than all our Plasseys and Assayes. In the person of Mohan Lal we proved to the Mohammedan nations beyond the Indus our qualification for the great mission with which we have been intrusted, of regenerating India. We convinced them that we are capable of producing a moral change infinitely more honourable to us than any victory we have achieved. It must, therefore, be admitted that Mohan Lal deserves well of our country.

Not to mention minor instances, Mohan Lal was honoured with the particular notice of Abbas Mirza, the late lamented prince royal of Persia. On the great day of Id-ul-Fatar, all the nobles of his court came to pay their respects to his highness, who was graciously pleased to summon Mohan Lal, by spe-

cial invitation, to witness the pageant. When the first ceremonies had been brought to a close, and the nobles, after presenting their offerings, had taken their places in the darbar, his highness turned towards Mohan Lal, and asked him, as he had seen both, whether Ranjit Singh's court could vie in magnificence with what he now saw before him, or whether the Sikh army could compare in discipline and courage with his highness's sirbaz?* To this Mohan Lal modestly, but firmly, replied, that Maharajah Ranjit Singh's darbar-tent was made of Kashmir shawls, and that even the floor was composed of the same costly material; and as for his army, if Sardar Hari Singh (Ranjit's commander-in-chief on the Afghan frontier) were to cross the Indus, his highness would soon be glad to make good his retreat to his original government in Tabriz. The terms in which this reply was conceived, and the tone of voice in which it was delivered, were so indicative of frankness, that no idea of an impropriety having been committed occurred to anybody; yet the free expression of opinion was a thing so unheard of at the Persian court, that the entire audience stood waiting in silent expectation for his highness's reply. This was not long delayed, and, as nearly as the recollection of our informant serves, it was as follows:—"Wonderful, wonderful!" said Abbas Mirza, drawing the atten-

* 'Stakers of their heads.' The Persian regular troops are so called.

tion of the court towards Mohan Lal; "see the effect of English education!" and, after a short pause, he continued—"How inscrutable are the decrees of Providence which has conferred so much power on a kafir! (infidel); but if Ali, the Lion of God, favour us, we will yet plant our standard in Kashmir, and dress all our sirbazes in shawl pantaloons." On his departure from Mashad, Mohan Lal was distinguished by his royal highness by the gift of the order of the Lion and Sun; and since the premature decease of that truly noble prince, this mark of his good opinion has acquired additional value.

From Mashad, where Abbas Mirza at that period held his court, Mohan Lal returned with Dr. Gerard to Herat, and during seven months' stay at that place, he contracted an intimate friendship with Sadat Malik, son of Shah Kamran, the Durani king of that part of Afghanistan. Jonathan and David, and Pylades and Orestes, were not more distinguished examples of disinterested friendship than Sadat Malik and Mohan Lal. The princes of that country do not enjoy what we should regard as a princely revenue; but Sadat Malik gave what he had, and conferred upon his friend an accomplishment which is likely to be of greater practical value to him through life than can be estimated in gold and silver: he taught him how to tie his turban in a style of superior elegance. We, who only deal in stiff round hats, can have no con-

ception of the real importance to an Asiatic of the ability to arrange the ample drapery of his turban in a becoming manner. This gift among them ranks second only to that of a handsome face, and as almost all the world judge of persons by their outward appearance, the possession of such an accomplishment is likely to have a beneficial influence over a person's prospects through life.

From Herat, Mohan Lal proceeded in company with Dr. Gerard to Candahar, where he attracted the particular notice of the Barakzai chiefs of that place. Indeed Mohammed Saddiq Khan, the eldest son of Kohan Dil Khan, the principal chief, was so deeply interested by the information which Mohan Lal, owing to his English education, was able to impart to him, that he had at one time made up his mind to accompany him to Calcutta, in order to acquire the same advantages; but he was prevented from carrying this resolution into effect by the unexpected approach of Shah Shuja, which rendered it necessary for him to remain at his post.

From Candahar the travellers returned to Kabul, where perhaps the highest compliment of all was paid to Mohan Lal's character. Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, the stern and penetrating ruler of that country, pressed him to enter into his service, and the good-natured Jabbar Khan, Dost Mohammed's brother, with difficulty got him excused on the plea that he had been long absent from his father, and that it was therefore his duty to return

to see him before he entered upon any plan of life. From the practical illustration of its effects upon Mohan Lal, Jabbar Khan was so convinced of the greatly superior value of an English education to any which his own country could afford, that he resolved to send his eldest son to receive his education in our provinces, and he has since actually done so. Abdul Ghaias Khan is at this moment zealously pursuing his English studies at Lodiana, under the auspices of Captain Wade.* Whatever influence, therefore, this distinguished example may hereafter have in determining the choice of the people of India, and those of the Trans-Indus countries, between the Asiatic and European systems of instruction, the world is entirely indebted for it to Mohan Lal.

Mohan Lal has now arrived in Calcutta, in charge of despatches and of the collection of coins and curiosities made by him and Dr. Gerard in the course of their journey. For this service he has received the thanks of the Asiatic Society; but what he has already done may be considered only as a slight earnest of the contributions which he will hereafter make to Asiatic science. Through the kind acknowledgment of his merits by the Governor-General, he will shortly return to Kabul in a public capacity; and the leisure and influence he will enjoy, combined with the peculiar advan-

* Now Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Claude Wade.

tages of the situation, both as a place of great interest in itself, and also as a point of easy communication with several other countries of classical celebrity, will, no doubt, enable him to establish much greater claims on the gratitude of the scientific world than he has hitherto done. Even now he is zealously engaged in acquiring those qualifications which are necessary to enable him to make the most of the opportunities he will enjoy; and, besides the directions which he receives from Mr. James Prinsep, secretary to the Asiatic Society, regarding the points which will be particularly deserving of his attention, he is going through a regular course of instruction in surveying, and the morning of the seventh day is the only one which does not behold him and his teacher busily engaged in taking angles, and measuring with the chain.

One other brief remark only requires to be added —What has given Mohan Lal so decided an advantage over the generality of his countrymen? What is it that has gained for him a willing acknowledgment of his personal superiority by the princes of Central Asia, and enables him to enjoy, on terms of equality, the society of European gentlemen? It is simply his knowledge of the English language: not a *critical* knowledge—that he leaves to those philologists in whose estimation languages are desirable objects of acquisition, not so much as a medium of obtaining knowledge, as for their own proper sakes—but

such knowledge as enables him to read and understand English books, and to converse intelligently with English gentlemen on ordinary subjects.

This is the simple cause of Mohan Lal's elevation of character; and can it be doubted that, under the Divine blessing, the same means which have produced such a decided effect in raising an individual in the scale of civilization and honour, will, if properly applied, lead to the same result in regard to the entire population of this great country?

CALCUTTA,
August 22nd, 1834.

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JOURNAL,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

FROM DELHI TO PESHAWER.

Delhi, December 18, 1831, SUNDAY.—I went to pay a visit to my poor friend, Mr. B. Fitzgerald, and met in his house Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Alexander) Burnes,* assistant resident in Cutch, whose countenance shewed me that he was a very sensible man. He asked me to accompany him to Turkistan, in the capacity of interpreter, and Persian secretary.† He sent for my father, who had been employed as Persian secretary under the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, on his mission to Peshawer, and Mr. Trevelyan prevailed on him to allow me to go with him; he told him that he would take the same care of me as if I were his own son. My father at once joyfully consented, by the advice of Messrs.

* Murdered in Cabool, 2nd November, 1841.

† I was not munshi of Sir A. Burnes; he had a munshi from Bombay, named Mohamed Ali, whose family now receive a pension from the government for his services with Sir A. Burnes.

Trevelyan and Fitzgerald, who had lately been appointed secretaries to the Governor-General and the Delhi Resident. Mr. Burnes told me to come to Lodiana, to Captain (now Sir Claude) Wade's house.

On the 20th December, before I left Delhi, I went to see my friend Fitzgerald, who was very ill at that time, and could not move from his bed. When I sat by him, he took me in his arms, sighed, and told me he was very sorry for our separation, but hoped that I should have a successful journey. He gave me a great deal of advice, and told me to be assured of one thing, that this enterprising spirit of mine would secure to me the esteem and admiration of all Europeans, and even my own countrymen. We shed a flood of tears at parting, which he seemed to feel very much. Having paid a visit to Messrs. T. T. Metcalfe and J. H. Taylor, I commenced my journey, and arrived at Sonipat, where I halted for the night.

Dec. 23.—A march of thirty-six miles brought me to Panipat. I met on the road the Raja of Patyala, who was going to meet Lord William Bentinck. He was handsomely dressed in shawls, and had jewels tied on his arms, according to the usual custom among the Indian princes. He sent for me by his secretary, and inquired for his lordship's camp. On receiving the proper information, he presented me with a dish of sweetmeats and bent his course towards Delhi. Panipat is a

rich and populous town. I was invited by one of my relations at night, who gave me an excellent dinner, followed by a dance. I laughed and joked with my companions, though in reality melancholy, on account of my having parted with my friend, Mr. Fitzgerald, whose kindness I shall never forget.

I went, accompanied by a friend, to visit the tomb of the celebrated Boalee Qalandar, who was a very pious man in ancient days. I saw near his holy tomb two very handsome pillars of black stone, called Sang Moosa (Moses's Stone); their size surprised me, being almost thirteen feet high, for this kind of stone is seldom found in such large blocks.

Dec. 24, Kurnal, fourteen miles.—I began now to travel on horseback; but the animal near the gate of the city was taken ill, and unable to go further. I was obliged to leave him at Panipat, and mounted a small, lean pony, belonging to my friend. When two miles from the town, it rained very hard. Being thoroughly wet, I made my pony gallop, in order to reach Kurnal as soon as possible; but the saddle broke, and I sent it to be mended in a village called Gharaunda. I waited a long time for the man, and being afraid of robbers, I departed from the village on the bare back of the pony When I nearly reached my halting-place, I met my servant, who brought me the saddle. It was raining when I came to Kurnal, and none of the

hostlers would receive me on account of the number of people. Whilst I was conversing with one of the hostlers about a lodging, a beautiful girl came gracefully to me, and said "Come with me in the next room, where I will prepare a clean bed for you." I slept very comfortably.

Dec. 25.—We halted at Kurnal, to make provision for my journey.

Dec. 26.—A march of twenty-eight miles brought me to Kulchhattar, a religious bathing-place of Hindus. There are two large tanks full of water, and a fine palace, built by the rani or princess, who rules the villages around. She supplies strangers with rich and delicious victuals; it is added, that she was inveigled by a Rajput, and was induced to put an end to her husband's life by poison.

At the close of the day I went to bathe. Meanwhile a crowd of men surrounded me, who solicited me to give them some money, as a "dharam." I was much astonished to hear the names of all my ancestors mentioned to me by a Brahmin, without any error. I gave him a rupee and some red cloth.

Dec. 27.—I moved from this village before the sun rose, and reached Ambala, a handsome town, famed for its beautiful bazar. The shops appear neat, and are inhabited by different traders, in number nearly five hundred. There is a handsome edifice, situated in a garden, at some distance from the city, where Mr. Clerk resides, who

manages the political transactions of this country. I was invited to dinner by Kidarnath, the younger brother of Dinanath, a respectable man, who was head accountant-general in the Maharaja Ranjit Singh's service.

Dec. 28.—I marched early in the morning, but a heavy shower of rain obliged me to stop at a cottage, thatched with straw, and inhabited by a guard. When the rain was over, I recommenced my journey to Banjara Sarai.

Dec. 29.—A march of fifty miles brought me to a ruined village, called Duraha. I passed on my way through the famous ruins of Sarhind, built by the emperors of Delhi. It is celebrated for its bridge, which is very solid and strong. A husbandman of the village brought me some vegetables, which I divided among the people; I gave him a cambric sheet, which made him very happy. The place where I am now is bare both of men and provisions.

Dec. 30.—Although the rain continued, I proceeded towards Lodiana, whither I was conducted by one of Ranjit Singh's horsemen. Here I again met Mr. Burnes, at the house of Captain Wade, whose countenance and conversation shewed that he was clever, hospitable, and polite. Mr. Burnes was much pleased at my safe arrival at Lodiana.

Captain Wade's house is well built and has a fine garden.

Jan. 1 & 2, 1832, *Lodiana.*—I was invited to

breakfast and dine by the adjutant of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, named Surajbhan. He is a man of bold aspect and great intrepidity.

Lodiana is not so clean and handsome a town as Ambala; it is more populous, on account of the British army encamped there.

Jan. 3.—Having obtained Ranjit Singh's permission to prosecute our journey through his territory, we quitted the British cantonment of Lodiana, bending our course on the left bank of the Satlej, or Hesudrus, and halted for the night at Goshpura, eight miles distant. I got a dinner from an officer of the Maharaja, a very good and religious person, more so than any of the Sikh authorities.

Jan. 4.—Our camp was on the high bank of the Satlej, where we felt it piercing cold at break of day. The mountains looked from here very lofty, and were clad entirely in white. We marched to Bundri, along the same bank of the river, which appeared proud of its rapid current. Our route continued in the lowland of the Satlej, which had a rich and productive soil.

Jan. 5.—At the close of the day, we reached Sadra, nine miles. Many of the villages along the bank have been injured by the Satlej. We were joined this night by a smart band of cavalry sent to accompany us by Ranjit Singh, who was pleased to send a friendly letter. The Maharaja had made magnificent preparations to receive us.

Jan. 6.—We moved ten miles to Indgarh. The

villages close to the Satlej are inhabited by farmers, who possess much wealth. The husbandmen consist of Sikhs, Hindu Jats, and Mohammedans; but the former have great superiority over the latter. The people resemble thöse of the Panjab. Their houses are constructed of mud and wooden frames.

There is great distress felt from scarcity of fuel in this part of the country, but cow-dung is burnt by the people after it is sun-dried. I am surprised at the foolish prejudices of Hindus, who worship cows and eat cow-dung, to purify themselves, and at other times burn it.

Jan. 7.—We continued our course to Sardar-khan-ka-kot, eight miles distant. The soil throughout abounds with sand, but is fertile.

At Dharam-kot we were welcomed by the ruler of the village, and also by the people, who, when we approached the walls, were astonished by our dress and manners. The Sikhs are mostly descended from Hindu Jats, but have abandoned that religion to follow their former principles; they believe now in Baba Nanak.

Jan. 8.—We moved to Shah Babakar, eight miles distant. In our route we passed the dry bed of a river, which I am told was that of the Satlej, fifty or sixty years ago. The land between it and the present channel is totally barren and uncultivated. The southern bank of the Satlej is inhabited by Mohammedans, who have introduced the practice

of agriculture. The natives of Dharam-kot are chiefly Gujars.

Jan. 9.—A march of ten miles brought us to the banks of the Beeas, or Hyphasis. We halted three miles on this side of the junction of the Beeas and the Satlej.

In this part of the country, Guru Gobind Singh fought a great many battles formerly with the emperor of Delhi. He was the founder of the Sikh religion, and ruled the country with great honour.

Jan. 10.—We continued in our camp with the view of getting a correct insight into the manners of the people of this country. The husbandmen are slow in cultivation, though the soil is rich. They are Mohammedans, and attached to their faith; they are not civilly treated by the Sikhs or Khalsa, who consider plunder as traffic, and oppression justice.

We crossed the Satlej, and encamped on the banks of the Hyphasis, where the waters of two streams meet each other. These rivers are not fordable by the usual ferry.

Jan. 11.—Passed the Hyphasis or Beeas by the usual ferry of Hari, or, as it is usually called, Hari-ka-pattan. The shawls of Kashmir and other articles of that city go by this route to Delhi and other parts.

At Hari a select band of Ranjit Singh's cavalry is stationed to protect the villagers against the

Akalis and Nihangs. These violent and ignorant men do not fear Ranjit Singh, who has often run the risk of his life from these bigoted people. The Sikhs and Nihangs believe in Nanak Baba; but the manners and dress of the latter are quite different from those of the former. The Nihangs are careless of their own lives, and consequently of those of others.

At Hari we were well treated by a Sikh Sardar, named Sham Singh, who was despatched by Ranjit Singh. He presented a bow and bags of money, which Mr. Burnes civilly declined receiving. He said he was sent by the Maharaja to defend us from the Nihangs. These men are always described by Ranjit Singh as *kag fahm wa kotah andesh*, which means a people of bad understanding and short-sighted.

Jan. 12.—We came to Patti, nine miles distant. Our course led us over an uncultivated soil. The town of Patti is handsomely built of bricks. It has about forty shops, inhabited by different merchants. At the fort of Patti is a stud of mares, belonging to Ranjit Singh, which Mr. Burnes went to visit; they were smart and beautiful animals. All are of the breed of Dahni, which is situated beyond the Hydaspes, and is celebrated for horses.

In the morning we heard the melancholy news of the death of my excellent friend, Mr. B. Fitzgerald, which grieved me very much, and made me low-spirited. As to lament the course of nature and

will of God avails nothing to the friends of the deceased, I considered we must wait with patience, and even be happy in the prospect of that time when, sooner or later, we must follow him to that place where death is not known, and where we shall obtain everlasting life.

Jan. 13.—We came to Suga, eight miles distant. In the evening a detachment of 500 horse, with two guns, passed by our camp from Lahor, with the intention of punishing the Akalis or Nihangs, who are always disobeying their ruler.

Among the Sikh Jats it is a custom, that whenever a lady loses her husband, she marries one of his brothers, and sometimes cohabits with them when her husband is abroad, which does not provoke him at all. It is added also, that no woman in the Himalaya mountains is married to a single person, but to three or four of the same family.

The winter in the Panjab is intensely cold, and the water freezes in the ponds.

Jan. 14.—We commenced our march to Pidana, a distance of ten miles, traversing a barren soil all day.

We met on the road Sardar Jowala Singh, a Sikh of rank, who was ordered by the Maharaja to receive us. He delivered us a friendly letter, with a bag of money, sent by the Maharaja, and conducted us through his fort. It appears to be a magnificent structure from a distance. It stands in the middle of the village, encircled by the houses

of his retinue; the whole is surrounded by a mud wall and narrow ditch. His request, that we would stay in his fort on the 15th, was complied with by Mr. Burnes.

Jan. 16.—A march of ten miles brought us to Dohree, a small village. It was piercing cold this morning; all the pools were frozen and the fields were ornamented with the pearls of hoar frost. Whilst taking a walk in the fields, I saw a fine bird, the size of a sparrow; his head was green, and his tail white; his wings were blue and red; his delicate chirping brought to my mind the power of Almighty God.

Jan. 17.—Before we arrived at the city of Lahor, our route lay through the ruins of the old city, which appeared to have had a greater population than that of the present city.

One of the Maharaja's French generals, named Mons. Allard, and two other respectable persons (one of whom was my friend Diwan Ajudhia Nath), came out a few miles to meet us; very great were the congratulations between us.

Jan. 18.—By the desire of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, we paid a visit to his highness in the afternoon, in a garden near the Durgah of Shah Belaval. The tent in which he held his darbar, was as if it had been the tent of an angel, and not of man. Ranjit Singh came forward a few paces to receive us; he then placed Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard on golden chairs, and talked for two hours with

them, in a very friendly manner. He asked my name, and Mr. Burnes told him I was a very clever lad, and knew English, which I had learned at the Delhi College, under Mr. Trevelyan; he also conferred many favours on me, and gave me a sum of money. His highness's conversation made it appear that he was an intimate friend of the British Government. Ranjit Singh is a thin man, and has only one eye; his long beard, which reaches his navel, is silvered by age. He governs his kingdom without any minister or counsellor. His one eye is ever inflamed, either by the use of opium or wine; the latter he praises heartily in conversation, particularly when he is talking with Europeans. He is habituated to have beautiful dancing-girls every moment before him, which is only to gratify his eye. Among other anecdotes of him, the following was mentioned to me by his ministers who stand high in his favour:—

Heera Singh, a beautiful and delicate boy of thirteen years, the eldest son of Raja Dhian Singh, a handsome person, was loved by Ranjit Singh, who was much attached to him. It is alleged, that the Maharaja, in order to please this boy, was induced to settle some rich provinces in the Panjab upon his father, Dhian Singh, who, when he was young, enjoyed the same affection and fondness of the Maharaja. It is added, that the Maharaja cannot bear any person to approach him when in his bedroom except this boy, who also nearly collects a

quarter of the revenue of the Panjab. He certainly is not such a miracle of beauty as report describes him, yet Ranjit Singh allows him to sit on a chair by his side in the open court, while his father, Raja Dhian Singh, is placed on the ground.*

Jan. 19 to 23.—We continued at Lahor, to enjoy the civilities of our friends, and learn the state of the country.

Lahor is fortified and has a deep ditch. The streets are so narrow and muddy, that two horses can scarcely pass, and no man can walk in them without dirtying his trousers as well as shoes. The shops in the city are irregularly constructed of bricks and mortar.

The air of Lahor is very pure. The summer is extremely hot, and the winter intensely cold. The soil is rich, and produces corn, wheat, oranges, &c. abundantly. Lahor is subject to earthquakes, as I can witness; there was an earthquake on the 22nd at night.

The established religion of Lahor is Sikh or Khalsa. The inhabitants believe and worship Baba Nanak, whom they call Guru, or abbot. They are authorized by him to eat hogs; the Mohammedans are scarcely tolerated, and even disgracefully treated.

Lahor is governed in an absolute manner. The present king, Ranjit Singh, has passed a law that

* Both Dhian Singh and Heera Singh have since been killed.

the noses and ears of thieves shall be cut off, and a fine of two or three thousand rupees imposed on a murderer. In the court of the Maharaja, there are three men of obscure origin, of the same family, who are raised to the highest pitch of favour,—namely, Raja Gulab Singh, Raja Dhian Singh, and Suchet Singh.* The Maharaja consults them upon all occasions; no favours can be procured but by their recommendation, and all suitors endeavour to gain these three men over to their side by presents and sometimes by flattery.

Jan. 24.—We were happy to receive a friendly letter from the Maharaja, soliciting us to proceed on a hunting excursion, and join his highness; on which we quitted the city of Lahor, and followed its course up the bank of the Ravi to Avan, ten miles. The bed of the river here was quite dry.

Before reaching our camp, we visited the garden of Shalemar, which vies with the garden of heaven in magnificence and beauty. Its original name is "Sholah Mah," or the Flame of the Moon. The streams of water running at the four corners, give an idea of the Mahtab Bagh, in a palace of the Delhi king. One of the gardeners presented us with a basket of oranges, which were sweet, and had a soft skin.

Jan. 25.—A march of nine miles brought us to the bank of the Ravi, where the camp of the Maha-

* Raja Gulab Singh is now the only survivor of this family.

raja was pitched in great pomp. A raja of good aspect came forward to receive us, and conducted us to the tents pitched for us by the Maharaja. They were made of Kashmir shawls, not large, but of an elegant size. In the evening Captain Wade and Dr. Murray arrived in the camp. The Maharaja sent us a quantity of sweetmeats and fruits.

Jan. 26.—The Maharaja sent us a friendly message that we should pay our respects to his highness, which Mr. Burnes civilly declined, on some account which I do not know.

Diwan Ajudhia Nath, one of the respectable men of the Maharaja, came into my tent, and inquired the cause of my undertaking such a long and dangerous journey. I gave him an evasive answer, but he tried to induce me to stop at Lahor till my relations should come there, in consequence of a marriage; I refused all his requests, as I was very anxious to visit the Mohammedan countries on the frontier of Russia.

Jan. 27.—Having forded the river Ravi on elephants with the Maharaja, we encamped at eve in some uncultivated land. Though the Maharaja sometimes rode on horseback, we prosecuted our journey on elephants till we reached his canopy, pitched on a high ground. Ranjit Singh conversed for two hours with Mr. Burnes in great good humour.

I was along with Diwan Ajudhia Nath, being placed with him by Azizudin, the prime minister of

the Maharaja, who told me to sit by his side, and inquired about my knowledge of Persian. I explained to him minutely what I had read. He is a very great, learned, and religious man, and the author of several books respecting his religion and the immortality of the soul. He praised my enterprising spirit in undertaking a journey through the bigoted Mohammedan countries, and then spoke with Diwan Ajudhia Nath, and asked him how he dared to send so young a boy on such a fearful tour; to which he replied, that he had done his best to persuade me against my design of travelling, but it availed nothing.

Jan. 28.—We went this day on an elephant, in company with the Maharaja, on a hunting expedition. He was on horseback, gorgeously apparelled, and armed cap-a-pie, and had a good appearance. In half an hour a number of hogs were killed, and many more entrapped alive by the Sikh soldiers. Ranjit Singh, seeing the slain hogs, rewarded the sportsmen. After two hours the party returned to the encampment, and we, in company with the Maharaja, entered his pavilion, which was made of Kashmir shawls, ornamented with the richest embroidery. Ranjit Singh talked for an hour with a smiling aspect and good humour with Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard. He sent for dancing-girls, and placed them before us, joking with them in the open court, which ill-becomes a monarch, and is improper in the opinion of the wise.

Jan. 29.—We bent our course, in company with the Maharaja, to the Sarae or inn, ten miles distant. On the road nothing was notable, except the regular line of smart cavalry which encircled the Maharaja and our party.

Jan. 30.—Having spent two hours in visiting the beautiful tomb of the Emperor Jahangir, in Shahdra, situated on the right bank of the Ravi, we reached Lahor, eleven miles distant. The tomb is constructed entirely of marble, of fine workmanship, beneath which rests the body of the monarch. The tomb of his wife, Nurmahal, (formerly the wife of Sher Afkan,) has been ruined; precious stones are daily carried away by the restless Sikhs, who are addicted to plunder. I call it a noble monument, because there are few antiquities like it in Delhi, which I think an incomparable city.

Jan. 31 to *Feb.* 5.—We continued at Lahor to learn the laws and customs of the Sikh Government. It is needless for me to mention any thing regarding the politics of the Sikh Government, as they have been already minutely described by Sir Alexander Burnes.

Lahor, Feb. 6.—I went to see the fair of Basunt, near the tomb of Madhu Lal Husain, a distance of three miles; my course led me through the ruins of the old city, which gave me an idea of the durability of its construction. I was surprised to view the Maharaja's troops standing on both sides of the road, forming a regular street, with their

uniform basanti dress (of a yellow colour), to salute the King of the Panjab, who was apparelled likewise in a basanti dress, accompanied by his European guests; he proceeded to the tents, which were made of yellow silk and ornamented with pearls, where he was received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy,—"Long live the good liege of the Five Rivers!" was the general cry. By the trotting of elephants and horses, the dust arose so thick that one could not see.

The original name of Madhu Lal Husain was made known to me by an old man of Lahor. Madhu was a Hindu boy; his beauty made a strong impression upon the heart of Lal Husain, a holy man. He solicited the boy from his parents, in order to make him his disciple, but his request was not complied with. In a few days after the boy expired, and his parents, being melancholy, repaired to Lal Husain, imploring him in mercy to restore their son Madhu to life. On hearing this, Lal Husain stipulated with them, that if their son Madhu came to life again, they should allow him to become his disciple. The poor parents agreed to this, and Madhu was revived by the sacred blessings of Lal Husain. They lived some days in happiness, and finally met death both at the same time, and their bodies now rest in one coffin.

Feb. 7 to 10.—In the house of Diwan Ajudhia Nath I met an old darvesh, who had traversed the countries of Asia. He mentioned the barbarity of

the Uzbegs and the inhabitants of Bokhara, which terrified the people sitting by me. He said, that the gangs called Alaman plunder caravans and travellers, and, after seizing the latter, reduce them to slavery. Though he explained to me many other cruelties with which they afflict foreign people, yet this did not frighten me in the least, because I have been habituated to rely on God since my minority.

Feb. 11.—Four miles' journey brought us to Shahdra, where, having obtained Ranjit Singh's permission, we crossed the river on a ferry-boat, and remained for the night there. I passed it without sleep, in consequence of cares and anxiety, which often oppress the human heart, but more frequently the hearts of travellers.

Our baggage and servants were so reduced that the men of the Maharaja's cavalry who accompanied us were laughing at our poverty, but still praised our bold design. We had no tents to shield ourselves from the rain and hoar frost, to which the country is generally subject. We had no beds, but slept upon the bare ground. At night I was astonished to see Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard sitting on the ground, which I never saw an Englishman do before.

Feb. 12.—We came to Nangal, fifteen miles. This village is generally inhabited by Hindu beggars, called Sadh, who are respected by Ranjit Singh; they treat Mohammedans with contempt

and insult. Their body is left naked, except the lower part, which is covered by a piece of coarse cloth. They wear wooden shoes, and commonly do penance in the Himalaya mountains. Their hair is exceedingly long, and made brown by ashes.

One of the Sadhs considered me as a boy, when we met by a well, where I was drinking water, and talked a great deal with me about his piety. He told me, that he was an excellent chemist, and fervently wished to teach me the making of gold, "as I was a good and clever boy." Though I knew him to be a false man, yet, in order to examine him, I applied to him for instruction, as if I was a stranger to his fraud. I told him, I should be much obliged to him if he would be kind enough to teach me chemistry. He replied, that he could not teach me without obtaining first the sanction of his religious father, whose doctrine all the society follow with great respect and honour. I detected his fraud when he solicited a sum of money, as a present to God.

Feb. 13.—A march of eleven and a half miles brought us to a village called Kot, where I again reduced my heavy baggage. My heart was ready to burst, when I sent back my faithful servant, for fear that the Durani tribe, seeing a multitude of servants with us, would think us rich men, and plunder us at night. Our parting I felt very much, because I had spent the greatest part of the time of my early age with him in frolic and sport. When

the dawn of the next day broke, I sighed, and disliked the day that I left my relations at Delhi, suffering a relapse, which I had last year.

Feb. 14.—We commenced our march to Mian Singh's fort, a distance of ten miles. This fort is constructed with mud; it is about forty feet high. We halted the ensuing day in a garden near the fort, which was planted by Mian Singh. It is covered with fruit-trees and flowers. Mian Singh is the bravest commander in Ranjit Singh's army, and has fought a great many battles, in which he has received wounds. He sent us a dinner, and treated us with respect.

Feb. 16.—We came to Saharan, a distänce of twelve and a half miles, which is celebrated for the beauty of the women who reside there. The soil is generally fertile, but not much cultivated. The farmers are careless in agriculture, because unjustly deprived of their privileges by the Maharaja's officers, who violate the chastity of their females. Their language is sweet and mild, but they are stern in heart.

Feb. 17.—We commenced our march to Ram Nagar, eleven miles distant. This town is populous, and has many shops. We halted the ensuing day, 18th, in a country house of Ranjit Singh, called Baradari (*bara* means 'twelve,' *dari* means 'a door;' a house having twelve doors).

I had a grand view of the natural sublimity of the Himalaya mountains from the top of Baradari.

I could not venture to indicate their height, in consequence of their being covered with masses of snow. Some of the mountains looked as white as crystal, and some red, blue, and brown.

The name of this town has been altered, since the decline and fall of the Mohammedan empire, from Rasul Nagar to Ram Nagar. *Rasul*, in Persian, means 'messenger,' and *Ram* 'obedient.'

Feb. 19.—Across the Chenab, five miles. We passed the stream of the Chenab, or Acesines, this morning on a ferry-boat, and halted at the small village of Rarmal. The river is two hundred yards wide; but at this season it overflows for two miles on both sides, which much troubles travellers. The water of the Chenab appeared reddish, as I observed from the boat.

The natives of the Panjab are filthy; they never bathe or wash their faces, on account of which they are much afflicted with fever and cold. A mad man was brought to us for some medicine. Dr Gerard bled him, and he got better.

The Chief of Ram Nagar came and brought us some wine made in that country. It was accepted and distributed to the people, as Mr. Burnes had not tasted wine since he left the presence of Ranjit Singh, with whom he, Dr. Gerard, Captain Wade, and Dr. Murray gave way to the noisy pleasure of wine and festivity in the Samman Burj.

Feb. 20. Palia, eleven miles.—Our course entirely lay over sandy and barren ground, though I

expected we should meet a rich soil. I remained at a husbandman's house, who with a large family was cast upon the sand in penury; he had a wife and four children, who felt the piercing cold, and were reduced to extreme distress. We halted here the 21st, in consequence of the continued rain.

Feb. 22. Biki, ten miles.—We commenced our march towards the town of Jelum. The country is covered by bushes and jungle. We halted at a mosque, built by a sacred virgin. She was a very religious lady, who had devoted herself to the perusal of the Koran, which she learnt by heart. She has dug a well in the mosque, which is of great service to the inhabitants of the village, in consequence of the sweet and crystal water it contains.

There is nothing remarkable in this village except the beauty and cheerfulness of the women. When I was measuring this well, I beheld a crowd of women engaged in drawing water from it. They seemed to have a masculine spirit; one of them was a perfect model of beauty, and had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her person was clean; she charmed the spectators with her modesty. Her raiment being blue, added lustre to her beauty.

Feb. 23. Badshahpur, eleven miles distant.—We reached this village at six o'clock in the evening. I halted at a blacksmith's house. We had this night a heavy shower of rain, with darkness. Mr. Burnes sent for me on some urgent busi-

ness. From the rain and dark, I lost the way to Mr. Burnes's lodging, which was some distance from that of mine, and came to the edge of a small well, into which I nearly fell.

Feb. 24. Dadan-Khan-ka-Pind, sixteen miles, across the Jelum, or Hydaspes.—We moved at one o'clock in the forenoon; our route lay in muddy and watery ground, which caused a good deal of fatigue to our horses.

I was happy to visit the waves of the Jelum or Hydaspes, which flows out of Kashmir. We crossed it on a ferry boat before it was dark. The rapidity and depth of this famous river surpass those of the Jamna and the Ganges.

We halted at the Pind or town of Dadan Khan, where we were welcomed by a Rajput Sardar, named Dargah Singh; he brought an offering of money, and some jars of sweetmeats, sent by Raja Gulab Singh for us.

This town is handsomely built on a beautiful spot, about three miles from the river. There is a Sarae (which the Hindus call Dharam Sala) erected by a Sikh chief, whose body is buried there, and has been ornamented by his followers. This town is celebrated for salt-mines, and copper ware, which is made better here than in any other part of the Panjab.

Feb. 25.—We proceeded to examine the salt-mines, which are bounded by a range of hills six miles N.N.W. of Pind Dadan Khan. This range

of hills is situated at the foot of the White Mountain, or Sufaid Koh, and passes along the Indus at Karabagh, terminating at the right bank of the Jelum or Hydaspes.

Near the village of Khavira we penetrated one of the largest mines, which extends about 400 yards, one hundred of which are a descent. The passage at this distance is so narrow, that it does not admit of two men passing together. When we came to the seat of the salt, there were a great number of men and women with their little children at work. The salt, which is reddish, is very hard, and is dug up with sledge-hammers and axes. There is no moist or cold feeling in these mines. The workmen have a yellow and unhealthy countenance. The temperature was 20 degrees above that of the mines, where Dr. Gerard's thermometer was 64°. The revenue of the salt-mines amounts to eighteen lacs of rupees a year, with two lacs additional for the duties. The salt is exported, laden on mules and camels, to all parts of the Panjab, but seldom to India. A rivulet of salt-water intersects the range of these mines.

In the vicinity of these mines there is a religious place of the Hindus, called Katas. This place has a pond, in which are a great many snakes, swimming like fish, but they do not hurt or bite any individual whatever. I was invited to visit this sacred place with an officer of Ranjit Singh, named

Chunelal, who is a very religious man, but modesty prevented me from asking leave of Mr. Burnes.

Feb. 26. Jutana, twelve miles.—We reached this village at sunset, and put up in a farmer's house, built on the top of a hill called Jud, but in modern times nobody knows that name. The hill is two hundred feet high, and has a salt-mine in its neighbourhood. The inhabitants of this village are Mohammedans, tall and handsome; their language is quite different from that of the Panjab, but their dress is almost the same. They did not take Mr. Burnes to be an Englishman, and asked our servants, with astonishment, who were Europeans (or "*Sahib-log*")?

The agriculture is bad, because the ground is unequal, and consequently the husbandmen are poor, and often prompted to sell their daughters and sons to provide themselves with the necessaries of life.

Feb. 27. Jalalpur, sixteen miles distant.—We followed the course of the Jelum, and reached the village at evening. Our route lay entirely in sandy valleys, which had no marks of the road. This village is built on a beautiful spot, and its inhabitants are chiefly Hindus.

I had the opportunity to be in the same village where my father had encamped with Mr. Elphinstone, on his return from Peshawer. I put up in a brahman's house, who was generously treated by

my father; he made great preparations, beyond his ability, for my dinner, and prepared a good bed for me.

Feb. 28. Darapur, a distance of nine miles.—This village is very fine and richly cultivated. It contains about thirty shops, irregularly constructed of mud and bricks. The women of this village are beautiful, and fond of indulgence. They have power over their husbands, whom they control rather than obey, and do what they like. The climate is temperate and wholesome. The soil is fertile, producing immense quantities of cotton, tobacco, rice, and Indian corn.

Feb 29.—Our course led us aside from the stream of the Jelum. We passed several channels, whose water had dried up, leaving their beds a little muddy. As there had been rain on the preceding night, the green fields of corn were decorated with pearls of dew. We encamped at the small village of Sangin, ten and a half miles distant.

The people of the village assembled in crowds, and looked at us and at our dress with astonishment. One of them, who had passed the meridian of life, inquired of me what I was, and what were our intentions: to which I made reply, that we were poor travellers, and going on a pilgrimage; but he told me, in an abusive manner, that we were spies.

March 1. Fort of Rotas, a distance of nine miles.—We took our departure through the valleys, and

after passing two small currents, entered this famous and ancient fort by an irregular and steep road. The officers came out of the fort to receive us; and after paying their respects, conducted us into the fort, where they gave us a clean house.

This fort is situated on a high mountain, and contains about thirty shops, and about four hundred houses, fifty of which are occupied by dancing-girls. It is strong and solid, more so than any other of the Panjab forts. It has a rampart, which is stronger than that of Delhi, though that was constructed by the late emperors of that noble city. This fort has never been examined by any Englishman before; for, although Mr. Moorcroft wished to see it, and tried to induce the officers, by presents, to allow him to go into the inside, yet his request was not complied with.

We visited the fort, and found it to be very strong, and in many parts entirely inaccessible.

It is needless to give a full explanation of this ancient fort, because it can be found in Mr. Burnes's work. It is destitute of wells.

We halted on the 2nd, in order to write answers to our letters.

March 3. Bakrala, twelve miles distant.—We reached this village, after passing a number of caverns, which are said to be infested with robbers, who plunder the passengers. The people of this village are obstinate and rebellious, and addicted to

taking up arms against their sovereign, Ranjit Singh. He has often attempted to punish them, but it is of no use; because, when threatened, they ascend the neighbouring mountains. The village has several times been reduced to ashes by Ranjit Singh, but still the people are refractory.

March 4.—We commenced our march to Jabbo Kassi, eleven and a half miles, traversing the ravines I have already described. This village is very small and contains no shops. In this part, between the Duab (or Mesopotamia) of the Hydaspes and the Indus, the hamlets are very close to each other, inhabited by thirty or forty individuals, who rear larger herds of cattle than in the other districts of the Panjab.

We put up for the night in a very small mosque, inhabited by a darvesh, or mendicant. Though he was a Mohammedan, he put in the mosque a bed for me, which was against his religion. I inquired of him what was the cause of his being reduced to beggary; to which, sighing, he mildly replied:—That his father was a respectable man of Candahar, who died, leaving no issue besides him, then of the age of ten or twelve years; and his mother two days after shared the same fate. His uncles then embraced the opportunity of possessing themselves of his father's property, and drove him from his home. After wandering two or three years, he met a holy man, whom he called his "Murshid," or religious father, who advised him to leave the world, to re-

member God Almighty always, and follow his doctrine.

March 5. Mandla, nine miles distant.—This village seems smaller than those we left behind; but it is populous, and the inhabitants and their houses are clean.

The soil is fertile, the husbandmen are smart and industrious. They are Mohammedans. There is not a single shopkeeper, but a Bhattiara, who provides passengers with the necessaries of life. I put up this night at a carpenter's house, which was cleanly, constructed of mud and rafters.

March 6.—We encamped near Manikyala, eight miles; the meaning of which name General Ventura, an officer in the service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, conceives to be 'City of the White Horse,' beneath which are buried extensive ruins. The general availed himself of the opportunity to prosecute the researches formerly made on the spot, where coins, bearing Greek legends, had been discovered. With this view he directed excavations to be made into a tope or cupola, the prodigious extent of which, as well as of the fragments with which it is surrounded, affords an idea of those relics of antiquity on which time has exercised but little influence, and by means of which their founders hoped to convey to future ages historical traces of the past.

His operations continued for two months, and the opinion of the general (grounded upon conjecture) is, that a sovereign prince alone could get such a

building constructed, and that upon this site stood the city of Bucephalia, erected by Alexander the Great, in honour of his horse; and he deems it probable that the inscription on one of the relics may relate to some circumstance connected with the invasion of the Panjab by that great captain.

On the march from the Indus to the Hydaspes, a party from the camp of Mr. Elphinstone (on his return from his mission to Kabul) set out in search of the remains of Taxila, the capital of Alexander's ally, Taxiles, or, more correctly, Takshasila, the name of the Hindu city which, the late Colonel Wilford conjectured, was situated in this direction. The party met with no ruins or remains of any ancient city, except this building, resembling a cupola in its outline; but which proved to be a solid structure on a low artificial mound. It was about seventy feet high, and one hundred and fifty paces in circumference, cased in most parts with stone, but in some places apparently unfinished. Most of Mr. Elphinstone's party imagined the building decidedly Grecian, but the natives termed the structure the tope, or mound, or tumulus of Manikyala, which is situated in a large city, forty miles from the Jelum, or ancient Hydaspes (N.L. 32°).

The digging of the cupola continued with little intermission and success, until the general found iron and golden boxes, which contained a golden ring and Greek coins, and some fluid substance,

which Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard saw, through the favour of General Allard, at Lahor. The city could not have been Bucephalia, as General Ventura supposes; for some state that Alexander built that city on the bank of the Hydaspes, at the place where he crossed the river. The same authority informs us, that the country between the Indus and Hydaspes was governed by Taxiles, who was reasonably apprehensive of the ambition of Porus, the sovereign of the country on the east of the Hydaspes. We bought here some Greek coins from the villagers, who found them beneath the soil near the tope, in the rainy season; some Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard purchased and sent to Calcutta.

March 7. Raval Pindi, fifteen and a half miles.—We came to this town in the afternoon, and encamped in the house of Shah Shuja ul Mulk, the deposed king of Kabul. The officers of the Maharaja came to receive us, and treated us respectfully; they sent us a *zeafat* also.

March 8.—We halted here to reduce still more of our baggage: the load of two mules we kept, and all the rest we threw away. We put on the Afghan dress, and pretended to be Duranis; but this imposition would not bear close inspection. Mr. Burnes altered his English name to Sikandar Khan, and I was called Hasan Jan, as named on my birth-day.

We tied our cooking-pots on our horses' backs, to shew our indigence to the Durani or Afghan people, who will plunder and murder travellers for

a farthing; such show as we made in the Panjab would have endangered our safety in the Durani and Uzbeg countries.

March 9.—We continued at Pindi, in consequence of having very heavy rains, and Dr. Gerard was taken ill, which grieved me much, as he was very kind to me.

I had a sight this evening of the tomb of Cheragh Shah, a pious man; many miracles are now wrought on his monument, which was constructed of stones and mortar 1,200 years ago. There are some beggars, his votaries, who gain their livelihood by the charity of the people who visit the mausoleum.

The climate of Raval Pindi is good, but the winters are colder than those of Lahor. The population is reckoned to be equal to that of Pind Dadan Khan. The inhabitants are chiefly Hindus, by whom other castes are tolerated. The soil is richly cultivated, and produces grain, mustard-seed, and Indian corn. The vegetation is quick. The husbandmen are smart and strong, but still they are careless of agriculture, in consequence of the oppression they suffer from the Sikh government.

This town is enriched by the trade in raisins, almonds, grapes, &c. and blankets, and is frequented by the merchants of Peshawer, Kabul, &c. From this place all sorts of commodities from the upper countries are exported to the different parts of the Panjab.

March 10.—A march of thirteen miles brought us to a small, rebellious village, called Jani-ka-Sang (*Jani* means 'dear,' and *sang* means 'union;' 'union with a dear object'). The inhabitants of this village do not regard the authority of the Sikhs. There are two shopkeepers living in the neighbouring small and muddy fort, which is destitute of people. The land is barren, and abounds with bushes, mixed with grass. The husbandmen are scarcely provided with the necessaries of life. They live mostly upon milk, and consider plunder as lawful traffic.

March 11. Usman Khatar, nine miles.—We passed through Margala, which is handsomely paved with large and clean stones. It was built by the late emperors of Delhi, and it gives an idea of the energy of the workmen, who cut the range of hills, and made a passage through it, about two hundred yards in length. We found here a Persian inscription engraved on stone, which was in the middle of the top of the hill, and overlooked the pavement. I ascended the height, by an almost impassable way, with great difficulty, with the view of learning what was written there; but it could not be deciphered, as it was worn out, and covered with black dust. *Mar* means 'snake,' and *gala* means 'throat' ('throat of the snake'). It is alleged, that when travellers pass in safety by Margala (which abounds with thieves), they congratulate each other on their escape. We reached this village, commonly called Usman

Khatar, before sunset, and put up in a husbandman's house.

The soil is well adapted for cultivation, and is occupied by a flourishing colony. A spring from the base of the neighbouring hills supplies this village with numerous streams, which wash the streets, bazars, and gates of the houses in the village, and adorn and fertilize the hamlets. I liked this place, which abounds with clear and crystalline canals, very much; and if they would run in Delhi as they do here, it would make that city a perfect paradise. There are about seventy shops in this village.

The people are very handsome, both in stature and features, and possess the beauty of symmetry. The village contains two thousand souls, half of whom are cultivators; they are chiefly Hindus, though the northern part is inhabited by Mohammedans.

I met a Hindu goldsmith in this village, who had traversed Persia, and returned two months ago from Bokhara; he told me of the wonders of that city, the dangers of the road, and cruelty of the inhabitants. He shewed a Russian copper coin (a copec), which he bought in Bokhara for a quarter of a rupee. It was broad in circumference, resembling a cake. It excited in me a greater desire to see the Russian countries than I had before felt. This coin was a curious thing to me, having never seen the like of it in my life. I introduced him to Mr.

Burnes, who put many questions to him respecting the road, and conversed with him for two hours.

March 12. Burhan, twelve miles and a quarter.—Our course led us through the celebrated place called Hasan Abdal, the residence of the Delhi Emperor Jahangir, whose body rests in Shahdra, on the bank of the Ravi, near Lahor. In the vicinity of this place was a garden, without the village, called Vah, planted by that Emperor. It is watered by six fountains, which contain numerous fishes. We reached our camp, and were well treated by a husbandman.

A beautiful Sikh boy, fourteen years of age, came to me, and, holding the bridle of my horse, prevailed upon me to shew him Messrs. Burnes and Gerard (or the *Sahib-log*). I pointed them out to him; he then told me that he could not distinguish the gentlemen from me, as we had all Afghan dresses.

March 13. Haidru, eight miles distant.—We forded a rapid, noisy, and fearful stream on our journey (appropriately called Haro), which made me tremble on the horse, whose legs were losing their hold by the force of the water.

We encamped at a clean house out of the village, and were surrounded by a number of people, both men and women, who looked at us with amazement, and, talking to each other, said we were sent by Ranjit Singh on a mission to the Peshawer Sardar.

It happened four years ago that this village was ravaged by Sayad Ahmad, better known by the name of Khalifa. He crossed the Indus at night, and put the men of this village to the sword, not only the Hindus but the Musalmans also. Meanwhile, Sardar Hari Singh, one of the Sikh chiefs, having gained intelligence of the enemy, while he was perpetrating his horrid deeds, came upon him, sword in hand, terrified Khalifa, and massacred three parts of his troops, which made him retreat across the Indus as soon as possible. Khalifa was bigoted to the Mohammedan creed. Having been brought up among superstitious people, and having been taught to prefer even martyrdom to apostasy, he was an enemy to the infidels or Sikhs.

March 14.—We got a civil message from Sardar Hari Singh this morning, saying that he was very anxious to visit us, but some urgent affairs made him stop on the banks of the Indus, called Sirkika Bela, where he requested us to favour him with a visit.

We traversed an extensive plain, well fitted for a combat, and richly cultivated. The villagers are Afghans; they speak the Pashto language. On this vast plain Shah Mahmud and Fatah Khan Vazir seemed willing by a vigorous effort to rescue their country; and, with inferior forces, continued for a long time to disturb and harass the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, till at length they were totally

routed and driven across the Indus. Since then, none of the Duranis have dared to wage war with Ranjit Singh.

Before we reached our camp, Sardar Hari Singh, with a respectable retinue, came to receive us, and shewed us great respect; he was robed in rich brocade, and armed. He conducted us to his camp, on the banks of the Indus, where he had pitched tents for us. His appearance, deportment, intrepid language, as well as his moral qualities, resembled those of Ranjit Singh. He sent us a *zeafat* of money, and was talkative.

Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard, in company with Sardar Hari Singh, forded the Indus on elephants. There happened a melancholy accident on this occasion; seven horses and their riders were swept away by the impetuous torrent; two of the former and one man found a watery grave.

March 15.—We followed the course of the Indus, or Atak, and remained in a ruined inn or Sarae, outside of the gate of Atak.

We wished to examine the fort of Atak, and the Abduzd a subterraneous passage of water. The term *Abduzd* means in Persian 'stealing of the water.' The garrison supply themselves from thence with an immense quantity of water, when there is war, and when people cannot go out of the gates to fetch water. The garrison had mutinied on account of the long arrears of their

pay, which was the cause of their disobedience of the Maharaja's orders, who had authorized us to examine the fort. It was regretted by our party that the garrison refused to admit us.

March 16.—We halted here, on account of some public business.

March 17. Khairabad, two miles across the Indus.—We passed the "forbidden river," or Atak, this morning. Its current runs six miles an hour, more rapid than that of the other Panjab rivers. It is very deep. The splashing of the water is heard at a distance of three miles, and deafens the people who cross it. The north part of the fort of Khairabad is washed by a slow muddy river, called Landi, which, after sweeping the base of the Kabul and Snowy mountains, joins the Indus, and excites its rapidity and violence.

When we approached the village, the people and soldiers crowded round us with arms, and gave us ill words, saying, "Put these monkeys to the sword, and plunder their baggage;" but they could not do any harm to us, because the Almighty God ever protects travellers. I sent a letter to Mr. Trevelyan, containing an account of Ranjit Singh's character, and some particulars of the Panjab. We got a friendly epistle from Nazir Morad Ali Khan, who is in the service of the Peshawer Governor, Sultan Mohammed Khan. He sent us a very friendly message, that he and his master were happy to hear

of our arrival in their city, as they entertain a friendly feeling towards Englishmen.

March 18. Akora, eleven miles distant.—We passed in our journey through a place called Gidar Gali, famous for robbers, who plunder travellers in the daytime.

A Nihang, or Akali, with three or four persons, met us with swords in their hands, with an intention to kill us; but they were prevented by a party of Sikh soldiers, who came to protect us; but still they abused and cursed us.

Before we reached our camp, the officer of Akora, accompanied by soldiers, came to receive us; he talked very courteously, and conducted us to the village, where he had prepared a clean house for us. The Afghans of the village came to us, and conversed in the Persian language, with great politeness and respect.

March 19. We came to Pirpai, a distance of eighteen miles.—Two Afghans, of a respectable family, with a band of sepoys, accompanied us as far as our encampment. We traversed an extensive plain, where the famous battle of Sayad Ahmad with Ranjit Singh was fought. Many dead bodies are buried in this place of those who were killed in the combat.

This village is thinly peopled, and was reduced to ashes twice by Ranjit Singh, when he fought with the Duranis of Peshawer. The inhabitants are

Afghans, who are fond of their religion. We put up for the night in a very narrow and poor cottage, where Mr. Burnes and all his servants resided together.

About eight o'clock at night, Nazir Husain Jan, a fat man, of bold appearance, sent by Sardar Sultan Mohammed Khan, came to convey us to Peshawer. He delivered us two letters, one from Nazir Morad Ali, and the other from Sultan Mohammed Khan. They contained friendly sentences.

March 20. It was raining when we saddled our horses, and set out for Peshawer, twenty miles.—The road was on both sides richly cultivated. Nazir Morad Ali, and the elder son of Sultan Mohammed Khan, came to receive us, and conducted us honourably to a pretty house, adjoining that of Sultan Mohammed Khan, which is almost surrounded by fine orchards, where there is a large pond.

Sultan Mohammed Khan came to Mr. Burnes, and dined with him, and with Dr. Gerard, partaking of their dishes, though a Mohammedan. He talked for a long while in a very friendly manner. I was very much astonished to see them eating together from one dish, the like of which I never saw amongst the selfish Mohammedans of India.

The town of Peshawer stands on an uneven plain. It is about one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, which is the reason of the northern complexion of the foliage. It is not forti-

fied, but surrounded on all sides, except one, by mountains. Peshawer unites the luxuriance of tropical verdure with the vegetation of an European climate. The houses are constructed of bricks (generally unburnt) in wooden frames. They are chiefly three or four stories high. The streets are narrow, but larger and cleaner than those of Lahor, and they are paved. A number of brooks run through the town, which are crossed by bridges. There are many mosques, but none of them worthy of such praise as those of Delhi.

The northern part of the town contains the ruins of a famous building, called Balahisar (*Bala* means, in Persian, 'high;' *hisar* means 'fort'). It commands a romantic prospect of some very spacious and pleasing gardens.

The inhabitants of Peshawer are generally Afghans, or Duranis; they are of Indian origin. The city contains about 80,000 souls. They are remarkable for their cruelty and fierceness, except the men of rank. Their heroism is great, but exalted neither by mercy nor resolution. They have often been dispossessed of their estates by Abdus Samad, an inhabitant of Iran. He is an agent of the governor of Peshawer, and has spread a report among the citizens that he is an European, or Farangi; and they, without any scruple, believe him to be so, owing to their ignorance. He stands high in the favour of Sultan Mohammed Khan.)

The situation of Peshawer, surrounded as it is on three sides by mountains, makes it liable to frequent variations in the weather, but it prevents those great extremes of heat in summer to which Lahor is generally subject, and it is on that account probably that the inhabitants possess good complexions. It is also deserving of remark, that the variableness of the climate does not destroy the vegetation, which might have been apprehended. Even the greatest irregularity and the most unfavourable appearances of the weather are not, as in Indian countries, accompanied with famine or scarcity; perhaps this may be in part owing to the great improvements in agriculture. Such attention has been paid to agriculture and the amelioration of the soil, that no part of the Panjab country can equal the cultivated districts of Peshawer in beautiful scenery. The agreeable avenues and handsome houses extend not only over the suburbs, but also over the whole of the gardens which surround the city, and are adorned with the richest verdure; an adequate idea of the grandeur of which is not easily conveyed by words. It is certain that no city in the Panjab equals Peshawer in the richness of its soil. Grapes, figs, pomegranates, pears, apples, melons, oranges, peaches, &c. are produced here.

The government of Peshawer is administered by petty sardars, who do not know the name of justice, and are fond of luxury. They possess a few battalions, composed of foot and horse soldiers, who

use spears, swords, and guns in battle. They fight furiously and openly.

The religion of the inhabitants is Mohammedan, but other sects are tolerated by them. The mullas, or religious men, enjoy great authority. They are generally smart, and in possession of the greatest part of the learning and riches of the country, which is the cause of their being permitted to inflict penalties upon those who are fond of wine, dancing, music, &c.

Sultan Mohammed Khan, the present governor of Peshawer, commonly called Sardar, is a man of middle stature. He has passed the meridian of life, and is fond of pleasure. He is notorious for his lewdness, and is always surrounded by females, both married and unmarried. He is careless of his country and government, and always employed in adorning himself with splendid and precious robes, on account of which he is called Sultan Bibi (or lady) by Dost Mohammed Khan, the ruler of Kabul, who, I hear, is a very just and heroic man. Sultan Mohammed Khan has thirty children, and as many have died by various disorders. From his numerous family may be guessed the number of his wives.

March 21, 22.—Sultan Mohammed Khan asked Mr. Burnes who was his Persian secretary, and by whom the letter which he got was written. Mr. Burnes mentioned my name, whereupon Sultan Mohammed Khan wished to see me, and sent for

me. I paid him my respects, and inquired how his honor was: he returned the compliment, and said that I was a very clever Persian scholar. He praised the idiom and friendly words which I wrote him in the letter. He was dressed in rich brocade.

March 23. Peshawer.—There was a maulvi, or learned man, who lately was the paramour of a tailor's wife, and she was attached to him also. This noon, the maulvi, having found a good opportunity, entered the house of the tailor in his absence. While he was enjoying the wife's conversation, the tailor, conjecturing what was passing, entered the house by climbing over a high wall, the door being locked. Knitting his brows, and biting his lips, and shewing by frequent alterations of countenance the signs of some inward passion, he took a sword out of the room, and killed his wife and the maulvi on the same bed. Finally, the tailor brought out the corpse of his wife and her lover where Sultan Mohammed Khan, in company with Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard, happened to come; they praised the tailor for his intrepidity and resolution.

March 24 to 31.—The whole of Thursday I spent in writing Persian letters to the chiefs of Kabul, whom we informed of our coming into their country, requesting their permission, and their protection in case of necessity.

An Afghan, who was taken ill, came to Dr. Gerard, and asked for some medicine. Whilst he was speaking with me, a respectable Durani, who

was saying his prayers just before us, upbraided the sick man with all the bitterness of anger, and told him never to take medicine from Englishmen, for they were not physicians but sorcerers.

Friday evening I happened to pass through the bazar of Peshawer, where a multitude of shop-keepers and other people looked at me and at my dress, which was not very good. They cried out with loud voices that I was an Englishman, not a Kashmerian, though my clothes were not like an European's.

I was very happy to hear of the good health of my patron, Mr. C. E. Trevelyan. It was through the kindness of Sayad Moen Shah, who had just come from Calcutta, with some European merchandize for sale at Bokhara. He told me that Mr. T. T. Metcalfe remembered me kindly. He brought me a letter from my father, which made me very happy to know that he continued in good health. It contained an obliging epistle from my intimate friend Jugat Kishor (now unhappily no more), in whose company I often spent many happy hours, and at parting with whom I felt a good deal.

April 1. — It hailed exceedingly, and rained heavily, to-day. A tame monkey, which I caught, picked up the hailstones and ate them. This was a curious sight, and Messrs. Burnes and Gerard were astonished at the alacrity of the animal in putting the hail into his mouth, though the stones were so cold that I did not venture to touch one of them.

April 2.—I set out to a bathing-place this morning, and met an Afghan beggar, "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing." He, hearing the sound of the galloping of my horse, cried out with a loud voice to this effect :—

"Oh! horseman! in compassion cast your eyes towards me, remembering that the Almighty God, who has made me blind, has blessed you with sight."

April 3.—I wandered this day a long time in the city, till night, which terrified me with its darkness. On my return, I heard an Afghan singing a song in the Afghani or Pashto language, which made me laugh. I could not help it, because his voice was stiff and harsh; his companions, however, praised his melody.

April 4.—I passed through the city in the evening. The shops of the cooks were surrounded with hungry Mohammedans, who bought a loaf of bread soaked in broth for a pice. In the streets were people singing, joking, &c. &c., and men carrying water in leather bags upon their backs, announcing it for sale by beating a brazen cup, in which they give a draught to the passenger for a trifling sum.

April 5.—An evening walk led me to the garden of Ali Mardan Khan, a Persian nobleman, who has filled the country from Mashad to Delhi with monuments of his taste and magnificence. In the centre of the garden is a fine building, three stories high, surrounded by fountains. The rest of the

garden is filled with an exuberance of fruit and rose-trees. I left the garden a little before sunset, and passed on the road through the garden named Shahlemar. Its shape is oblong, and the greater part of it is divided by avenues, which cross each other in the middle of the garden. A minute description of this garden has been already given by Mr. Elphinstone.

On my return through the city, I met an old, fat, respectable dark man, mounted on a horse, who was surrounded by nearly twenty persons; half of them were on foot, and half on horseback. He stopped his horse, and after the complimentary "*Salam alai kum*," asked me who I was, and where I came from, and my father's name? I told him that I was going on a pilgrimage to Kabul, to see the tomb of my "Murshid;" that I had come from Delhi, and that my father's name was Bud Singh. He knew him very well, he replied, when he came to Peshawer with Mr. Elphinstone.

Through all the throng I met on the road, I generally passed without noticing them, except exchanging a "*Salam alai kum*" with every fellow. *Sala* means 'safety,' *ala* means 'upon,' and *kum* signifies 'you.'

I had a long conversation with Khwajah Mohammed Khan, the eldest son of the governor of Peshawer. He came to my place, bearing a watch in his hand. After compliments, he sat upon my bed, and talked a long while with me in the Persian

language with the utmost politeness. He was richly dressed, and had a shawl turban on his head, which increased his beauty. He is a very sharp boy of fifteen, and knows poetry. He recited a number of Afghani, or Pashto, and Persian verses: the following is a translation of one of the former, which he prevailed upon me to write, and keep as a remembrance. He took a copy from me of some Hindi verses, which were full of love, and told me, when I returned back to my native city, I must remember to write him a letter.

Translation.

The love that I have for you is not false;
Without you all good is bad.
If any man see the looking-glass and not your face,
The looking-glass is not clear, but dim.
Do not boast yourself with regard to the show of the world,
The mirth of this world is to-day, and not to-morrow.
If any paramour shed a flood of tears, he does not mean to cry, but to laugh.
If you oppress me a hundred-fold,
The oppression is the same measure of pity in my behalf.
In time past our love was secret;
Now our love all the world knows, and it cannot be hidden.
If the beloved can be procured at the price of a head,
It is cheap for Rahman, who can give his head, and buy a beloved.

April 6.—I proceeded about four o'clock in the afternoon with Dr. Gerard to examine the shop of a lapidary, who has been over all the countries of Turkistan. He shewed us plenty of precious stones

of various colours, which he brought from Badakhshan and other famous places. We got two stones from him, on which we desired our names to be engraved in the Persian character.

In the evening, we passed through the city on our route to the Balahisar. This place is seventy feet high, and was lately destroyed and burnt by Ranjit Singh. Its ruins give an idea of a noble structure. A shout of a passenger in the city of "O Farangi!" brought the shopkeepers out to look at us with surprise. They said to each other that we were come to Peshawer by the order of Ranjit Singh, on an embassy.

April 7.—Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard set out on a hunting excursion with Sultan Mohammed Khan. I met a lapidary, who had been over Asiatic countries, including Jerusalem and Mocha. He told me a number of wonders of Turkistan, where he said the Indians are well treated, and Afghans generally meet with contempt. I inquired of him what was the cause of this. He said that three men resolved to make a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Mecca; one of them was an Afghan or Sultani, the other a Sindhi, or an inhabitant of Sindh, and the third a Hindi, or an Indian. Having made several marches to that holy place, they arrived at the boundary of Arabia, and by chance lost their route and wandered over an extensive plain. They met a husbandman, who was at work, to whom they related their difficulties, and begged of him to point

out the road. As he was at work, he told his daughter, a beautiful virgin, to direct them to the proper road. When they were out of the sight of the farmer, the Sultani first said to his companions, that he wished to violate the chastity of the girl who was their guide. The Sindhi, one of the pilgrims, said, that he would take the horse on which she was mounted. While they were speaking, the Hindi burst into a passion, and upbraided them bitterly, but without avail. The poor girl, being violated, and having lost her horse, ran to her father, to whom she mentioned her misfortune, shedding a flood of tears. The father no sooner heard this, than he was enraged to such a degree, that a stream of blood poured down from his eyes. He sent some men of his party to seize the offenders. The party set out, and after two days' march secured the pilgrims and brought them back to the farmer. The Sultani and Sindhi were flayed alive, and he married his daughter to the Hindi. The farmer built a village in honour of the Hindi, and since this time, every Indian is well treated in Arabia, and called faithful and sincere.

April 8.—I went this morning to the Hindu temple called Gorakh Nath. It is a fine place. All Hindus, both men and women, with their children, assemble here on Sundays and bathe in the pond, which has a beautiful fountain in the middle. Its clear and crystalline water, which

washes the northern side of Peshawer, forms a narrow rivulet.

In the evening I bent my course, in company with Dr. Gerard, to the garden of Ali Mardan Khan, an account of which I have already given. Near the entrance of the garden, we met a prince, named Shahzadah Mohammed Husain, a descendant of the family of the late Taimur Shah, king of Kabul. He was attended by some horsemen, and dressed in a brocade gown. He made Dr. Gerard *Salam alaikum*, and said he was very anxious to see us. He talked for half an hour on horseback, and entreated Dr. Gerard to take a letter for Mr. Elphinstone to England. He is a friend to that gentleman.

The thermometer in the room (where I was writing my diary) stood at sixty-six degrees, and in the open air, at the same time, it was eighty-three, a difference of seventeen degrees.

April 9.—Faqir Mohammed, kotwal (or constable) of Peshawer, a man of fifty-five years of age, came and talked with me upon various subjects. He mentioned to me the annual revenues of this place; but, on account of the uncertainty of which, I must not write it in my journal.

April 10.—An evening ride led me through a beautiful orchard, which was intersected with rivulets. All the gardens and the neighbouring fields are watered by brooks and fountains, conducted from the river Bara, which enriches the country. The

barley and corn, &c. are here reaped four or five times a year. All the suburbs, fields, and meadows of Peshawer, are covered with green; they were called "Sabzbahar" by Nadir Shah.

I cast my eyes upon the ruins of a magnificent building, the tempting aspect of which drew me to its side from the road. When I approached the edifice, it appeared to have been about seventy feet in height, but it was destroyed and burnt by Ranjit Singh, when he gained a victory over Azim Khan Durani, ten years ago. It was erected in the reign of Ahmad Shah Durani, in honour of Mausam Khan Arbab. Though it is totally destroyed, it still retains the name of Mausam Khan's Kote. It is reported that forty maunds of iron were taken from the gate of this edifice, and swords and other instruments of war were made from it.

April 11.—A holy day of the Hindus, called Baisakhi, which authorizes that tribe to bathe this morning in rivers, canals, and especially at Hardwar, a celebrated bathing-place in India. I was induced to pay a visit to the temple of Gorakh Nath. Thousands of men and women were in the pond, which is shaded by three pipal-trees. The women were all beautiful and delicate, more so than the Mohammedans. As the sun was getting hot, I returned to my camp.

An evening ride led me to the Asya Bazar, in company with Dr. Gerard, where we were surrounded by a great multitude of sick men, and

our liberal distribution of medicine was everywhere praised.

April 12, 13.—It was a hot and cloudy morning, and I was taken ill. We set out this evening to the Asya Bazar, where I saw two Khaibaris * passing on the road. Their visage betokened perfidiousness. This tribe is celebrated for plundering and murdering travellers who happen to pass through the valley Khaibar (Khyber), and consequently the high road is shut up, which intersects their limits. The mountains of Khaibar are situated N.W. of Peshawer. It is said that these people never submit to any authority. Nadir Shah, on his route to Delhi, passed the valley of Khaibar, where he could not effect a passage without giving some large presents to the Khaibaris.

April 14, 15.—I was very sorry to see Mr. Burnes unwell. We were anxious to proceed to Kabul in company with a caravan, but our host, Sultan Mohammed Khan, did not let us go, wishing us to continue some days more in his country, to enjoy the pleasant gardens, which were then in foliage. It was in vain that we repeatedly sent him messages concerning our departure to Kabul.

April 16.—There was a Sayad, called Maulvi Mohammed Husain, a good Persian writer, who, hearing of our arrival, came to our residence, and applied for some medicine. As he spoke with Dr. Gerard, who could not understand his Persian

* Commonly written Khyberees.

language, I was sent for by that gentleman, to hear the Maulvi, and explain to him in the English language.

As soon as the Maulvi cast his eyes upon me, he shed a flood of tears, and recited a Persian distich, of which the following is a translation :—

> "Oh my incomparable taper (or beloved), where are you?
> The burner of my house, where are you?"

He spoke with me, in the presence of Dr. Gerard, and said that he had been very anxious to visit me since he saw me on horseback in the Bazar. As he could not find access to our presence, he was obliged to obtain it by a pretence of asking medicine. He humbly entreated that he might see me every day while I resided in Peshawer. I did not think proper to refuse his request.

April 17, 18.—The Maulvi came this morning and presented me with a pretty Persian book, written in the country of Iran. It contained all the fire of love which sparkled three thousand years ago in some parts of the Dakhan. The paramour is called Rajanal, and the beloved was Damni. The history of their love was formerly written in the Sanskrit language, in the reign of Akbar, and it was translated into Persian by Faizi, a celebrated learned man in his time. The Maulvi gave me a letter of recommendation to Mir Mohammed Murad Beg, chief of Kholum, who behaved ill to Mr. Moorcroft. It was written by a Sayad, named

Eazla Haq, who was the Murshid of all the Turkistan and Peshawer people.

Whilst we continued at Peshawer, we received very kind and friendly attentions from the rulers; and in the meantime Mr. Burnes collected a good deal of information about the country, which it is needless for me to put down in this journal, as he has minutely described the same to the world in his work.

CHAPTER II.

FROM PESHAWER TO KABUL, BALK, AND BOKHARA.

April 19.—We quitted Peshawer this morning, under the charge of a respectable, but vain and self-sufficient individual, who, however, did not join us till the third day. I was separated from my party, and lost the proper road; at length, I applied to several passengers to shew me the right way, but it availed nothing. My entreaties to an old beggar were as useless; for he shewed me a wrong road, pointing with his fingers towards one which gradually led me to the bank of the Shahalam river, which I wished to ford. The main current is here more rapid than the Indus; and but for the opportune arrival of a man, who prevented my putting my intention into execution, I should inevitably have been drowned. My clothes and the saddle of the horse were quite wet. At last, I returned back to Peshawer, where I met the servant of the gentlemen, who came to search for me.

He conducted me four miles to a handsome village, named Pajaggi, where we encamped for the night. The village is very fertile, and is watered by rivulets. The inhabitants are Afghans, speaking

the Pashto language, and are bigots in religion. There are many mosques. The houses are very small, made of mud, and shaded with large mulberry-trees.

April 20.—A march of six miles brought us to Matti. We crossed many rivulets on our route, which fertilize the country, in the vicinity of the village. Matti is situated on a beautiful spot, commanding a view of the river, and contains many mulberry-trees. Their shade is cool in the hot weather. The houses are well-constructed, of two and three stories high. At night we were joined by a great number of travellers.

April 21.—We moved this morning to Michni, a distance of eight miles, passing several brooks, and followed the right bank of the Kabul river.

The weather had now become very sultry, and on entering the valleys of the Abkhana hills, gusts of hot wind were felt, which in the subsequent months cause the simûms, from the effect of which people frequently perish. The thermometer, observed by Dr. Gerard at the time, stood at eighty-nine degrees.

On the right bank of the Shahalam, or Kabul river, there are four roads from Peshawer to Kabul. The King's-road intersects the valley of Khaibar, on which artillery may be easily moved; it is now shut up, because the inhabitants (called Khaibaris) plunder the travellers; but the messengers, or qasids, of course, pass along it, bearing only their light dress, for fear of being robbed.

The road by Chor is passable for camels and horses. The road by Kohat is not so troublesome as that of Tatahra, where we hear that footmen cannot pass without bruising or hurting their bodies. You will not cross any river on your route to Kabul, if you take the above-mentioned routes, which lie on our left. The road of Chor is within the territory of the Khaibar people, and is, consequently, not frequented.

After travelling along a hilly road, we reached the ferry of Michni, and swam our horses across the river, which has dirty water, and runs slowly. There is no boat; a bridge might be made across this river with ten or twelve boats; it is not fordable at any place.

April 22.—We halted at Michni, in a mosque, on account of its being a hot and stormy day, and fixed our residence on a high mountain, which commands the pass of the river. Nayab Mohammed Sharif Khan, our conductor, joined us this evening, through the favour of the Peshawer ruler.

April 23.—We took our departure at two o'clock in the morning; our party now consisting of sixty or seventy horsemen. We began to ascend the mountains, as the night set in, and it was fortunate that we were not aware of the dangers which environed us; for when daylight disclosed the frightful precipices we had passed, our eyes grew dim at the sight, and our heads giddy at the very thought.

We passed near the Khaibar country, but saw no

robbers, though our conductor shewed great anxiety for our safety, pointing out the defilés and dangerous parts of the road; but we feared nothing. It is impossible, without frequently dismounting from your horse, to surmount some tracts of this ascent. My dear travellers, if you wish to pass well over these hills, follow my advice, which will keep you safe from every danger. That is, dismount from your horse, hold his bridle in your hands, and lead him after you. In this part of the country, water is indispensable to the comfort and even the existence of the travellers, who become wearied by their exertions and the heat.

We happened to pass on our road through the village of Haidur Khan, where we had a grand sight, on our left, of the white mountain, called Safaid Koh. Here an Afghan husbandman, leaving his station, where he was watching some fields, came in front of us, and prevented our proceeding on our journey. On our expostulating with him, he said, with a loud and fearful voice, that, three days before, a man of his village hurried down to Peshawer, where some Durani took from him one rupee by force, and wished to take his life; and, continued he, "now you are all of that city, and are in my power—may my sufferings soon be revenged on you!" After many arguments, he let us pass. We applauded his noble heart and bold spirit, that made him singly oppose one hundred men, all armed, and stop them on the road.

We descended again into the bed of the river, and crossed it, as before, by a raft of skins, as Alexander did the Chenab. It was nearly upset; but the mercy of God, and the alacrity of the ferryman, saved our lives. We encamped on the bank, having come a distance of six miles.

April 24.—We commenced our march (the beginning of which was very difficult) early in the morning. The horses (though no person was upon their backs) were exceedingly tired in ascending this lofty and rugged hill. As the sun grew hotter, we stopped for two hours in a village called Dakka, situated on the bank of the Kabul river. At the twilight of evening, we bent our course to Hazara Nau, a distance of twenty-four miles, which brought us to the King's or Khaibar road, where troops and artillery may easily pass.

The village is almost surrounded by mountains, and possesses a soil fit for cultivation. There is a fountain in the village, which contains plenty of fish. This place has been subject for the last two months to a calamity, viz. two or three persons expire every day of fever. The inhabitants are Afghans, and speak only the Pashto language. There are seven houses of Hindus, who are badly treated by the Afghans.

April 25.—We moved to Jalalabad, where we arrived in the afternoon, having travelled thirty-two miles. We passed, on our route, through several vast plains, where armies might combat with each

other, but they were destitute of water. Our march for about eight miles continued over a rich soil. We were overtaken by a storm of wind and dust, like the north-wester of India, which compelled us to take shelter under trees.

The tomb of Batti Kot, a very pious man, is magnificently built in an extensive desert, called Dasht Batti Kot. A village is erected to his honour, which we happened to pass about eight o'clock at night. There is neither well nor fountain within a distance of ten miles from the village, and on this account the country is not well cultivated. The villagers provide themselves with water from the neighbouring hamlets. No man can travel in this dry desert in the hot weather, during the day, on account of the simûms, or fiery winds; and for this reason, there is a proverbial saying amongst the inhabitants of this country, "*Sokhtáh dasht Batti Kot hasti?*" "Art thou burnt of the desert, Batti Kot?"

The village abounds with snakes and scorpions; but, it is said, they have no power to bite or hurt any one, when he draws a line round a place which he occupies, invoking, at the same time, the name of Batti Kot. Our marches were fatiguing and desultory, and entirely at the caprice of our guide, sometimes in rain, and at others in sunshine or darkness.

At midnight we passed through a desert, near Jalalabad, called Surkh Divar (or 'red wall'), infested by robbers. I was at the head of my party, and

at a point of the road of an unusual dreariness, when we were alarmed by firing close ahead of us, and, on coming up, were met and congratulated by our leader on our escape from a body of robbers, by his praiseworthy conduct on the occasion, with so few followers. We took behind us those who were on foot, and moved on in a compact body, passing a village we had intended resting at, and travelled on till the day dawned upon our weary eyes. During all this time, our valiant guide talked of nothing but his exploits with robbers, till his vanity betrayed him, and burst through the dissimulation by which he had imposed upon our credulity. No robbers had been seen, and the false alarm was the offspring of his own ingenuity, to gain him reputation, and, no doubt, in the hopes of gratifying his sordid appetite by a present. The story became a good jest, and the man himself joined in the diversion it created.

April 26.—We had now penetrated into the depth of the mountains, and remained at Jalalabad, which, though very large and populous, looks but a poor place, and deserves no notice, except that it is remarkable for filth and misery. It is situated on the bank of the Kabul river. The soil is, however, fertile, and the landscape refreshing to the sight, after the barren rocks and parched surface we had traversed. The contiguous country is interesting. In addition to the many objects of natural history, tradition has placed here the graves of several of the

prophets, Noah's father, and Lot. The ark is said to have rested upon the snowy mountains of Kanur. Brooks of dirty water, shaded with mulberry-trees, wash the walls of every house. The inhabitants are chiefly Afghans, but look very poor and miserable. There are many shops, which are badly supplied. We saw a magnificent building, a Hindu temple, named Gorakh Nath, which abounds with pigeons. The houses, although constructed of mud and unburnt bricks, are durable.

April 27.—It was evening when we came to the fort of Aghajan, a distance of one mile, and put up in a very dirty stable, which was full of dung and little flies. The fort is very high; it is of mud, and looks a noble edifice at a distance. We had a sharp wind and rain at night.

April 28.—We took our departure early in the morning; our route was very pleasant. We crossed several streams on the road. The country on our right appeared as if it were covered with a green sheet, owing to the richness of the soil; whilst on the left was a sandy desert, and a white mountain (the Safaid Koh), which was covered with snow. The high mountain of Karanj, near Siah Posh, also covered with snow, was in our front; beyond it (out of sight) was Hindu Kush. It is reported that on this mountain a Hindu army perished in the days of old, and it hence takes the name of Hindu Kush, or 'Destroyer of the Hindus.' It has a veil of snow on its face at all seasons of the year. We

halted in a very neat village, called Bala Bagh, after travelling a distance of eight miles. Numerous streams and fountains fertilize and adorn this village. We were refreshed by visiting several orchards, abounding with grapes, pomegranates, figs, peaches, and pears.

April 29.—A march of fourteen miles brought us to a village called Gandu Mak. On the left of our route was the pretty garden of Nimla, where Shah Shuja, the deposed king of Kabul, was defeated by Vizir Fatah Khan. It is situated in a beautiful spot, at the entrance of a handsome valley. Before we reached our halting-place, we crossed a very large and dangerous bridge on the road.

The weather became now very gloomy, and we were detained by rain; on the sky clearing, we beheld snowy peaks quite near on both sides of us. Towards the south, was Safaid Koh, which is not a solitary peak, but a range. The snow was brilliantly white, and shone with dazzling splendour from the reflection of the retiring sun. The climate was disagreeably warm, notwithstanding our proximity to those gelid regions. The sides of the mountains were invested with majestic cedar forests. On our right, and through the recesses of the hills near us, we had occasional glimpses of mountains joining the great Hindu Kush, which forms a natural boundary between Khorasan and Turkistan, and extends to the west in a continuous crest of white-

ness, so lofty as to border upon the thin clouds that float betwixt it and the heavens.

April 30.—We entered this morning a cold country, and passed several brooks, and a fine large substantial bridge, on our way, which was built by the ancient emperors of Delhi. We stopped at noon at Jagdalak, after which we recommenced our march, and halted, at twelve at night, in the mouth of a valley, called Lata Band, having travelled a distance of thirty-three miles. The wind was very cold and piercing. Our route continued over rounded stones, which rendered the way very difficult, both for men and beasts.

May 1.—At two o'clock in the morning, we departed towards Kabul, a distance of twenty-five miles. On approaching the city, the climate assumed a refreshing coolness, and we only required to be our own masters, to enjoy the ever-varying scenes which were opened before us; but our heartless conductor pursued his way, and we were obliged to follow him through rain, sunshine, and darkness. Having kept moving for twenty-four hours together, we arrived at Kabul.

We travelled at night, and could see nothing of the country; but the very perceptible ascent of the roads, and the increasing cold, assured me that we had attained a very considerable elevation. I was impatient to feast my eyes upon the beauties of the place, which is considered the garden of India. I often sighed for daylight to put to sleep the stars,

that I might actually behold what I had long only dreamt of, and vaguely imaged to my mind; but when daylight came, it made me blush, for nothing was visible but a desert of hard and naked rocks, which denied even to the snow a place of rest. The city was indicated by a dark haze, as if it had no connection with the uniform sterility around; and after such a dismal approach, I had little hopes of being gratified in entering it. It is no wonder that the kings of Kabul left their dreary territories, to plunder the rich plains of India.

We crossed the river on a bridge, which was in some parts overflowed. On our left, the road was generally a broad causeway, running for two miles in a straight line, till it terminated in a view of a noble building called Balahisar, which was formerly the residence of the king, and now Dost Mohammed Khan, the governor of Kabul, occupies that celebrated place. We were welcomed by our host, Nawab Jabbar Khan, who gave us a very fine house to reside in.

May 2 to 5. Kabul.—We remained at Kabul to see the curiosities and antiquities, which shall be described hereafter.

The day after our arrival, on the 2nd of May, we were delighted by meeting a fellow-traveller, who had overcome the difficulties of the road from Bokhara, after encountering many misfortunes. Mr. Wolff is a zealous missionary, wandering like the apostles of old over foreign countries, for the sake

of enlightening the various nations of the earth; but with what success he did not mention. His sole object is to discover the lineal descent of the Jews, and in Afghanistan he had a fertile field for research, as the people themselves trace their genealogy to the tribes of Israel; but in so interesting a tract of country Mr. Wolff did not stop sufficiently long, and after the disasters he met with, it is not to be wondered at if he was anxious to quit so inhospitable a region. Amongst his adventures, he related having been made a slave; but fortunately for him he was not considered of much value, and got released. He next came into the hands of robbers, who took away all his money, and even the clothes from his back. Lastly, he was deprived of his horse by the deep snow of the Hindu Kush, and was compelled to walk naked into Kabul, like the faqirs of India. All these details were not very consolatory to us, who were to tread in his footsteps; but there is an attraction even in the idea of danger, that makes its actual sufferings shrink into insignificance, on such a journey as this.

Mr. Wolff was very kind to me, especially when I told him that my religion consisted in the worship of one sole Supreme Being. He seemed pleased to hear of the Delhi Institution, and asked if there were others educated like myself. He thought that sacred instruction should be inculcated as well as knowledge, but it is questionable whether this would not defeat the object of the academy. He pro-

mised to become a patron, and, with the assistance of Lord W. Bentinck, to improve the instruction. If he visits Delhi, I take the liberty to commend him to the kindness and favour of the college committee and my friends in India.

May 6.—An evening ride led me through the Balahisar to the residence of the present ruler. It is partly commanded by the southern hills, and partly by the western, besides being separately walled. The northern and eastern walls are defensible. It contains twelve large brass guns, regularly made. On my return, I bent my course through the Shor Bazar, which was roofed with very large rafters and mats. The shops, having numerous fine things, looked very beautiful.

May 7.—Early in the morning I proceeded to try the bath, accompanied by Dr. Gerard. The water was very fine and clear. There are neither flies nor any other insects to be found either in the outer or inner room, where rich men are generally allowed to bathe. The skylights overlook the Kabul river. It was built in the time of Vazir Fatah Khan, and adjoins the edifice of that nobleman.

At evening we set out to see the garden of the Shah, or the Bagh Shah, which is planted on the northern side of the city, in a beautiful spot. A stream of water, running from the river, passes the entrance of the garden. The road, or khayaban, was

very clean and straight, like that of India. It runs from the gate of the city, and ends in a view of a high hill, eight miles distant.

Poplar trees, which are not found in India (but are in England, as Dr. Gerard told me), adorn the surrounding walls of the garden. There are thousands of trees of many different kinds of fruit, for which the city is celebrated. Above me were the clear and blue skies; on each side were masses of snow, which tempered by their cold aspect the glow of the sun.

The appearance of Kabul is not remarkable; and its grey walls of mud ill correspond with the scene which opens upon the traveller on entering the city. But how shall I describe the bazar or charsu, so full of people, all strangers, not only in face, in dress, and in their dialects, but in all their customs; while every article of trade or of manufacture is equally dissimilar from that of Hindustan! The whole scene is entirely new, and one wonders that in so short a space there should be such a singular contrast. I thought of Delhi, with its palaces, its tall menarets, its splendid architecture, and its showy people, the flowing robes and brilliant ornaments, the braids and bracelets, the rose-odours, the bright eyes, and raven hair, and in the dance, "the many twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like." I looked in vain for the scenes of my youth, their true and false enjoyments; but they were gone!

The shops displayed a profusion of those fruits which I used to esteem costly luxuries. The parts of the bazar which are arched over exceed any thing the imagination can picture. The shops rise over each other, in steps glittering in tinsel splendour, till, from the effect of elevation, the whole fades into a confused and twinkling mass, like stars shining through clouds, and the people themselves, not so big as beetles, seem as if of the pigmy race. These bazars were made by Ali Mardan Khan, to whose liberality and magnificent works his posterity is indebted for many fine and noble edifices which adorn India and other parts of Asia.

Next to the bazar, or I should say preceding it in importance, is Dost Mohammed Khan, the ruler of Kabul, who deserves particular notice, not only as a ruler, but as a man. I might be able to delineate him in Persian, but I am not sufficiently qualified in the English language to do his character justice, therefore I must comprise my description of him in a few words. His tall stature and haughty countenance, with his proud tone of speech and plain dress, indicate his high rank and sovereign power. He trusts none but himself, and is surrounded by numerous enemies, both of his own family and court.

If we judge the conduct of Dost Mohammed Khan as an encourager of commerce and a politician, we must allow him considerable praise,

though he is not a character in whom one could place the confidence either of permanent friendship or political alliance. He has killed many chiefs of the country, and deprived many of the priesthood of their estates, after having sworn seven times by the holy soul of Mohammed, and even upon the Koran, which he afterwards said were the leaves of a common book. I am not quite sure whether the necessity of the times or his natural ambition excited him to the murders he has committed. He is very desirous to make himself the sole monarch of Afghanistan, but is in want of money. He seems not to be friendly towards the British Government; and I dare say he will side with that power which appears the strongest in the field. He has many wives, and also many sons, three of whom are the rulers of different places. He is very cautious not to give them much power, for fear of their turning against him. When he drove Sultan Mohammed Khan Sardar out of Kabul, he possessed himself of one of his dearest (intended) wives, which has heightened the animosity between the two brothers.

May 8 to 17.—I had the pleasure of talking with Mr. Wolff, who came into my room, and told me to listen to the Bible, and be converted to Christianity, which is the best religion in the world. My answer pleased the reverend gentleman very much. He added the following most singular speech:—That in the city of Bokhara he had an

interview with Jesus Christ, who informed him that the pleasant valley of Kashmir will be the New Jerusalem after a few years. I copied his narrative, which he sent to Lady Georgiana, in Malta. He gave me a certificate, and promised to recommend me to his relation, Lady W. Bentinck, in Calcutta.

The inhabitants of Kabul are Sunis, Shias, and Hindus. The Shias live separately in a walled street called Chandaul. They believe the Panjtan, and always quarrel with the Sunis, the followers of Charyar; but the Shias, by their unanimity, generally gain the honours of the field. Nadir Shah brought a few Qizal Bash from Persia, and colonized them in Kabul, where they increased to 5,000. Their dress and custom of living are more decent than those of the Sunis or Afghans, who occupy the major part of the country. The people do not possess good features, and are fond of pleasure. They drink clandestinely, and rove about. The females, both of high and low family, desert the path of virtue and pursue bad principles. The proverbial saying which follows, and prevails among the inhabitants, confirms my explanation regarding the sex:— "The flour of Peshawer is not without a mixture of barley, and the women of Kabul are not without lovers."

The people and the merchants of the city generally speak Persian; but in the country, a very harsh Pashto continues to be spoken.

The Hindus are nearly two thousand in number, and many of them are the first inhabitants of Kabul. They have large families, and are allowed all the privileges of their religion. They are known by their robes, and by their painted foreheads. Their shops are spread over all the streets and bazars, while their Mohammedan neighbours, though they are prejudiced against them, treat them very tolerantly.

At noon we paid a visit to the tomb of the Emperor Babar, which is worthy of description. Having passed through the street of Javan Sher, or Shias, we followed the right bank of the Maidan river, which flows close by the city walls. We came now to a small village, where we refreshed ourselves with dry fruits of the past year. Again we entered an old ruined gate, which led us through a beautiful square, shaded with fruit-trees of different kinds, and washed by numerous crystal canals. The green flower-beds, and the pleasant wind, along with the music of beautiful birds, quite surprised me, and I stood without motion, meditating whether I was dreaming of paradise, or had come into an unknown region. In the meantime, my eyes suddenly opened, and my sleepy heart, tired of the view of the barren rocks, awoke and said to me, "No doubt the Emperor Babar was judicious in choosing this spot for his grave." We ascended four or five steps, and saw on our left hand a magnificent mosque, built entirely of

beautiful marble. The breadth of the room (my companion measured it) was eight paces, and the length twenty. There were four open arches in the building. The marble was very fine, white, and clear; our faces were reflected in it. The expense of building the mosque was forty thousand rupees, and it was completed in the space of two years by Shah Jahan, after the conquest of Balk and Badakhshan.

Having climbed a few paces more, we came to a rising ground, which abounds with numerous tombs, made of marble, equal in size, and similar in shape, to each other. There was no difference between the tomb of the emperor and the tombs of his royal family, except in the inscription of the name of the buried.

The mausoleum of the emperor is not much raised above the surface of the earth; a few pieces of broken but fine marble cover the tomb, and at the head stands a small menar, called a "Lauh," which contains verses, beautifully cut, signifying the date of the emperor's death.

We are highly indebted to the English translation of "Babar's Memoirs," which gives us valuable intelligence of the whole country of Kabul. After a long description of the mountain, the emperor mentions that the famous pass of Hindu Kush is so high, and the wind is so strong, that the birds, being unable to fly, are obliged to creep over the top. They are often caught by the people, who kill and

roast them for dinner. This is said by Dr. Gerard to be probably owing to the thinness of the air at that great elevation.

The original name of Kabul, described by the Persian authors, was Bakhtar, and is what we call the ancient Bactria. In the reign of the Chaghatah sovereign, it was called the division or parganah of the city of Bagram, which is now Peshawer. Tradition says that, in former days, the whole country of Kabul contained nothing but a vast forest.

Farhad or Kohkan, the famous lover of Shirin, a beautiful queen in Persia, happened to come to Bactria, and cut through a large hill, from whence a spring of clear water issued. On this he placed a colony of a few Persians, who invited over a great many foreigners to occupy their new found country. There is a long story about the paramour above described. After the country was inhabited and improved by science and art, the king Zabul, an infidel, possessed himself of Bakhtar. When Zabul died, the initial letter of his name, which is Z, or ز in Persian, was changed for that of K or ک and the city is since known by the name of Kabul.

Trade has enriched the city of Kabul beyond any other capital in Afghanistan. The caravan of Lohanis, which consists of between six hundred and seven hundred camels, furnishes it once a year with English and Indian goods. They come through Multan and Ghaznin, where they are not ill-

treated. Great part of their merchandize is conveyed to Bokhara, which furnishes the merchants in return with fine silk, and also with a good breed of beautiful horses. These fine animals, purchased in Kabul, are sold in India at a price, quadruple their original cost, surpassing the expectations of their first Uzbeg masters. A great number go back with the Lohanis, who also take numerous loads of fruit for sale in that country. The qafilah returns in the month of October.

In the garden of the Shah, I happened to meet a respectable Lohani merchant, who fell into discourse with me; and when I was talking with him upon the subject of traffic, he said that if the British Government would make some arrangement with Ranjit Singh not to put heavy duties upon goods, and pay a small sum of money to the Khaibaris west of the Indus, to allow the caravan to pass safe through their valley, they would make an immense fortune by exporting English goods to Afghanistan, &c. by the road of Lodiana, which may be better frequented than that of Multan. In Shah Shujah's reign, the road of Khaibar was traversed without any danger. The town duty of Peshawer and Kabul was heavier than it is now. The above king gave the chiefs of Khaibar a salary of 60,000 rupees a year, and held them responsible for the loss of every traveller. When the merchant added, that the copper, steel, iron, and lace of Russia supplied the whole of Afghanistan through the distant deserts of Tartary,

I was quite amazed to find that India, being so near Kabul, allows foreign articles to appear in the market. The blue paper of Russia is used throughout the whole Afghan states. The English manufactures and other articles are sent from Kabul to Peshawer, where they are very dear. With the imitation brocade of Russia the rich men make saddles for their horses, and cover the floors of their houses. Bagu, a Shikarpuri merchant, told me that English goods, worth 300,000 rupees, are yearly sold in Kabul, and those of Russia to the value of 200,000.

The whole revenue of the country of Kabul, some say, amounts to 24,00,000 rupees, and others, to 25,00,000; but it is certain that the city itself owes much to the intercourse of trade.

Kabul is famous for its pleasant spring, during which time the whole region is refreshed with different and beautifully-coloured flowers. It is remarkable for flowers, as the following Persian verse declares:—

"The flowers of Kabul and the wine of Sheeraz have charming colours; the curling locks of the Persians and the delicate waist of the Indians have an attractive character."

The winter is severe here for three months. From the 1st of December snow falls very heavily till the beginning of March, and continues more or less till April. The roads to Bokhara and Candahar are blocked up till the arrival of spring. The shops are very seldom opened on account of the

cold. The inhabitants buy up all the provisions for the winter season, and many never come out of their lodgings till the forty days of extreme cold are passed. They wear postins made of goat skins, and sit always round a fire, which is put under a kind of chair covered with a blanket, to prevent its being extinguished by the cold.

On account of the above-mentioned circumstances, the people find great difficulty in sustaining existence.

When we left Peshawer, on the 19th of April, the temperature of the air, especially at the base of the hills, was at 100°; but here the thermometer in the house, in the morning, stood at 44°, and seldom rose to 63°. This great depression, I was informed by Mr. Gerard, was caused by the elevation, which he ascertained to be nearly 6,000 feet. The country, being free from periodical rains, produces fruit of a superior flavour, which is notorious in India.

We did not go to the gardens of Daman, which are so celebrated. They skirt the base of a lofty ridge at the northern extremity of the city, a few miles distant, where snow rests throughout the year. This ridge is part of the Hindu Kush, and was very white while we remained in Kabul, but by the end of summer very little snow is left on it.

May 18.—When the sky got clear, we set out for Bokhara in the afternoon, and encamped in the

village called Qilah Qazi, a distance of eight miles. Our road was over a rich country, covered with numerous hamlets. We crossed two bridges and several brooks on the way. Nawab Jabbar Khan, our host, went with us a few miles; but his return was a cause of grief to us, as he is an intimate friend of all the travellers. We were not now with the qafilah, but under the protection of a highly respected man, the nazir of the ruler of Kabul, who was proceeding to Moscow, to obtain the forfeited property of his late brother. We trusted more to his character than to any other means of defence we were capable of employing. He had a letter of recommendation from Dost Mohammed Khan to the Emperor of Russia. I heard he has a better knowledge of the Russians than of the English in India. Our ground was surrounded by high mud walls, and has three large solid gates. The inhabitants are quite different from those between Kabul and Peshawer, not only in their language, but also in their features and attire. The scenery in the skirts of Kabul was strikingly variegated with orchards of green foliage.

May 19.—A march of twenty-four miles brought us to a rich village, called Jal Rez, commanded by snowy mountains. The north-east part of the place is washed by a clear river, which falls into that of Kabul. Here are walnut, apple, and peach trees in considerable numbers. The productions of the

country are wheat and fine rice, which grow on the slopes of the hills. In this part the hamlets stand very near to each other, and are well constructed. We saw numerous kahraizes, of which Mr. Elphinstone makes mention in his work This term means a line of wells, the water of which runs through each other and ends in a stream. We are now in a very cold region, and the inhabitants generally have broad faces, flat noses, and small eyes; they speak Persian.

May 20.—We moved early in the morning and passed near a village named Sir-chashmah, where our baggage was searched. This village is so called from a fountain of water (or chashmah), which is said to have sprung up from the spot marked by the footstep of Hazrat Ali; the print of a foot is still visible, and from it the water is seen bubbling up. We were now travelling over snow, which was so soft, that we were frequently obliged to dismount and walk, fearing that our horses would founder in it.

After this we ascended a high pass, elevated 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. On our route we passed over a plain where Ali, people say, galloped his horse, and from that time every traveller thinks it a religious duty to follow his example. At noon we had a little snow, which was here new to my eyes. We put up in the fort of Afzal Khan, or Yort, a distance of sixteen miles.

May 21.—We commenced our march at sunrise, which produced a grand effect, the light being re-

flected from the snowy walls which were scattered on each side of us; and what was curious, the snow had formed arches over the canals which intersected our road, and by such weak structures we crossed many deep cavities. We journeyed now over a snowy bed, which was nearly four or five feet deep. In the middle of the day, though we felt the air very keen, yet I earnestly gazed from a small eminence upon the splendour of the scenery.

On our route we passed by the village called Gardan Divar, washed by two beautiful rivers, one of which runs through the country of Candahar, and is called Ar Ghandab.

We are now in the region of the Hazara or Shias, the believers in Panjtan. The inhabitants are white, but very ugly. Travelling in the territory of Dost Mohammed Khan is not very dangerous, but the scarcity of fuel causes travellers to experience great distress. The snow lies for seven months upon the ground. It falls from the 1st of November to the end of May, in the course of which time a great part of it melts away, and makes the road very muddy. The rays of the sun began now to stimulate the husbandmen to plough and sow. They live upon barley, milk, and the flesh of the gosfand or goat. Money is not much used in their country. They barter goods for goods, and are pleased to take needles, coarse cloth, silk, combs, &c. for provisions, with which they supply travellers. Our route lay over the bosom of the

mountains, and we visited many resting-places hidden under the snow, the last of which, named Qilah Lashkari, fifteen miles distant, was our halting-place. Here the snow lay upon the walls and in heaps before the houses. After sunset the snow began to fall, and in the morning the whole place was covered afresh. The inhabitants here have very singular customs, one of which, described by Mr. Elphinstone, is the privilege of travellers to the wife or sister of their hosts. To ascertain the existence of so peculiar a fashion, I exerted my curiosity as far as decency permitted, but did not quite succeed. The females possess no attractive features. When we forded the above rivers, we came to a rising ground, containing a fountain of salt-water. The earth which surrounded it had a red colour, as had the water. In the adjacent hills, we were informed, exist mines of copper and iron; also of silver, which last have not been worked for two hundred years.

May 22.—On our leaving the last ground, we felt the morning air cold and piercing. The thermometer was twenty-eight degrees at six o'clock. We travelled for some time on a beautiful pass, entirely covered with snow, almost 12,000 feet in height, but we had not such difficulty in crossing it as yesterday. The road from Kabul to this pass or kotal (as it is called, Shutar Gardan) is fit for carriages to pass if the snow does not prevent them. On account of the deep bed of snow, we

left the straight route on our left hand, and followed the brink of a small rivulet, which continued to lead us through a very narrow valley. The snow fell a little upon us, and when it ceased, we ascended by a pass, of a very small breadth, called Mori, in crossing which I hurt my foot. When we began to descend, I perceived some red hillocks on my left hand, which commanded a view of a flourishing valley covered with a green crop; at the bottom of the valley stood a beautifully constructed villa, the appearance of which at some distance was so romantic, as forcibly to remind me of the words of the Persian poet:—"It looked like an egg placed in a green dish."

Before we encamped in the Qilah of Dada Shah Arbab, we gazed with surprise at the ruins of the city of Zohak, which is situated on rising ground. My curiosity led me to examine the structure, which in many places is injured by age; nor could I refrain from admiring both the materials and masonry remaining entire, when I beheld a high wall of bricks cemented with mud and supported only by a small portion of clay, the foundations having been evidently washed away at some remote period. The buildings in India, of the present age, never last more than a hundred years, during which space of time they are often repaired.

Tradition says, that Zohak was a very great emperor, and had a pompous court, besides a numerous army and considerable treasure. He

was fond of music and dancing, and liked jesters very much. The ill-luck of Zohak induced Satan to counterfeit the person of a buffoon, and perform some curious feats, which made him known through the whole city, and his name was even mentioned with great praise before the king, so that he wished to see him. The jester, beautifully apparelled, and with a harp in his hand, came into the presence of the emperor. He exhibited his performances, and tried all he could to please Zohak, who asked Satan what he wanted, for he would be glad to do any thing for him. Satan replied, he was very anxious to kiss the shoulders of his highness; and his request was complied with. Next day, the king was attacked with a violent pain in his shoulders, from whence two black snakes sprung forth, putting him to much pain. Zohak beheaded them often, but they grew again and again. At last his Majesty had recourse to physicians, but they availed nothing. Satan, his latent enemy, disguised himself as a doctor, and paid a visit to his Majesty. He saw the snakes and felt the pulse of Zohak. After this, he said, nothing could cure him unless the brains of a few young people were given daily to satisfy the appetite of the snakes. The king took his advice, and killed nearly half of his subjects to get their brains out of their heads. This tyrannical act created a revolution in the country, and encouraged foreigners to rescue the people from the yoke of the unmerciful Zohak. In

a pitched battle he was taken prisoner and put to the sword.

It was new to us to see the people living in caves excavated in a range of hills. They are known by the name of Hazara, which is also the name of the country. It is hilly and not very beautiful. The inhabitants possess very rude features, resembling those of the Paharis in the Himalaya mountains. They have no public mosques, and never even offer prayers, though they call themselves the pure Musalman, or the Shia believers of Haidur Karrar.

May 23.—We directed our course towards Bamian, an old place famous for its idols. The derivation of Bamian is *Bam*, which means in Persian 'a roof,' as its situation is higher than the other neighbouring tracts. Perhaps this may be one of Alexander's cities mentioned by Quintus Curtius.

North of the village of Bâmian runs a range of hills, and in it stand three beautiful images. They are very curious, both in respect to their antiquity and the traditions which attach to them. Two of them stand in arches by each other, and the third, which is smaller than the others, stands apart on the left. They are cut out of a solid rock on the hard face of the mountain. Their stature is gigantic, being nearly 100 feet high. On the left side of the idols we discerned a considerable number of caves succeeding each other, and having a number of rooms inside, which are occupied by the people called Tajiks.

It is said that these noble images were made by Hindu Rajas, more than a thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ. They were the work of five brothers, called Pandavs, namely, Jadushtar, the son of true faith; Bhim, the master of strength; Arjan, the source of beauty and the dance; Nakul, the inventor of good ballads and sweet tones; Sah Dev, the creator of delicious victuals, and the best judge of horses. It is very difficult for me to give a full detail of the story connected with them, and it is unnecessary, as the famous Faizi, the brother of Abul Fazal, has translated into Persian the Sanskrit book called Mahabharat, which is in two large volumes, and contains their adventures, miracles, pains, pleasures, and wars; moreover, the old history of the world. However, I will mention a very rude and unlawful act which they performed.

Though they possessed such high natural qualifications, as I have already mentioned, still they nourished a savage idea in their heads. They had one wife among them, named Daropti, who is considered by the Hindus the mother of virtue and a miracle of faith and sanctity. She had an uncommonly charming countenance; and notwithstanding the multiplicity of her husbands, she is believed to be a Debi or prophetess. As soon the five Pandavs mortgaged the whole of their empire to Durjodhan, their uncle's son, in order to pay him their gambling debts, he immediately banished them for the space of twelve years. The poor Pandavs chose their

ground at Bamian, and spent their unhappy days in making these magnificent idols, which they and their followers worshipped for a long time. One day, Arjan, one of the five Pandavs, proceeded from Bamian to the western hills, a distance of four miles. He met on the road a snake of monstrous shape, who wished to swallow him up; but Arjan instantly struck it dead with a blow, and cut it into two pieces. It was petrified, and there still lies a large mass on the ground, resembling a snake. It is fifty feet in length, and its two pieces, making a duct, join gradually upon one side. The water which it contains bubbles with great noise, and is said to have been caused by the baneful effect of the monster. The water is very bitter, and freezes as soon as it springs out through a small hole, which is said to be the eye of the snake. Near it is also the mark of the feet of the horse, which has given rise to a dispute among the Mohammedans and Hindus; the former say that it is the print of the hoofs of Ali's horse; and the latter, that it is that of Arjan's. I am lost in speculation as to which of these accounts is true. If we consider the date of Arjan's birth, which is long antecedent to that of Ali, then we have no history which would favour the Hindu account; but tradition speaks in favour of both accounts.

South-east of Bamian, at the skirt of a steep rock, is situated a celebrated fort, named Shahar Ghul Ghulah, erected by a Kafar before the birth

of Mohammed. The place bears the name of Ghul Ghulah, on account of the great noise caused by the discourse of the inhabitants, who were in considerable number. A Tartar, native of Badakhshan, resolved to invade it, and laid siege to it. When he found great difficulty in subduing it, and was on the point of dismissing his camp, he fortunately received a letter, with the following contents, from the beautiful daughter of the Kafar, who had fallen in love with the Tartar:

"My beloved Tartar, — Your name, and the picture of your lovely face, which is drawn by imagination, have fixed their residence in my mind and eyes. They have strongly affected my desolate heart, and have smitten me with such violent love for you, that I cannot describe minutely the sensations which I now experience. You will never obtain possession of the fort either by assault or siege; but I advise you to stop the passage of the water, the scarcity of which will oblige the garrison to surrender it to you."

The Tartar followed her advice, and instantly made himself master of the fort. He then married the daughter of the Kafar; but after a few days he killed her, saying, "This is the result of her treachery and misbehaviour towards her father; and I am afraid to trust her any longer."

The village of Bamian is walled, and divided into two or three parts, and has much cultivation. It is in Dost Mohammed Khan's possession, and given

to Haji Khan Kakar, a respectable chief under him. He collects not much from the country, as it is too cold and hilly; but the duty taken upon the merchandize amounts to 70,000 rupees yearly. Reasoning from the large sum of money raised from the merchants as an ordinary duty at Bamian, we may form an idea of the extent of commerce between Kabul and Bokhara. The houses at Bamian are very low, though of two stories; the bricks are sun-dried and cemented with mud. They are roofed with wood and mats, which do not last long, on account of the heavy falls of snow. The inhabitants are Afghans and Tajiks, and speak both the Persian and Pashto languages.

Taimur the Great, on his return from India, passed through the suburbs of Bamian, where he was taken ill, which obliged him to travel in a litter. He came to the city of Bamian, which is now entirely ruined, and visited the idols. Being tempted by his religion, he ordered his expert archers to discharge their arrows against the images, which he wished to level to the ground; but none of the arrows struck them, the cause of which I know not. Lat and Manat, mentioned in the Koran, tradition says, are the names of the idols of Bamian. This confirms the account, that they were undoubtedly made before Mohammed came into the world.

May 24.—As soon as the sun shone, we commenced our journey, escorted by Haji Khan's people, who were all well armed and mounted. Our route

conducted us betwixt the lofty branches of the Hindu Kush, ascending over large ranges and descending into deep defiles, all without verdure, and of dreadful aspect—not a single tree appeared in sight. Having crossed the pass of Akrabad, the height of which is 10,500 feet, we quitted the boundary of Afghanistan and entered Turkistan. Our march, which was not more than thirty miles, brought us to the beautiful town of Saighan, ruled by Mohammed Ali Beg. His object is to attack, or chapao, the villages of Hazara, and reduce the inhabitants to slavery. Some time ago, one of his friends tried to persuade him to abolish the custom of selling people, as being contrary to the will of God. "If this was the case," replied the Beg, "why did not God tell me in a dream not to do so?" On one hand, he collects money by selling people, and on the other, he erects mosques and mehman saraes.

The soil which surrounds the country of Sàighan is fitted for agriculture. There is now assafœtida growing. The mixture of villas, meadows, crystal canals, and gardens containing fruits of all sorts, was highly gratifying to a traveller. The inhabitants are Turks, and wear a singular cap of cloth, projecting to a point in the centre. It resembles that of the Dadu Panthi, a sect of Hindu beggars in India. We put up in a clean mehman sarae, and were peeped at by the boys through the holes of the roof. They called to us, with a loud voice,

"O Isai, or Musai, what are you doing in the room?" On this, being afraid, we quitted our writing, till darkness covered the face of the country.

May 25.—Having crossed the Kotal Dandan Shikan, we passed on by the village of Kamard, situated on the bank of a beautiful river. The ruler is Rah Matullah Khan, an old, respectable-looking man. He acknowledges the authority of Mir Morad Beg, the famous chief of Qunduz. Having journeyed along the bank of the river, under the cool shade of fruit-trees, we reached our halting-ground, in a small village called Larmusht, washed by the river named Khajah Abdullah.

The women of the village were very beautiful; such charming features I had never beheld since my departure from India. A few of them, who had delicate complexions, stood by me, and asked who I was, and what was my native country? At my reply, they laughed together, and said, "It is a great pity indeed that you do not choose to dwell here, and marry a bonny girl in this village." In a word, they joked with me in such a way as I cannot describe here.

A few years ago, the successor of Dilavar, a man of power in his neighbourhood, attacked the country of Kamard, in the absence of the khan. He plundered the whole district, and took the khan's wife and his family prisoners. When the khan was informed of this accident, he collected an army, and

in the space of seven years he reduced the enemy to extreme distress, and got possession of his wife, who brought forth a son, whose father was her ravisher. The son is now very young, and lives with the khan, who loves him like his own child.

May 26. — Our route continued to lead us towards a hot climate, and over an arid and torrid land. The nights were still cold.

Before we began to ascend, we passed by a village, where we got an escort, headed by the bastard son of Rah Matullah Khan. Having climbed the pass, we entered on the broad way, where I advanced ahead of my party. My companion, the servant of the qafila bashi, was speaking with me of the danger which generally awaits caravans on this pass. He said, the merchants are often robbed here, and travellers are frequently murdered. Whilst this conversation was going on, my party overtook me, and witnessed a case of this kind. We had not completed the journey of the pass, when suddenly we encountered a body of robbers, who came to plunder the remains of a qafila that had eluded them, and would have attacked us, had we not been guarded by an armed force. Robbers have a sympathy for those who become in their turn Alamans or desperadoes; on this account, partly, as well as their respect for our strength, we escaped. They conversed with our guard, and informed us, that the respectability of our protector was the only reason of our safety. They caught the two last camels of

a caravan, and their poor pusillanimous drivers were condemned to slavery before our eyes. We proceeded still with great precaution, keeping our baggage in front, and moved in such order as to be ready to fight. We congratulated each other on our good fortune in escaping from them. The Alamans were the inhabitants of Surb, and followers of Dilavar, who stood in high favour with Taimur Shah. We halted in an open field, eighteen miles distant, and slept at night in the bosom of the hills, near the village of Duab, where, we hear, Mr. Wolff was robbed. A deep stream of water runs very rapidly towards the north, and fertilizes the whole valley.

May 27.—We marched towards Khurram, a distance of thirty miles. Our route lay through a beautiful valley.

Having followed the left bank of the Duab river, which led us to a ruined village named Rui, we rested there for two hours, and marching again, reached the top of the pass called Kotal Rui, when we perceived the head of the Hindu Kush, lying north-east, covered with snow. The weather became at once changed, and the air had an Indian warmth. Before we got to our camp, we passed by a caravan lying at the foot of the mountain. They inquired of us whether the Kabul road was safe, and on learning that a body of robbers was watching the Qara Kotal, they were thrown into great alarm, and prolonged their stay at Rui till the arrival of

the next qafila, which, they said, would overtake them in a day or two.

Having forded the river Duab, we passed through beautiful and fertile villages, which extended on each side of us. There were numerous handsome gardens, which produced delicious fruits in great quantity. The soil is irrigated by brooks, conducted from the river and fountains, and edged by red grass, the shadow of which in the water had a beautiful appearance.

My servant, a Kashmiri Hindu, native of Lahor, who had a very bad temper, was cooking the dinner in the open field of the mosque. The Mohammedan boys, observing his Hindu fashion of cooking, threw stones and the dung of horses at him, near the cooking-pots, which made them impure, and excited the indignation of the servant. He ran after the boys with a drawn sword in his hand, and would have wounded them, but I prevented him from doing so, otherwise we had been all destroyed.

May 28.—A march of twenty miles brought us to a very fine and rich village, called Haibak, belonging to Mir Morad Beg, but controlled by his son-in-law, named Baba Beg. Haibak is surrounded by a small range of hills, and is situated in a beautiful spot. The caravans of Bokhara and Kabul, which pass here on their route, are obliged to pay very heavy duties. A market is held on Mondays at Haibak. The Hindus are also shopkeepers; the

language they speak is Persian, and they look very like the Mohammedans. Gardens extend over all the country; the fruits are exported in large quantities to Khulum, &c. A river waters the fields and gardens, and gives the country a very striking appearance.

The ruler has a few evil habits, which I cannot describe minutely. He shuns the love of females. He has robbed his father, and after receiving many presents from Mr. Moorcroft, he plundered him secretly.

Upon entering Murad Beg's country, we were compelled to use some caution. Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard wrapped up their faces, and thus sheltered from the hot rays of the sun, the inconvenience was not felt.

Our route was very agreeable to-day. Nothing was seen except meadows containing fruit-trees, which were now ornamented with blossoms, and some had unripe fruit. Great part of the road had been rendered difficult, on account of some avalanches which occurred a few years ago. For the same reason the path, which is commanded on both sides by high mountains, has become dangerous. We passed on our way by the village named Dar Daman, which was beautified by orchards and streams. Natural grottoes and arches are frequent in this part of the hill.

May 29.—We got up very early in the morning, being afraid lest we should be recognized by the

villagers, and entered an extensive plain, partly cultivated. The sun was growing hotter every day. Snakes, scorpions, and centipedes are numerous in this quarter. We stopped at noon in a valley, where I wrote my diary in a gloomy cave, and under constant apprehension of being bitten by these animals. After taking some rest, we proceeded to Ghazniak, a distance of eighteen miles. Every village is known here from the qilah, or fort, being named after its head-man.

May 30. Khulum, fifteen miles distant.—We prosecuted our journey after midnight, with the view of getting into the town at dark, so that none could see us; however, our prudence was fruitless, for the officers knew who we were. We feared much from Mir Morad Beg, the chief of Qunduz, who behaved very ill to Mr. Moorcroft, and seems to treat every one in the British service in the same manner.

Before we reached Khulum, we met on the road an old man, who had taken a slave from the Hazara country, and brought him here to the market for sale. He was mounted on horseback, and his hands were tied behind his shoulders. When I asked him his native country, instead of replying, he lifted up his head, sighed, and cried with a loud voice: this grieved me exceedingly.

May 31. Khulum.—We were making ourselves ready to start, when we received a message from

Chiman Das, a Hindu, that we should not leave the place without the order of the respected Mir, and his prime minister, Atma Ram. On this we all felt regret and alarm. I proceeded to the bazar, to purchase a few things, but in reality to satisfy my curiosity. I found it full of people, on account of its being market-day. Instead of shops, I saw some irregular places roofed with mats and wood, which looked incapable of withstanding the rain. The drapers were more numerous here than any other merchants. They were generally Mohammedans, with some Hindus.

June 1. — Chiman Das, our guardian, invited me to dine with him, and inquired of me, what brought me to such a distant country. I made an excuse, and told him, that I was travelling in search of my elder brother, who quarrelled with his family, and left it without a livelihood. He did not believe me, but laughed, and said, there was no necessity to tell an untruth, because he knew well that I was a Persian secretary attached to Farangis, but that I need not fear.

This country is called Turkistan, but the Qizal Bashis of Kabul have named it Kafristan, or Country of Infidels, on account of the slave-trade. The inhabitants are Turks, or Uzbegs. Pity, justice, wisdom, and policy are entirely unknown here. The men, both of high and low rank, are very cruel, and consider plunder as a perfect trade,

and are fond of slave-dealing. The productions are fruits, barley, and wheat; the soil is not very fertile.

The houses in this part of the country have round roofs, without rafters.

Mohammed Beg's manner of living affords reason to expect his speedy death. The character of his late father is spoken of in terms of high praise. He was ambitious, but an excellent judge of mankind.

Mir Murad Beg, the ruler of the country, is in person short and thin; he has very small and gloomy eyes, and no regular beard, only a few hairs on his chin. He is an Uzbeg, which signifies, in Turki, an independent, and also the king of his own house. He is said to be unacquainted with justice and mercy, those ornaments of human nature. Criminals he condemns to slavery, along with their family. His standing army is a few hundred men, but in time of war he can collect nearly twenty thousand, both horse and foot, each selected from separate families. This custom prevails throughout the whole country where we are travelling now. Towards Kabul he rules as far as Kamard, and towards Bokhara, to the kotal named Abdu. His residence is at Qunduz, and in that direction he commands a large territory in Badakhshan, and also the base of the Hindu Kush. He is not popular, in consequence of his fondness for the slave-trade. He is a more enterprising man than his father, who was dependant on Bokhara; but his death made the

name of Murad Beg so famous in the country, and his power so much respected by the people, that in a short period he was recognized as independent chief of Qunduz, and almost of the whole of the rich valley of the Oxus. He possessed himself of more countries than any of his predecessors had. He holds a princely court, consisting of people of distinction. Numerous maces of silver are borne in the hands of tall and stout Uzbegs, who call out, "Long live our Mir!" and keep order in the court. Debauchery, which he had carried to an extreme point, has now produced fits, which succeed each other at frequent intervals, and have rendered him unable to transact business. His treatment of the merchants is not extortionate, as we heard before; he never takes more duty than is authorized by the Koran, and that is called *Chihal ek*, or upon forty rupees' goods, one rupee. His behaviour towards Mr. Moorcroft was tyrannical, as we had learned in India; but I was informed, by a man of authority, who received also a large present from him, that all his misfortunes arose from the covetous acts of one of his companions, who fabricated numerous stories against Mr. Moorcroft, and repeated them secretly to the Mir, which caused the lamented gentleman to be looked upon as a spy and not a horse-merchant. However, this treachery was not concealed from Mr. Moorcroft, who parted instantly with his greedy companion.

Atma Ram, a Hindu inhabitant of Peshawer, who

stands very high in Mir Murad Beg's favour, possesses a great influence over him. He bears the title of Diwan Begi, or the prime minister. The whole business of the country is managed through his intervention. Notwithstanding he adheres to all the customs of the Hindu religion, and is partial to his countrymen, yet he is respected by all Mohammedans, and none venture to throw a slander on his character. Being a man of distinction, he keeps a great number of Mohammedan slave-girls and boys, which privilege is not allowed to any other Hindu in Turkistan. He also has a warlike spirit, and sometimes boasts that his heroism has placed the Mir in the chieftainship of so many countries. He was a poor shopkeeper in Peshawer, which he left in the hope of improving his fortunes. He is now master of immense wealth. Though he took a large sum of money from Mr. Moorcroft, he did his best in his favour, and he gives charity to poor travellers.

June 2.—In the morning we were informed by Chiman Das, that the gentlemen were expected to appear in the presence of the Mir, on whose will depends our departure to Bokhara. On this report we were all alarmed, and expected a disagreeable result. His cruelty towards English travellers sometimes led me to reflect, that the murder of us would be a trifle in the eyes of a savage ruler like the Mir; and at other times I imagined that he might send us to some remote country, whence we

could not communicate with India. I fancied, again, that he might imprison us for some time, and release us after taking a large sum of money.

Vexed with these tormenting thoughts, I went to breakfast with Chiman Das, who, looking in my face, asked the reason of the melancholy upon it. When I told him, he took me into a private room, and slowly asked me, whether these Farangis were come to see the country, or in reality on the route to Europe? In the former case, he should advise the Diwan Begi to take a considerable sum of money from them, a part of which should come into my hands. After a great many discussions, I was obliged to make a story, which convinced him that the gentlemen were poor, and going to their native country. In this conversation the tears stood in my eyes, at which the good-natured and mild-hearted Chiman Das smiled, and put his right hand on my head. He said to me, that, on my account, he would do his best to get leave for the gentlemen to depart without delay; and, by the grace of Gangaji, he hoped that we should succeed in our object, and go to Bokhara immediately. So he started to Qunduz, in company with Mr. Burnes, whose perseverance appeared to vie with the anxiety and melancholy which appeared on his face.

June 3.—Our dress and manner of living shewed our poverty, and we never changed clothes until they disappeared under filth and vermin. On our route to Khulum, we were sometimes obliged to

sleep in dark rooms, where the beds were made of the dung of horses and sheep; and often we passed several restless nights in an open field, fearing the attack of robbers. Our breakfast was made on horseback, and it consisted of pieces of dry bread, baked six or seven days, and of a bit of meat and cheese. We drank water out of the leather bottle which hung against the saddle. Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard used their fingers instead of knives and forks, and their hands for spoons; our towels were the sleeves of our shirts. We combed our hair with the nails of our fingers, and brushed our teeth with a piece of wood.

The winter in this town is very cold, and snow falls here for three months; the summer is extremely hot. The fervid rays of the sun burn the faces of the men, and make them so black, that they are hardly distinguished by their acquaintances. The thirst continually felt by the people is quenched by the use of tea mixed with milk and salt. The thermometer stood in the day at 88 degrees, and in the open air it reached 93 to 97.

June 4.—On my setting off to breakfast with my host, I happened to pass through the bazar or market. A great multitude of people came about me, and I could scarcely obtain a passage through the mob. All the men looked strange to me, not only from their blue dresses, but their language, manners, and countenances, which are quite dif-

ferent from ours. A market takes place here on Mondays and Thursdays, when people from the distance of twenty or thirty miles assemble for the purpose of trade. The flour here was much better and cleaner than that of Hindustan.

A few days before our arrival, a merchant came from Badakhshan with some camel-loads of goods, in the sale of which he suffered a great loss. He had a knowledge of Persian. Owing to his large family in his native country, having endured much grief from his losses, he became mad, and did not care whether he was dressed or naked. As he was a Shia, all the Sunnis at Khulum treated him barbarously; some threw stones at him, and others struck his head with sticks.

I visited two slave-girls taken by Alamans, and sold to a certain merchant at Khulum. One of them was young, and the other of middle age. The former was fair, and had a red dress with a black turban, which much enhanced her beauty. She was happy, and appeared nowise to regret her situation. Slaves may change their masters whenever they wish, or take a dislike to them.

June 5.—I had the greatest pleasure in receiving a kind letter from Mr. C. E. Trevelyan, secretary to the Governor-General of India. He has been the cause of my studying English, and gave great attention to me while he was at Delhi. A copy of it follows; he also wrote to his brother in London, to

give me, on his account, £100 for my pocket-expenses.

"My Dear Mohun Lal,—

"I have written to Captain Burnes about you, and sent him a letter of introduction to my relations in England, which he will give you or not, according to circumstances.

"Wherever you go, act in such a way as to raise the reputation of your country, friends, and the college to which you owe all your advantages.

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "C. E. Trevelyan."

The inhabitants of Khulum are fair, tall, and look as if they were brought up in hardship. They are vulgar, ignorant, and dirty. Disputes respecting religion are a frequent cause of tumult among them; but although they are not acquainted with one word of its tenets, they are so bigoted, as to pretend to be strict observers of the Mohammedan faith. They keep their heads entirely shaved, and allow a few hairs to grow on their chins, which does not appear like a regular beard. They quarrel upon a trifling matter, and maltreat strangers. They wear trowsers, which hang down a little above their ankles, while a shirt covers the whole body. They are in the habit of wearing boots as well as shoes. Their waist is always tied with a piece of cloth. They put on skin and woollen clothes even in the hot days, when the thermometer is at 90 degrees.

June 6.—In the neighbourhood of our residence there were two slave-boys, eight or nine years of age. One of them was purchased by a Mohammedan merchant, who did not treat him well, and had a mind to dispose of him at Bokhara. The other, who had a beautiful face, was bought by a Hindu banker, who cherished him like his own son. He was well clothed and fed. The Hindu filled his pocket with coppers to buy what he liked, and diverted him with playful acts. Notwithstanding all these attentions, the poor boy sat for two or three hours in a gloomy place, keeping his head between his knees and crying with a loud voice, thinking of his wretched parents. His shrieks touched my breast, and his master was not pleased to hear them, but he could not send him back to his parents; as neither he nor the boy himself knew where they lived. I sat generally with him, and endeavoured to amuse him. One day, his eyes filled with tears, he said in Persian, in a very low tone, that he did not lament in consequence of his own condition, but for that of his young sister, who was also taken captive and transported for sale to Bokhara. He said, though he is better off than the other slaves, yet the arrow of love and recollection of her and his aged parents (who had only one son and daughter) had pierced his heart. I was quite astonished at the sense and gravity of the boy, who spoke fluently.

I looked with impatience for the return of Mr.

Burnes, from whom we did not hear till the fifth day. We passed the whole nights in counting the stars, and the days in thinking of his troubles, as he was only attended by two servants. We were informed that the Mir was hurried down from Qunduz to Khanabad, and that Mr. Burnes was also obliged to follow him.

June 7.— Khulum receives annually numerous loads of tea, which is plentifully used here, and generally exported to Bokhara. Silk is largely produced in this country, and passes through Kabul in the route to Multan. The sand gathered from the bed of the Oxus yields a great quantity of gold. The caravans of Bokhara and Kabul, which in summer pass successively to Khulum, have rendered it very populous and rich; the former usually bring Russian articles, and the latter, goats' skins of Kabul, and Indian commodities. Large pieces of stamped silver, which are brought to Khulum by the Yarkand caravan, are sent to the mints of Kabul and Bokhara, where they are coined. They have the shape of a boat, or of a half-piece of coco-nut, and the weight generally is 150 rupees. They contain very pure silver, and are called yamu: their native place is the frontier of China.

June 8.—We were highly delighted to see our enterprising companion, Mr. Burnes, who, after an absence of six days, returned to allay our fears. What was wonderful, he came from Khanabad upon the same horse, without stopping anywhere, after

satisfying Murad Beg's curiosity, and our real character was no longer mysterious. Our departure being urgent, Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard started early in the morning, without taking any victuals and clothes with them.

Before Mr. Burnes left Khulum, he presented Chiman Das, our useful friend, with twenty ducats, through me, which he at first refused to accept, saying that he would be happy to give me some remembrance instead. At length, however, he took them. He told me, when he was at Qunduz, he did not allow Mr. Burnes to speak one word with the Mir, and that he himself answered Murad Beg's questions. Indeed he was of great use to us, and Mr. Burnes was highly obliged to him. When I quitted the city he accompanied me to without the gate, where we encamped for the night.

When I was breakfasting with Chiman Das, an earthquake happened in Khulum. The doors of the room in which we sat began to shake so violently, that I was afraid of the roofs falling in. I ran immediately out of the room, and stood in an open place till it ceased. My host related to me that, a few months ago, the famous city of Badakhshan suffered a good deal from an earthquake, and that 12,000 people perished. The country of Khulum is subject to earthquakes.

June 9.—At the dawn of day, I came back to Khulum, to Chiman Das, and solicited a body of

horsemen to accompany me as far as there was any danger from robbers, and which he promised to send me at eve, at Khush Rabat, a ruined village on our road. After sunset we were joined by an escort, and proceeded to Mazar, a distance of thirty miles.

Our course continued all night through a large desert, where neither village, tree, nor water was to be seen. We passed on our road the Abdu Kotal, which is said to be the residence of robbers.

June 10.—We halted at Mazar, on account of the heat of the day, and put up in the same place where Mr. Trebeck died of a fever. I was very sorry not to meet Mr. Burnes at Mazar, as he had left it for Balk. All the property of Mr. Moorcroft was confiscated by the ruler of Mazar, on the death of Mr. Trebeck.

In the twilight of evening I proceeded to visit the Mazar, which at that time was numerously peopled. The Mazar has three doors, and each of them gives an idea that it leads to a noble edifice. I entered a very magnificent dome, where I observed a beautiful room of wood-work, adorned with green velvet, having no steps inside. Numerous miracles are said to have been wrought here: many blind men, by applying its sacred earth to their eyes, have recovered perfect sight.

June 11.—A march of fifteen miles brought us to the ancient place called Balk, or Bactria. Our course was almost entirely through plains, bordered

on both sides with beautiful gardens. We crossed on the road two or three streams of muddy water.

This was formerly a very large and populous city, but at present nothing is to be seen except a mass of ruins and dust. Orchards are scattered in every spot; their fruits are not wholesome to strangers, who get sick by eating them. The bazar of Balk, though broad, is irregularly roofed with rafters, hay, and mud. The shopkeepers are all Mohammedans; the Hindus reside in saraes. The shops are always shut up, except on Tuesday, when they are open, and scarcely one lamp burning in the bazar causes it to have a dismal appearance at night. Without the city of Balk is an old mud fort, called Chihal Gazi, which, people say, in the night increases in its height. I wished to stop and verify the fact, but our caravan started at the very eve. Balk is said to be the mother of cities, and to have been peopled by Noah's son. The buildings in former days extended as far as Mazar, and their roofs were so near to each other, that a goat climbed up one of the roofs in Balk, and descended next day at Mazar, whither his master followed him also. This story tends to prove that Balk was one of the largest cities in Turkistan.

An Uzbeg officer of the custom-house came to search our baggage, and inquired of the nazir regarding our fellow-traveller; he informed him of my Persian knowledge, and the journey which I intended to go. He looked at me attentively, and

sent a message by the Qafila Bashi to me, saying, if I stopped at Balk, and would enter his office, he would be happy to give me a salary of 400 rupees per month; but I civilly refused the offer. In the evening he came himself to the sarae on horseback, and sat near my lodgings. First, he paid me the compliment of the country. Then he gave me a piece of paper, which contained two or three Persian verses. The following is a translation of the first of them:—

"If you sit on my head and eyes, I will bear you pleasantly, because you are agreeable."

I stood up immediately, and did not speak with him at all, though he often told me to sit.

By the pale light of the moon, Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard took an opportunity to visit the still paler relics of the much-lamented Mr. Moorcroft, for whom I could not but acquire respect within the small circle of our own party; and though a stranger to his worth, I identified my feelings with those of others. The bigoted Mohammedans denied the remains a spot for burial. Mr. Gerard told me that his grave is marked by a water-course. Mr. Trebeck reposes at Mazar, and seems to have been less obnoxious to the people.

Mr. Burnes had delivered his passport to the nazir, to take care of it, when he went to Qunduz. He asked him to return it, but the nazir replied that it was lost. Mr. Burnes burst into a passion, and told us to be ready to fight with the nazir, with

swords and pistols; but meanwhile the nazir was informed of this, and sent us the passport immediately by his servant.

June 12.—Our course at night partly lay through the ruins of ancient Bactria, and partly through a desert which abounded with thorny bushes, on which the camels feed. We crossed several brooks shaded with plants. On our right hand we saw an old wall running towards the north about three miles, which is said to be the remains of the ancient palace of Ebrahim Adham. When the day became sultry, we encamped in a bushy plain near the village of Hamdabad, having travelled a distance of twenty miles. Our residence was surrounded with dirty rivulets, which watered fields of melons, &c.

June 13.—We commenced our march very early in the morning. The clear moon cast shadows upon the surface of the earth, which was ornamented with green shrubs. The melon and wheat fields in some places refreshed our sight.

We passed on the road the fort of Chuchuk, which is situated in a vast and beautiful plain. It has a solid and defencible appearance. A ditch of water, broader than that of Delhi, flows round the citadel, and gives an appearance of security to its walls, which command the surrounding country for about ten or twelve miles; a large village is within view of it.

On our right hand we had a sight of the two

villages named Zaidan and Larbalun. They are placed amongst fine gardens of different sorts of fruits. The fields of corn were ripe, and the water ran in every place. The houses on this side of Khurram are built with round roofs; no rafters are used in them. They are inhabited by Tajiks, who have a clean and fine appearance.

Uncultivated land is seen everywhere, though fit for agriculture. Husbandmen are very scarce in this country, for two reasons, viz.: First, the tyrant Murad Beg makes descents upon the right bank of the Oxus, where he pillages the hamlets, catches men, women, and children, and, committing great depredations, retreats to his residence at Qunduz. His chapaws (forays) in this country have continued long, and it is reduced to a state of the most distressful bondage. Though often repulsed, yet he obtains his end of spoiling the country, and carrying away the people with their moveables. Second, the villagers, being addicted to plunder, are very careless of agriculture; every man of the village has a few horses to ride on, for the purpose of making these chapaws. The land on this side of Mazar is well adapted for cultivation. The water washes every spot, and is conducted by Hazrat Ali through the mountain of Band Barbar, which stands at the distance of one day's march from Bamian. The water is divided into eighteen rivers, which are commonly called the "Eighteen Streams of Balk." It is a great pity that such a fine, level, and rich

country, abounding with water, is left to the negligence of savages, who take no trouble to till it.

We reached Murdian at noon, a distance of sixteen miles, and put up outside of the village, in an open field, where the hot sun caused us much annoyance. South of the village is a range of hills, which commences from Mazar, and ends towards the south-west of our camp. There were many gardens in that direction.

June 14.—Our march continued all night in a desert, destitute of water. In some places the earth looked green, and in others dry; but no wells are seen on this side of Kabul.

Before we marched, two Turkmans on horseback passed by our camp, and said that a body of robbers were watching the road. They saw all our baggage and men from a distance, and immediately turned their horses at full speed. A conversation took place in our caravan, and we concluded that these Turkmans had hurried down to give news of us to the rest of their associates.

Whilst we were travelling, sometimes on the right hand and sometimes on the left, we observed a blaze of fire, which caused suspicion in our mind that there might be some robbers waiting for us. At last we reached a vast plain, twenty miles distant. There was a running brook of water, and a few Turkmans' tents were pitched. On the south-east, a mountain was in our view, and on the north

a hillock. The thermometer stood at 95° in the open air, but the nights were still cold.

June 15.—A march of eighteen hours brought us to a place called Haji Salah, situated on the right bank of the Oxus (Amu or Jaihun); the distance was thirty-two miles.

We passed on our route by a structure which appeared from a distance like a tope, or solid mound; but I was surprised to find that it was a vaulted well, and that a reservoir of water was usually kept there in old days, but now it is dry. The vault had steps to descend. The thickness of the wall may be reckoned three yards, and the circumference of the structure 100 paces. Its depth is said to be thirty feet.

Our course led us sometimes west, and sometimes east, but we met no village or cultivation, except a jangal of Jahu, a kind of valuable shrub used in India for making baskets. We journeyed over sand, which caused annoyance both to men and quadrupeds. Before we reached our camp, we saw a few houses of mud, and also a few khirghas inhabited by a savage race of Turkmans. Our approach to their lodgings brought a considerable number of children and women to look at us; they came to our camels, and accompanied them, laughing at us. The figure of the women was nearly like that of European ladies. As the road was a little dangerous, we had taken a badraqah, or body of horsemen, for protection. They were all Turk-

mans, wearing black caps, and having broad faces.

June 16.—We halted on the brink of the Amu, in consequence of the other qafila crossing, which reached the bank one day before us. The mariners do not allow the second caravan to pass till the first one has crossed. They are Uzbegs, speak the Turkish language, and have boats of a singular shape, which are rowed in a curious manner.

The river, after washing the eastern part of the Badakhshan hills, runs very slowly towards the north. Its water is muddy; it contains one-fortieth part of earth. A low range of the northern mountains diminish gradually towards the west, and command the pass of the river. The islets which occur in the middle of the river render the passage difficult. The breadth of the river is six times greater than that of the Jamna, and the boat crosses the current twice or thrice in a day. The boatmen are strong, but not skilful. When they row they make a great noise, which is never heard in India. The river is not fordable at any season, but it cannot be bridged at this ferry. The book called *Zafar Namah* gives us information, that Taimur the Great, on his route to India, threw a bridge across it; but when we measured the breadth of the river, we could scarcely believe it.

June 17.—We took two hours and twenty-five minutes in crossing the Oxus, which was divided into two currents; one of them goes slowly, and has

a depth of twelve feet; the other, which runs rapidly by the right bank, is eighteen feet deep. The mode of crossing the river is very singular indeed. Boats are dragged by horses, while the rowing is stopped. I need not say much about the Amu, as a good description of it is given in Mr. Burnes's journal, whose long-anticipated expectations regarding this celebrated river were now realized. The right bank is entirely covered with pulas, a kind of grass used for making chhappars in India. The reeds used for Persian pens also grow here abundantly.

June 18.—We took our departure very early in the morning, and having passed through a plain covered with different sorts of bushes, we halted in an open field, from which place the tents of the Turkmans were nearly two miles distant. The sun was exceedingly hot, and we were supplied with water from the neighbouring stream. We beheld the low range of the western hills, which, after succeeding each other, make a semicircle, and run towards the south-east; but their appearance is not remarkable.

We travelled, according to the custom of Asiatics, on camels, through a tract of country which had the decided features of a desert. We found the heat extremely harassing, not from the degree of it, but from our having no means to temper the hot air, being cooped up in our camel-baskets. They were covered with blankets, and were about four feet long, and nearly three wide, without the smallest

space for rolling about. We were without water, and not unfrequently without any solid food, as there was no fuel. All day the temperature of the air varied from 100 to 107 degrees. Through the baskets the sun's rays darted like fire; then came the wind of the desert, loaded with sand, and made the camel-baskets quiver.

June 19.—Having journeyed all night through an arid dasht, we reached Shor Quduz, twenty-three miles distant. On each side of us were cliffs without vegetation. Numerous wells, with small mouths, and of great depth, are found in this desert; but the water they contain is salt, and is only used by quadrupeds. The earth is exceedingly parched, and fit for the passage of artillery. I suffered much from thirst, and remembered the hardships of Ali's family, which were caused by the scarcity of water in the dasht of Karbala. Our route continued to lead us through an immense plain, where armies might combat with each other.

June 20.—Before sunrise we arrived at the well called Qiz Quduz, after journeying the whole night.

People who have never been in the desert, and have not undergone the torment of thirst, can scarcely believe our sufferings. I shall never forget mine; my tongue stuck to my palate, my parched lips burned with the heat of fire, and my throat was so dry, that I could not speak. I imprudently drank the salt water, which increased my thirst.

Qiz means, in Turki, 'a virgin,' and *Quduz*, 'a well.' The virgin here referred to was a native of the Hazara country, and believed Panjtan. When she was travelling through this desert, she found it without water. Then she, in company, with her mother, excavated a well, which contains now a very sweet and wholesome water, and will no doubt perpetuate the name of the girl.

We chanced to meet a caravan of Bokhara, which consisted of two hundred camels, besides numerous ponies, loaded with commercial articles. The merchants of Bokhara pay their visits twice or thrice to Kabul, and bring with them great quantities of silk, and Russian lace, sugar, paper, &c.

June 21.—Having travelled over a dreadful dasht, we encamped by a well in a plain, and watered our thirsty camels. There we observed a few tents of Turkmans; they possess large herds of cattle, and live upon meat, curd, and bread. They feed their horses generally with flesh, and give them salt-water to drink. They do not much mind the cold of the winter, which they pass in tents, half-buried under the snow. Plundering the caravans is the proper occupation of these Turkmans. They have plenty of Qizal Bash slaves, who become attached to their wives, and by such means they are set at liberty.

I fell into discourse with a slave, a native of Nishapur, who had the charge of the family of a respectable Turkman. My companion, Haji, asked

him, why he did not make a friend of his master's wife, who would release him? The slave replied, "It is a great sin to fall in love with the master's relations, and much disgrace to get freedom by such base means." He hopes to be liberated through the favour of God, and never to commit the crime of adultery. We know, by the conduct of this poor creature, that a spirit of temperance and faith still prevails among the Qizal Bash, though they contend with troubles in the state of slavery.

We discerned a range of hills on our N.E., covered with snow, the rays of the sun upon which presented a marvellous scene to travellers. We were all wondering what could be their height and distance; we had expected a level plain in Turkistan, but mountains are still the prevailing feature of the scene.

June 22.—Having passed all night in travelling, we put up at Qarshi, a distance of twenty-five miles. Our route was betwixt the hills, the sand of which was moving and rolling about; but it was fortunate that we had water all the way. My residence was in a very cool room, situated in the bosom of a beautiful orchard. The shadow of the Sufaidah trees, which grow straight to a great height, was refreshing to the eyes of the people who sat under them, and the leaves, shaking and reflecting the brightness of the sun, had a striking appearance. One might imagine they were covered with silver.

Captain Burnes and Dr. Gerard were seized with

fever, as well as two servants, and a tea-merchant, who, after lingering eight or ten days in Bokhara, died. Dr. Gerard, though still an invalid, and Mr. Burnes, attended him at his sarae, but their services were unavailing.

June 23.—We halted in Qarshi for the purpose of resting ourselves.

Saturday is a market-day here: I proceeded to examine the bazar in company with a respectable merchant. The shops were crowded with purchasers who came from the distant villages to buy necessaries for the week. I found little amusement in the curiosities in this place. Numerous butchers' shops were filled with carcasses of sheep. The drapers, who occupy nearly thirty shops, generally have Persian articles for sale. On my return, I passed through an old mosque, which was adorned with a variety of beautiful colours. The appearance was indeed romantic, and even gave an idea of antiquity. Inscriptions, both in the Persian and Arabic character, ornamented the high arch of the edifice, but they were all illegible.

Qarshi is larger than Khulum. The buildings are much better than those at Balk. The men, mounted on horses or asses, go to the bazar to buy commodities. The place is celebrated for good tobacco and sweetmeats. The great bazar is not neatly roofed, and canals run through every place; but few of them contain water. Numerous gardens filled with trees form a boundary to the town, within

which all the wealthy classes reside; mechanics and tradesmen live in huts under the trees. The soil is naturally arid, but the labour of the farmers has much improved it. The fruits were plentiful in gardens; but the glas, or cherry, was the one most agreeable to my taste. This fruit is larger than the falsa in India, but exactly resembles it in outward appearance. The tanks in the gardens were dried up. Silk is produced in large quantities.

The winters are very cold, the streets and bazars being covered with snow, which remains nearly three months, and becomes as hard as a solid rock. The summer is exceedingly hot, and the wells become sometimes dry.

The son of the prime minister rules this town with great justice and impartiality. The people are Uzbegs, and are computed to be nearly 13,000. They all are of the Ṣunni sect, but do not attend strictly to the laws of their religion. They are dirty, and their aspect fully corresponds with the barbarity of their manners. The men who are affected with leprosy are not allowed to touch anybody, and are generally exiled.

On my return from the bazar, I asked my companion to shew me the house of a slave-dealer; so I was conducted through numerous hot streets, and after a short walk, I got into the caravansarae where the merchant resided. He received me with courtesy and sent for three women from the room next to his own. They sat unveiled, and their master asked

me which of the three I liked the best. I pretended to select the younger one; she had regular features and most agreeable manners, her stature was elegant, and her personal attractions great. On my choosing her, the others retired to their lodgings, and she followed them, but sat in a separate room guarded by an old slave. The merchant told me to go to her, speak to and content her. After a good deal of conversation, she felt pleased with my choice; but told me to swear not to sell her again. She was thirteen years of age, and an inhabitant of Chatrar, a place near Badakhshan. She said that she belonged to a large family, and had been carried off by the ruler of the country, who reduced her to slavery. Her eyes filled with tears, and she asked me to release her soon from the hands of the oppressive Uzbeg. As my object was only to examine the feelings of the slave-dealer, and also to gratify my curiosity, and not to purchase her, I came back to my camp without bidding farewell to the merchant.

June 24.—An early march of sixteen miles led us through Karasan, which was encircled by numerous gardens and dry rivulets, but in some places, the water was flowing beautifully. They branch off from the river of Shaihar Sabz, which also washes the face of Qarshi. Every village on this side of Qarshi is watered by the same stream in turn. The fields of wheat were quite ripe, and the surface of the country had a very parched appearance. When I was walking in the bazar, the people took

me for an Afghan, although I was not dressed like one.

The water in this village was full of small red vermin, which rendered the people sick who used it unboiled.

June 25.—We reached Khush Mubarak, at the meridian of the sun, having travelled a distance of twenty miles. We saw no water in the road, but many dry brooks. The village had two small ponds of unpalatable water. The day was excessively hot, and I passed a quantity of blood from my nose. The hot wind blew very sharply, and we were extremely thirsty. Travelling on this side of Balk is very fatiguing; the scarcity of water, the want of fuel, and of the necessaries of life, and the fear of robbers in the way, are annoyances to travellers.

June 26.—A night march of twenty-six miles brought us to a place called Qaraval. Here was a well of tolerable water near to a noble but ruined sarae, built by a late king of Bokhara, named Abdullah Khan Uzbeg, who reigned at the period of Akbar the Great. He has filled this part of the country with numerous monuments, and deserves the highest praise for his liberality in making places and wells which refresh thirsty travellers. He constructed a fine edifice for his own residence near the sarae, in which I sat for some time, and was pleased to think that this was the place of the great King of Turkistan, of whom I had read in the book of Abul Fazal. It has a large well, and stands

on a vast plain. The sarae is a place for travellers to comfort themselves in, particularly when the sun is oppressive. No one lives there at present.

Our route was very pleasant and lay over a dry and level plain. In the twilight of evening, we reached an abdar-khanah, or large well, which contained fine and cold water, from whence we filled the leathers or mashks, fearing we might not get water again on the road. We passed in the morning, on our route, a large village totally ruined; but the mud buildings are worthy of praise for their durability. Wasps were abundant here.

June 27.—We entered this morning the city of Bokhara, which is encompassed by sandy suburbs. The walls are surrounded by an irregular line of trees, and protected by dry ditches. We passed through two gates: the first had an appearance of strength and solidity; but the walls on each side are very weak; the other gate is not strong. It opens into a small square, divided into four streets facing each other. The square is occupied by numerous cooks, who expose in their shops various sorts of bread, &c. A small part of the road outside of the gate is lined on both sides by graves; they were four times larger than those I saw in India, and built with bricks and mud.

Mr. Burnes was urged by some particular reason to live separate from us, and I told every one that I did not know who he was; but this secret was not long concealed.

June 28.—Mr. Burnes paid a visit to the Qosh Begi, or prime minister, by whose civil treatment he seemed highly obliged. He told us not to write while we stayed at Bokhara, as he well knew that all Europeans are in the habit of doing so, and our touching pen and ink would create a suspicion in the mind of the king, who might throw some difficulty in our way. Many spies roved about to inform the king what was going on in the city. On this, we fixed an hour for writing at midnight, doing so unobserved.

June 29.—An early walk led me through the bazar called Sarafan, where I observed two Mohammedans mounted on camels, guarded by four sepoys, who had only whips in their hands. They were ordered to be scourged by the Qazi for not saying their morning prayers, and for sleeping after the sun was up. This sort of occurrence happens every day at Bokhara, and the punishment is publicly inflicted. Some are chastised for smoking, some for drinking, and others for snuffing: these practices being prohibited by the law of Mohammed. The guilty person, mounted on a camel, calls out in the following manner: "This is the punishment for a person who does not recite his prayers. He who will smoke shall suffer like him; snuffing is the cause of the distress which he endures now patiently." The Qazi, who is said to be guilty of some misdemeanors himself, has no power to seize the criminal in his own house, because the Qazi uses his authority according to the following proverb:

"the Qazi is of no use in the house." The Hindus smoke in the caravansarae, which privilege is not allowed to Musalmans. I was surprised at the foolish prejudices of the bigoted Mohammedans of this country, who prohibit smoking tobacco, but allow it to be sold publicly.

June 30.—In the evening I went to see the religious place of the Musalmans, named Idgah, which is situated out of the city. It is a fine building, and has five doors, and two reservoirs of water inside. It is surrounded by a mud wall inclosing a meadow. Trees of numerous sorts of fruits enhance the beauty of the spot.

On my return I passed through the famous street of the Jews, where I scarcely saw a man or a woman devoid of beauty. All of them were handsome, delicate, and attractive. Their eyes were alluring, and their persons enticing, though every one looked half sottish. They were gazing out of the door at those who passed through the street. They are the most delicate of any people I have seen between Delhi and Bokhara. I am sure if any Indian, who is a worshipper of beauty, should come to Bokhara, he would undoubtedly be a victim to the charms of these Jewesses. Their dress is of a curious fashion, calculated to entice the hearts of men. No fewer than 3,000 Jews are said to inhabit Bokhara.

The people of Bokhara are, generally speaking, complaisant, bold, strong, and good riders. They can endure hunger, cold, and fatigue, and travel a

distance of ten days' journey in two, never even dismounting from their horses till they have reached their destined place. Their dress is generally two or three cloaks, which cover each other, and white turbans. They tie a scimitar to their waist, ride either horse or ass, and sometimes take their wives up behind them. They never wash themselves with water, but clean themselves with a piece of clay. If any man dares take water, either according to the custom of his own country, or from a regard to cleanliness, he is considered by the Sunnis to be an infidel, or Kafar Qizal Bash. Many of their habits shew a gross want of personal purity. They go at the same time to say their prayers, and are said to consider themselves very cleanly and religious men. The women have but little virtue. They are fair, with red cheeks, and have elegant and charming manners. They are covered with a gown from head to foot, and have a black thin veil, which sometimes they lift up in the streets, and pretend that none have seen them. They bind a white turban upon a handkerchief, which conceals their head, and hangs as far as their waist. The bad women are called jahab or qatah. The present king enforces more strictly than his predecessors the outward observance of morality. The Hindus and Jews of Bokhara are not allowed to mount on horseback, and can tie neither turban, cloths, nor shawls round their waist. Their dress consists of a cloak and skin cap, which distinguishes them from

the Mohammedan sect; and also a small piece of thin rope, which they tie round them. The Musalmans, in lieu of washing their hands and mouths, wipe them with a quantity of thread, which is loosely tied together, and very seldom changed. The population of the city is 170,000 souls.

July 1.—I was visited by a crowd of Hindus, who came merely to inquire of me what was our object in making such a long journey. Some of them, who were little acquainted with the English customs, said to each other, that we were travelling only for the purpose of learning the state of the country. Among them was a sepoy deserter from the Company's service. He was a very cunning man, and his smiling shewed his ignorant comrades that he knew all the designs of the English, as well as their politics, which they called tricks.

The prevailing religion at Bokhara is Sunni; the followers of other creeds, though not vexed, are scornfully treated. The Qizal Bash, or Shias, who follow the principles of Ali, and do not believe in the three friends of Mohammed, are treated with indignity by the Sunnis, who molest, and even sell them, at their own pleasure. All punishments are inflicted by the Qazi, who is the head of the law The people are very bigoted, and call a Shia by the name of Kafar, and even think him much worse than the Hindus. The Musalmans can abuse both Jews and Hindus, who must bear it patiently: they are considered such a base and unclean people

that none can buy them. If a Jew or Hindu falls in love with a Mohammedan girl, he communicates it to the king, who makes him a Musalman, and tells the parents of the girl to give her in marriage to him.

July 2 *to* 4.—When the sun was extremely hot, I had the pleasure of seeing the king pass through the bazar, on his road to the great mosque. He was mounted on a horse not well caparisoned, but his equipage had a grand and imposing appearance. At the head there was a horseman, bearing a mace, who called, with a loud voice, "Long live our king, the protector of the Islam religion!" The procession consisted of about thirty horsemen.

July 5.—I passed through the bazar called Jubar, and feasted my eyes with numerous curiosities. The people suspected me to be a foreigner, though I had dressed myself like one of them; and some were surprised that I, not being a European, had a knowledge of the English and Persian languages.

The government of Bokhara is monarchical, that is, the king is the head, and in his name all business is managed. Notwithstanding his authority is limited by the law of Mohammed called Shariat, yet he rules sometimes according to his own will. It is very odd that his arbitrary power is praised by every person, with numerous good wishes for his life. A thief is either sentenced to be thrown on the hard ground from a high menar, where his body is broken

to pieces, or put into a dark dungeon, called kana-khanah, in which he is attacked by insects, which kill him in two or three days. When the day is closed, and the drum is beaten, all intercourse of the people ceases, and none dare venture to walk in the streets. There are three hundred kotwals in the city, who rove all night in the lanes, and cry, "*bedarbash*" (or 'be awake')! In the time of war, every soul is obliged to pay money to the king, for the purpose of supplying the troops with necessaries. The inhabitants say, the tongue of the king is the foundation of the law.

July 6 *to* 8.—In company with a few Shikarpuris, I went to a garden inclosed by a mud wall. The fruit-trees appeared to want water.

The climate of Bokhara is healthy. The people are not subject to any disorder, except the guinea-worm, or rishtah, which molests them much. It is like a thread, and springs up from every limb of the body; sometimes it breaks into pieces, and obliges the sufferer to linger in bed for four or five months, during which time he undergoes the most terrible pain. Birds, cats, dogs, and all sorts of quadrupeds, suffer from the same disease. The winter is exceedingly cold, and the snow falls day and night, making considerable arches over the houses. It remains on the roof for nearly three months. The people pass these days very pleasantly; they drink tea, eat meat, put on warm clothes, and sit round the fire. The summer is not

hotter here than at Balk and Khulum, where the people are generally afflicted with fever and dysentery. We felt the nights and mornings cold, like the winter of India, and during the day all wear two or three cloaks, and never perspire.

July 9 *to* 11.—At noon I happened to pass through the Tim Bazar, which was built by the late Abdullah Khan. The shops are built in separate alleys, which form the sides of a square. They are occupied by merchants, who have a large quantity of Russian articles for sale.

The soil is rich and productive. Corn, fruits, and silk are plentiful; the last is a profitable article of commerce. Tobacco and rice, though cultivated at Bokhara, are not so good as in Qarshi. Opium is planted here abundantly, and also mulberry-trees.

In the evening, the king, attended by the ministers of his pleasure, set off on an excursion, which he finds more agreeable than staying in the city. The preparations for the trip were very poor; a few rotten tents were loaded on mules, and the cook was on the back of a pony, bearing some copper-pots in a bag behind him.

July 12.—On my return from the Tim Bazar, Mr. Burnes told me to go to Sarvar Khan, who was very anxious to see me. In the meantime he sent for me by his boy. He received and dismissed me with courtesy, and talked a long time with me familiarly. He is a good man, and a great friend of

the Qosh-Begi. His civil attentions pleased Mr. Burnes, who gave him many thanks in return and also a few letters of introduction to his friends in India. Sarvar Khan is a rich merchant among the Lohanis, and his traffic extends to a great extent towards Persia and Russia.

July 13.—I paid a visit to the college at noon, and had a long altercation with the Maulavis in Persian. They were of course in possession of knowledge, but had not a good pronunciation. Every person at Bokhara had a greater desire to write well than to acquire learning. They examined me, and then said, "Allaho Akbar! how is it possible that a Kashmerian at such an early age should be versed in a science of which the Mohammedans at Bokhara are destitute!" One of them, who was older than the others, spoke civilly to me, and said, if I would be an Uzbeg, I should indeed be the Plato of the time. At last he laughed, and conjured me either to become like him, or make him like myself.

July 14.—An evening walk led me through the Registan, which is a fine bazar at Bokhara. Though there are not many shops erected, yet during market-time many merchants and people assemble in such a crowd, that the passengers find it difficult to pass through the mob without rubbing against each other. The residence of the king, which is not like a palace, but a poor building, comprises a very large and magnificent mosque, painted with numerous colours.

Every man beheld me with astonishment, and called after me "*Azadahwar*," which means 'fop;' though my dress was poor and dirty.

The present king of Bokhara, named Nasrullah Khan, is a fair and good-looking man, twenty-five years of age, and has a small beard, which becomes him. He is religious, and very severe and just in his court; among the few vices attributed to this monarch is ambition, which induced him, at the commencement of his reign, to send some people to murder his brother, who had also a claim to the throne, and he then established himself king. This conspiracy was carried into effect by the sagacity of the Qosh Begi. He anticipated that the murder would be ultimately imputed to him; and in order to divert the minds of the people to different objects, he undertook the study of the *Shariat*, and pretended to be the most religious man in Turkistan. The cruelty with which the king treated his brothers rendered him very obnoxious in the eyes of some noblemen who dreaded his power, and who ceased not to give him uneasiness till they were all beheaded. Notwithstanding this, the king has now obtained a degree of glory which was never enjoyed by his predecessors. The chiefs of Sabzshaihar, Samarqand, Balk, and Qarshi, do him homage for their possessions. No enemy appears now to give him the least annoyance, or to excite alarm, except Persia; but an army from that quarter would have great difficulty in invading Bokhara, on account of

the barren road. In this state of prosperity, the king is establishing tranquillity, and repairing the evils which the country has suffered by his cruelty towards his brothers. He never clothes himself gorgeously, and is not attended by a numerous retinue. The intervals of business are spent in prayers and meditations, and reading the Koran.

July 15.—We were informed that the prince of Persia had departed from Mashad with the intention of conquering the city of Herat, which is ruled by one of the Saddozai family, named Kamran. In this emergency he had recourse to the ruler of Kabul, who refused him succour. He had sent an envoy to the king of Bokhara to solicit his assistance against Abbas Mirza, who was at the head of a numerous army. We heard that his troops consisted of bold men, in high spirits, and eager to fight; that they are strongly attached to him, and capable of braving hardships. Kamran's request of aid was not complied with by the king of Bokhara at the day we quitted that city; but the chief of Khiva had gone to relieve Kamran, at the head of 20,000 horsemen. He is the most tyrannical man of the time; he had pitched his camp near Marv, between Khiva and Herat, as he was afraid of leaving his country, which might be invaded by the Persians by the way of Astrabad. There are many Russian slaves at Hurganj, who were extremely alarmed on learning the devastation caused by the army of Abbas Mirza at Herat.

July 16.—We continued at Bokhara to hear the rumours which related to the power of the prince of Persia, and the weakness of the sovereigns of Khorasan and Turkistan.

Bokhara is the largest and most populous and wealthy city in the whole region of Tartary. The splendid mosques and magnificent colleges, which are 360 in number, contain students who are unqualified both in the Persian and Arabic languages, but they write a very good hand. The houses are mostly of one story high; some of them of more than two; they are neatly constructed of mud, wood, and mats, which prevent the falling of the dust from the roof. The doors of the buildings are of the usual size; but they are covered with filth. The shops, which are clean, are generally opened after nine o'clock in the morning, because their owners never come out of their houses till they have finished drinking their tea. The shops are closed at three o'clock at noon, when their masters go in the Registan, and adorn that market by spreading forth neat articles for sale. The large bazar, which is roofed, has a very striking appearance. The shops, which succeed each other in a straight line, present a splendid sight. They are ornamented with beautiful China-ware and Russian bottles, against which hang large but thin pieces of tin. The sellers are generally handsome boys. The beauty of this bazar, which was erected by the late king, is beyond my descrip-

tion. The streets are of moderate size, but heaps of earth lay against the walls of the houses. There are a few wells in the city, and their water is scarcely used; but the tanks, which are plentiful at Bokhara, are filled with the water of the Samarqand river, the clean and brisk current of which, after washing numberless villages in the way, flows for ten days to the city, in the course of a month. So short a space of time, not more than twenty days, renders the water so unwholesome, that the people who use it are attacked with the sickness of the guinea-worm.

Bokhara is said to have been the shelter of the Mohammedan faith, and is consequently entitled "*Bokhara Sharif*," or 'Holy Bokhara.' If any person says that the walls of the city are not perpendicular, he is looked on as an infidel by the inhabitants. The Mullahs of a remote period have praised Bokhara in the following manner:—

"Samarqand is the light of the face of the world; Bokhara is the strength of the Islam faith. If Mashad had not the tomb of Iman Raza, it would be the place of the outcasts in the earth."

The caravansaraes, which have a grand appearance, exceed the number of those at Kabul, and most of them are inhabited by Hindu merchants.

July 17.—Maulavi Babajan, who became my great friend, desired me to call at his house, where he had prepared a rich dinner for me. When the

entertainment was over, we began to read poetry, which my host liked very much. Before I left him, he presented me with a Koran, and his wife with a cap made of silk.

The horses, mules, and asses, are stronger and larger than those in other parts, and are abundant at Bokhara; camels, dromedaries, and sheep, are numerous; tigers and wolves are hardly seen in the desert.

The annual income of Bokhara is commonly said to be 20,000 tilas, one of which is equal to six and a half of our rupees. The duties raised upon goods are granted to the blind, lame, and poor men; and those of the country supply the chiefs, and also the army, with subsistence. A tax of half a rupee is levied upon each Hindu in the city, by which the king is furnished with the necessaries of life.

It is said that the king of Bokhara has 20,000 troops, which are mounted on swift horses; some of them get a small sum of money as their yearly pay, and others a few kharvars of corn; but their irregular and undisciplined bravery cannot withstand the intrepidity of the Russian and Persian army, of which the king of Bokhara is extremely afraid. The people in this country fight with javelins, and cannot fire on horseback. Here are about sixty pieces of cannon, but no one is qualified to use them. The gunpowder is very bad.

It is alleged that the king may collect 100,000

soldiers from the villages, in a time of great danger; but they might be routed by 10,000 regular troops. It is probable that four regiments of Russian infantry might easily subdue the whole of this country, if it had not natural obstacles; but I venture to say, it would be retained in subjection with great difficulty, owing to the obstinacy of the people.

July 18.—As the Wazir Qosh Begi desired to see me, I accompanied the gentlemen with Sarvar Khan. He sat in a very small and poor house, with few men of rank. On our entering the door, we were all stopped by the darwan for a few minutes, and then called with a loud voice by the wazir himself, on which we stepped in immediately. He was dressed plainly, and had on boots with high heels, which habit is adopted by all Uzbegs. His face is fair, and his beard silvered by age. He is tall and not very fat, but his aspect shews the intrepidity of his heart. He was the chief of the conspirators who murdered the brothers of the king, in whose favour he stands now very high. He is himself a lover of trade, which he carries on advantageously to a great extent, and treats the other merchants civilly, being a most kind friend to those who bring merchandise from Persia. This policy, of liking the Persians, is not agreeable to the inhabitants of Bokhara, who secretly call their Qosh Begi a Qizal Bash slave, and not a real Uzbeg. On other accounts he is popular, as well as the king. He asked me a few questions respecting our trip, and also of my Persian

knowledge; on hearing my answers he seemed to be satisfied.

The elder son of the Qosh Begi, in a fit of drunkenness, entered a house and violated the chastity of a respectable man's daughter, and presented the doorkeeper with a small sum of money, for the purpose of avoiding the effect of her father's indignation, until he was out of the house. The heinousness of the crime exasperated the people as well as the king. He insisted that the guilty must be tried by the court of the Shariat, headed by the Qazi, and punished according to the book of faith. After receiving seventy-five lashes (or durrahs), he was ordered to be mounted on the back of a lean camel. His father, the wazir, was on foot with him. In this base procession, the wazir made his son pass through the bazar, with a great noise of drums, and through the mob of people, who scoffed at him, and praised the justice of his father, who cried out, "This is the punishment for the man who commits adultery."

July 19.—I passed half of the day in writing the English figures of ciphering for the wazir, according to his desire, as he was anxious to learn the numbers written on his watch. He often spoke with great praise of the sagacity of England in the arts, which excels, he says, that of other European nations.

Bokhara owes its riches to the beneficial trade which is carried on there. Its manufactures of silk,

which is produced here in considerable quantities gain annually a sum of 200,000 tilas for the merchants, who supply Russia and also Multan with it. Handkerchiefs, and large pieces of silk cloth, called Kalaghi, are manufactured at Bokhara, and transported to Persia, with the skins of kids of Qara Kul, besides those which come from Kabul. These articles cross the dreadful deserts of Marv on their route to Mashad, from whence they go straight to Persia; but between Mashad and Sarakhs, where there is risk of robbers, generally they find some difficulty in travelling. On their return from Persia, they bring not only Indian commodities, such as pepper and dry ginger, &c., which arrive from Bombay by sea, but also loads of silk cloth, named khud baf, &c., of Isfahan.

Kabul supplies Bokhara with valuable shawls of Kashmir, as well as English manufactures; and in return the merchants take a great quantity of Russian sugar, paper, lace, &c., and also the famous horses of Turkistan. The caravans of Bokhara, which generally consist of 4,000 or 5,000 camels, loaded with oriental articles, formerly sent to Russia through the road of Khiva, once a year, conveyed their beautiful goods to the rich market of Makria for sale; but now the tyranny of Alah Quli Khan has obliged the merchants to discontinue their intercourse through Khiva to Astrakan. The caravans start from Turkistan as soon as the winter is

over, and come back to Bokhara before it snows. They bring brocade, banka, tea, nankeen, steel, iron, lace, sugar, silk cloths, &c.

Mullah Rahim Shah, a respectable merchant at Kabul, bought Kashmiri shawls for 17,000 rupees, and with them from Bokhara he made forty-seven marches to Orenburg, and from thence, after eleven days, he arrived at the celebrated market of Makria, in Russia. When he was acquainted with the rates of merchandise, he hurried down to Moscow with loads of shawls, where he realized 34,000 rupees, besides paying the transit duty, amounting to 200 rupees, which is taken in Russia as a duty upon a single piece of shawl, whether it values 100 rupees or 1,000.

Russia seems to be proud of the reputation she has gained, by her traffic with the countries bordering upon the Caspian Sea. Every article neatly laid in the shops of Bokhara had a beautiful appearance, and gave an idea of the influence of trade which is gaining ground in Central Asia. The trade in tea, which is much used at Bokhara, is extremely advantageous. It not only comes by the route of Russia, but even through the straight road of Samarqand, Yarkand, Kashghar, Khulum, and Qunduz. The silver pieces, each of 150 rupees value, called yamu, always come to Bokhara, where they are coined into small pieces. They are made on the frontier of China.

July 20.—We had intended to start the next morning for Mashad, and were making ourselves ready. In the meantime, Maulvi Mirza Sadiq and Babajan came and presented me with an ink-case. They told me to peruse the Koran every morning, and believe in it, which would save me from the fire of hell, and conduct me to paradise.

The Bokhara painters possess a good deal of merit. The works of Palang Posh, or the bed-coverings, called Kalaghi, are generally admired. Khudi Begi Khan is an elegant poet at Bokhara.

The original language of the Bokhara people is Turki, but in the town they speak Persian.

We have been respectably received and civilly treated, though we can scarcely call it kindness; yet what had we to expect? and on reflecting upon the thousand perils which had been represented to me, even by my friends, as accompanying our footsteps, and the few which have really occurred, I conceive we have been most fortunate; for we were all looked on as Kafars, and were not permitted to ride in the city. Like other infidels, we were obliged to submit to be distinguished by a peculiar dress: this is a black cap, and a rope round the waist. Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard suffered the same restraints as others, which to them must have proved very troublesome. I was surprised to see them walking on foot in the hottest day, to feast their eyes, while the gentlemen in

India never move a span without calling "*Bara chhátá lao.*" We had no opportunity of speaking with the king, being without a letter to his holy majesty; but we saw him several times on the road.

CHAPTER III.

FROM BOKHARA TO MASHAD.

July 21.—Having obtained the king's passport, through the kindness of the Wazir, we took leave of Bokhara in the evening, and put up near the gate, in an open field. There was a report among the people that the king had sent some soldiers to put us to the sword on the road, as we were considered by his majesty to be spies, and not travellers.

I left with great regret many Mohammedan friends, particularly Babajan and Mirza Sadiq, who stood high in the late king's favour. They prayed and begged of heaven that I might once more meet them at Bokhara; and one of their associates repeatedly prayed me to lift up some earth at the gate, and throw it away in some other distant place. I asked him the meaning of this, and he replied that the walls of the city of Bokhara Sharif are watched by angels, who ask the favour of God to bring back the earth with the man who had lifted it up at the time of starting. I did accordingly, to please the man, but in reality I considered it a foolish idea. I never felt it so cold in July as I did here; the thermometer stood at 70 degrees.

July 22.—We marched early in the morning,

and put up in a village called Takatut, a distance of thirteen miles.

Our route was over green plains, which, in some places, were still dry. The brooks of water were running in some spots, however, though the earth looked thirsty. It was a very hot noon, in consequence of which I had no inclination to dine, but to drink water in great quantity. The fields were tilled, and appeared richer than those we beheld between Balk and Bokhara.

July 23.—We halted at Takatut, on account of the Qafila Bashi, who had remained behind us at Bokhara. He came at night, and said that the Qosh Begi had recommended us very much to his care, and had told him to make very short marches till we crossed the Oxus; perhaps that, through such delay, the Hurganjis, who encamp on the road, might return to their place; otherwise, he advised him to go by another way, or else we should be robbed.

July 24.—A march of nine miles brought us to Paikar, ruled by the mother of the king. On our right hand were a dry desert and sandy hills; on our left, numerous villages, which had a fine view. In the same direction, we visited a most beautiful river, which pours down from the stream of Samarqand, and fertilizes the neighbourhood of Bokhara. The villages are numerous, from the fertility of the soil.

July 25.—An early march brought us to Mira-

bad, where there is a scarcity of water. Our route was very pleasant, and our eyes were refreshed by viewing the verdure which adorned and beautified the land. The earth is richly cultivated, on account of less duties being taken by the king, and of the vigilance of the husbandmen. It is covered with numerous lines of small mud forts, which stand on extensive green fields.

July 26, 27.—We halted at Mirabad, and were informed that Alah Quli Khan, the ruler of Khiva, had fixed his camp in Marv, through which the caravan must pass on its way, and very likely be robbed, and have to pay him half the value of the goods. A rumour also prevailed among the people, that two thousand of his camels had perished, for need of water.

July 28 *to* 31.—We continued in Mirabad, waiting the departure of the Hurganji to his capital, as none of the caravans dared venture to set out while he was on the road to Marv. He took by force a quantity of commodities from the first qafila. All the merchants thought of going back to Bokhara, and living there till they got an answer from Mohammed Mir Beg Yuz Bashi, the collector of Marv, to whom they wrote, that if he entertained any views of justice, and of encouraging trade, they would move to Mashad, and pay him the usual duties; otherwise, on receiving the answer, they would go back to Bokhara, and wait for a better opportunity.

August 1 *to* 5.—We continued at Mirabad, and heard that the king of Bokhara had summoned all his chiefs, and remarked to them, that so long as the Hurganji encamped in Marv, the caravan of Mashad could never expect security in their journey; and, being exasperated, he turned to his courtiers, and said, he would not endure the tyranny of that oppressor of the poor merchants, who were the source of riches in every country. These words prompted two of his resolute chiefs (who commanded 5,000 smart cavalry) to gratify their monarch, by attacking the Hurganji; but, in the meantime, Alah Quli Khan returned to Khiva.

August 6 *to* 13.—We still remained in Mirabad, and were informed that the Hurganji had moved to his capital, but had left a body of 2,000 horsemen on the road to Mashad, near Marv, protected by a small fort, which he had newly built.

The females in this place are very simple. They believed my servant to be a girl, as he had long hair, like themselves, which is not the custom with their males.

August 14. Mirabad.—We were happy to receive the Indian newspapers, through the kindness of M. Allard. They contained a great deal of information, and inquiries about Mr. Moorcroft; whether he had reached the city of Bokhara, or had died on his way? On learning this, I thought it incumbent upon me to write a few words about his fate.

This enterprising, but unfortunate traveller was

received by the king of Bokhara with honour and distinction, on account of his wealth and respectability as a merchant; and having made presents to the king, he was permitted to ride within the city on horseback, and to enjoy other privileges which were denied to us. It was after his return from Bokhara, and when he was proceeding in search of Turkman horses in the district of Balk, at Andkho, that he was attacked by fever, and died. The circumstances attending his decease, though not of a suspicious nature, yet are not sufficiently clear to dispel all doubts; but the most reasonable conclusion is, that his death was natural. The people of England, and even those of India, have but a faint idea of the vast fatigue and labour of Mr. Moorcroft, or of the multiplied hardships and difficulties which beset him, from the beginning to the end of his long journey, and which even continued to pursue him beyond the grave, as his remains were scarcely allowed a burial-place at Balk, owing to the bigoted zeal of the inhabitants.

Mr. Moorcroft has left a name of humanity and wisdom, that will long be remembered in Turkistan; and future travellers will recollect, with feelings of pride, that the English character was first rightly estimated in those distant regions by the noble conduct of that lamented individual, who braved every kind of danger for the honour and interests of his country, and terminated his life in that cause. Mr. Moorcroft's books, papers, and some manu-

scripts, are at Mazar, a town about twelve miles east of Balk. I regret that we could make no attempt (without risking suspicion of our motives) to procure them. Many of Mr. Moorcroft's papers and journals have been recovered by the exertions of Mr. Fraser, at Delhi, and by him arranged, and sent to Calcutta. It struck us as singular, that the first notice of his labours should be communicated to us at the very spot where his adventures occurred, and that we should read such pleasing intelligence in the renowned city of Bokhara. It was more gratifying from its having been sent to us by M. Allard, and being the only home news we have received since crossing the Indus.

August 15.—A few days before our leaving Mirabad, rumours reached us of the approach of a Russian embassy to Bokhara, and that the whole population of that city was in terror and confusion. These reports appear to have been premature, as nothing further has been heard of it. An envoy, however, was expected at Bokhara, and sooner or later may arrive. The last mission from the court of St. Petersburg, I believe, was in 1820, and, as far as I could learn, it was not received with any conspicuous favour. The people of Bokhara are evidently timid, and having an interest in the trade with Russia, they do not discourage intercourse with that nation, but they greatly fear her power. The Russians, on the other hand, treat the Uzbegs with contempt, which tends to create a mutual dislike.

If the English Government would come forward, and establish relations with Bokhara, either commercial or political, it would acquire the good-will and confidence of those remote nations, which, in case of war with Russia, would become our allies. There is no other power likely to anticipate our intentions at present; but no time ought to be lost. The Qosh Begi, the minister, behaved to us in a manner that leaves no room to doubt his sincerity. He said that English chintzes would be very acceptable articles of trade.

August 16.—We set out for Mashad, in company with a caravan which consisted of fifty camels. Our course lay till eve over a country which was naturally dry, but improved a good deal by the industry and skill of the husbandmen. The productions of these cultivated places are not, however, sufficient to supply the neighbouring towns, when they suffer a dearth. The deserts now came in sight, and we were surprised to see the sandy hills shifting their situation by the violence of the wind. Near sunset we reached Ardal, a barren village, thinly peopled. Here there was a mud fort, beautifully constructed, which indicated the existence of military art among this savage tribe.

August 17.—A march in the night brought us through the sandy deserts, where there was neither vegetation nor water. We several times lost the proper road, though we were escorted by Turkmans. The route is very fatiguing on account of the deep

sand, which is unfavourable for carts. Before we arrived at the bank of the Oxus, we proposed to direct our course through a long chain of beautiful villages, in which a number of trees and verdant spots appeared. Irrigation was supplied by rivulets of muddy water branching from the river.

Having crossed the Oxus, at the ferry named Betik, we entered the territory of Khorasan, the greater part of which is ruled by Fatah Ali Shah. We put up on the bank, which was covered with bushes. There were three currents in the river, which were crossed by three boats. The depth of the main stream, on measurement, was found to be four and a half fathoms. Nadir Shah, on invading Bokhara, constructed a bridge across the Oxus, near a place called Kiliff, two marches west of that city; the chains of iron which were used in it are still deposited in the Bokhara magazine; they are very thick. Thirty boats are sufficient to form a bridge across the river in this season; but in time of snow, double that number is required. Each boat is rowed by two men, who exert a great deal of strength. They cross the river four times a day, though there are shoals in many places. The last winter was so severe here, that this magnificent river was frozen up for three months, and all the caravans passed over it on the ice.

August 18.—Having followed the left bank, we reached Charju, a distance of nine miles. Our route lay amongst the natural plants of *aslassus*, which

extended as far as the limit of human vision. The neighbourhood of the river has been highly favoured by the branching streams, which run very sharply, to quench the thirst of the fields and increase the wealth of the inhabitants. We passed over many brooks on small wooden bridges, which were too dangerous and tottering for the feet of the camels.

August 19, 20.—We remained at Charju, for the purpose of reposing ourselves and of purchasing provisions for our future journey. I went to the bazar to gratify my curiosity; but there were only a few shops, which had manufactures of silk. The merchants were all Jews. On Monday a market was held, and I set out with great pleasure to see it. I apparelled myself like an Uzbeg, concealing my hair, which is the peculiar mark by which a man of a different nation in Turkistan is recognized. I saw a respectable man sitting in a shop, who called to me, "*O Múllá, Salám Alaikum*," and after a little talk, he brought a cup of tea boiled with milk, and wished me to drink. I made an apology for declining, telling him that I was last night attacked with fever, and that the drinking of tea might increase my illness. He replied, "Very well; you are right."

Charju produces a great quantity of melons, of a new kind and a peculiar taste. I procured some seeds to carry with me to India. The bazar was full of Turkmans, with black caps on their heads, who had a savage countenance.

Charju is called the western boundary of Bokhara, and is ruled by the sovereign of that city. It is a small town, but has a magnificent mud fort, surrounded by a very large ditch. The houses in the fort amount to about 2,000, but most of them are uninhabited and nearly falling to the ground. All the structures are composed of mud and bambus. The public granaries and arsenals are abundantly supplied. The walls are not strong; the engines for firing on the enemy are placed along the walls; the garrison is poor and miserable.

August 21.—We left Charju in the afternoon, and passed through a rich country. We were amused at the sight of horses used (instead of bullocks) for tilling and watering the fields. We passed a few rivulets, and afterwards fell into the dry mouth of a perfect *dasht* (desert). We halted in a waterless place, or *chul*, nine miles distant.

On our route we happened to meet seven miserable individuals, who had been made slaves by Turkmans, and were on their way to the market of Bokhara for sale. Two of them were young and beautiful boys, and others had long beards. The poor souls were forced by the cruel Turkmans to walk on foot, without shoes, in such a fiery desert. Their hands and necks were fastened together in a line with a long iron chain, which was very heavy and troublesome to their bare necks. They were crying, and appeared to be exhausted with hunger and thirst, while their oppressive drivers were deaf

to their entreaties. They were Shias, and inhabitants of Qayan, a place in Persia. They saluted us, shedding a flood of tears at the same time. Mr. Burnes gave them a melon, which quenched their thirst a little. It was a very dreadful sight indeed, and I was astonished to think how hard were the hearts of the Turkmans.

I am proud of the customs and laws of the English Government, which is an enemy to slavery. In my humble opinion, the enslaving of people will soon bring an enlightened nation to rule in this country, where the laws savour of nothing but despotism, and are framed according to the will of a despot.

August 22.—We passed the whole night in travelling through a sandy desert, which I am informed lies as far as the ancient place called Marv. We saw not a single drop of water in the road, and encamped in a chul, named Qaraval, eighteen miles distant. Here was an old roofed well, which had not much sweet water. Trees of Jahu appeared on every side; their wood is used for fuel.

August 23.—Our march continued at night through the barren desert, where no tree was to be seen. The road was very bad for the poor animals, from the sandy cliffs which intersected it, though it had a noble appearance at a distance. There were many natural arches of sand, which looked very beautiful, and the sand, I was informed, resembled that of the sea-shore, and in some places it was up to the knees of our camels. The road is not marked, and

on this account every caravan is obliged to take a Turkman as a guide, who goes in the dark, without mistaking the path, by the help of the stars. We halted in a chul called Bilqowa, a distance of ten miles. We passed on the road a very high menar, celebrated by the name of Lata menar, where, on account of the heat of the day, a quantity of blood flowed from my nose.

August 24.—We took our departure about midnight, and travelled through a sandy desert, where we did not see a single bird. All the road was destitute of water, and we were now among a barbarous race of Turkmans, and were obliged to take great precaution in concealing our real character. We hid our cooking-pots, which would have appeared very strange to their eyes, and satisfied ourselves with dry and stale victuals, which made me very unwell. We put up in a chul, eighteen miles, where there was a scarcity of water.

August 25.—A march in the night of eighteen miles brought us to a dasht (or desert), called Sairab, which contained three wells of salt-water. The road continued as yesterday. We saw two dead camels on the way, which perhaps fell a sacrifice to thirst.

August 26.—We journeyed at night over a level ground, which seemed to be fruitful. On our route we passed by a well which contained tolerably good water, and after eight hours we reached Uzkhu, a distance of eighteen miles. There were two tents

of Turkmans, who came to see our caravan, and laughed at us.

August 27.—We moved at night over a table-land; our road was betwixt the wells inclosed by walled villages, which presented nothing but a heap of ruins and dust. We encamped on the right bank of the Marv river, in a place called Shah Rukh, a distance of sixteen miles. Here were about sixty tents of Turkmans, regularly formed, which had a beautiful appearance. All the Turkmans, with their little ones, came to see the qafila, but we hid ourselves in our camel-baskets. This part of the country is known by the name of Marv, which was once a very populous town. It was formerly under the Persian yoke, and latterly has been governed by Bokhara; but the weakness of the latter city invited the barbarous ruler of Khiva over to invade and to command that ancient place. The first inhabitants of Marv were all Qizal Bash, who live now in Bokhara.

The city of Marv, which was surrounded by numerous tents of Turkmans, is ruined by the negligence of the present ruler.

August 29.—We continued at Shah Rukh: here the officers of the Khiva custom-house came and took duties from the merchants, who gladly paid six and a half rupees, or a tila, upon goods of 265 rupees value. They are very simple in their searching, and even in their laws, as they neither examine the merchandise nor count the loads of

the camels. They believed what the merchants said to them, and took what they gave them. We were told by our companions to hide ourselves from their eyes, as they were foes to Europeans. In the territory of Khiva, travellers are often deprived of their property, and even of their life.

August 29.—We set out early in the morning, and passed over rich ground. The huts of the Turkmans extended as far as our eyes reached. They do not cultivate more than suffices for their own wants The productions are wheat, maki javar, melons, &c. The females are very handsome, fair, and of good size. Their dress, and even their bonnets, which resembled that of European ladies, added splendour to their beauty. We were ascending very high on the right bank of the river, expecting to have a place to ford over, as there was no boat on the stream. Along our route were green bushes, in which we saw herds of camels, horses, and sheep, feeding. Their drivers were slaves, burnt with the sun, and suffering both hunger and thirst.

A good breed of smart horses cover the face of this country, and are fed with great care. We crossed the river at noon on camels, and let our horses swim up the current. The river may be crossed on a bridge, constructed of two small boats; it is not rapid, but deep in many places. This water bears also the name of the Tajan river, when it reaches that country, and then falls into the

Oxus. We halted on the left bank (thirteen miles distant), which was overrun by a jangal of Jahu trees.

August 30.—We followed the left bank of the Marv river, and journeyed through a jangal. Our route began gradually to be agreeable: we passed through a flourishing tract, adorned with green crops and the tents of Turkmans, whose labours in cultivation, with which they are familiar, were productive. The brooks of water branching from the river enriched the fields. The Turkmans have not much money, but possess a considerable number of fat dumbas (sheep), fine horses, and strong camels, which they call treasure: every family is furnished with about 200 or 300 quadrupeds.

We reached Marv, a distance of sixteen miles, where we were surrounded by a swarm of savage Turkmans, who looked at us with wondering eyes. We met three taking a slave to Bokhara for sale. He was indulgently allowed to ride on horseback behind one of the Turkmans; the other two were stationed one on each side, lest he might run away.

August 31.—We recommenced our journey towards Sarakhs, and passed on our road two dry, large roofed wells, dug by Abdullah Khan. One of them was placed before the door of a handsome structure, which had fallen into decay. There was lying on the ground the corpse of a man cut in two pieces, supposed to be a Turkman, killed, perhaps,

when asleep, by his slave, who escaped to his native country with the horse and arms belonging to his master.

We saw nine wells on the way, which were filled with dirt. We had loaded two camels with water at our last station, with which we allayed our thirst in this parched desert. We put up in a chul, called Bacha Bagh, eighteen miles distant.

September 1.—We continued our march in the night through a jangal of large and thorny bushes: we saw no animals excepting two hares. On our left hand, we had a grand sight of the Mashad hills, and also of the *mirage*, or surab, which was in the same direction. There was no water on the road, nor any where we encamped. We put up in a parched plain, twenty-two miles distant from our last station.

September 2.—A march of thirteen hours, or twenty-eight miles, brought us to Sarakhs, where we gave water to our poor animals, which had had none for two days. We met on the way a dry well, and three robbers on horseback, with spears in their hands. Their horses were of beautiful symmetry. They remarked to our guides that they had just returned from the frontier of Persia disappointed, not having been able to seize an asir, or slave. They also said that their party consisted of seven persons, four of whom were seized by Qizal Bash, in an attack, from whom they had escaped with great difficulty. At eve we

saw again four robbers, returning in the same manner, dejected, from Mashad. Their aspect, manners, and conversation with our party, evinced that they were Alamans.

Our road for some distance lay through cane-plantations, and then over a table-land, as we were descending into a very low country.

Sept. 3, 4.—We remained at Sarakhs, which is a very large place, inhabited by Turkmans, who live now independent; they have been occasionally subject to the ruler of Khiva, and very rarely to that of Mashad. They have elected among themselves a jury of twelve persons, and have consented to be guided by their advice, and that justice should be administered in their name. They are called *áqsaqál*, which means, in Turki, 'silver beard.' There are very few houses, which are of mud, irregularly built. The Turkmans occupy small and fine reed tents, which are beautifully adorned inside with silken flowers; they stretched over an extensive plain, and numbered about 3,000. The Turkmans make the doors of their tents opposite each other, by which means they generally have an open square between them. Sarakhs contains fifty Jews and one Hindu, who are employed in traffic. There are about 1,500 Qizal Bash slaves, a great number of whom are chained, like criminals. The beauty of the slave-girls (who are not less than a thousand) exposes them to the brutality of the Turkmans and their guests.

Sarakhs contains two mud forts, neatly built, one of which is situated upon a rising ground; it sends 4,000 horsemen in time of war, but they make no great stand, even against an inferior enemy. They have no large guns. Mr. Wolff, the missionary, was taken a prisoner by the people of Sarakhs, and released after two days, not being considered of much value, as he told us, in Kabul.

Sept. 5 *to* 7.—Through fear of 700 Alamans, who lately went to attack the suburbs of Mashad, our caravan stopped in Sarakhs, where we were also frightened by a Turkman, who took us for spies; but he was conciliated by a small present. We concealed our papers, and ceased to write, or even speak with each other.

We heard that the Persian ambassador, on his way to Herat, was taken prisoner by the Alamans of Sarakhs, who always plunder on that road. He was lodged in a tent, like other prisoners, but not so badly treated. This shews the spirit of the Turkmans, who dared to seize even the ambassador of Persia, while Abbas Mirza was himself present, at the head of an army, in Mashad.

Sept. 8, 9.—We were in Sarakhs, upon the return of the Alamans from Mashad: their booty consisted of 115 slaves. Our pity was excited by the shrieks of the poor children, some of whom were deprived of their clothes. What a weak spirit the Persian ruler shews, in not checking this cruel practice of the Turkmans, who, after several days' journey,

make inroads into the heart of the Mashad territory, and always return with impunity!

The pony of Mr. Burnes, which was a great favourite of his, was stolen in the night, and we were afraid to complain to the aqsaqal, as we might be known.

Sept. 10.—We were distressed to hear the screams of the slaves, who came to the grave of a saint, adjoining our camp, imploring his mercy for their release. Grief makes men foolish, or they would have tried some means to escape, rather than have recourse to a dead body, which can never set them free.

Previous to our arrival at Sarakhs, a slave, having found a good opportunity, laid his master and wife dead on the bed, mounted a smart horse, and ran away at midnight to Mashad. This circumstance caused all the Turkmans to be cautious of their slaves, and also to treat them severely.

Sept. 11.—We moved from Sarakhs early in the morning, and having traversed an extensive plain, halted in a desert, destitute of water, at twenty miles' distance. At eve we were joined by some horsemen of Sarakhs, who came to convey us as far as Darband Muzdaran, a range of high hills, which run between Khorasan and Persia. The robbers generally conceal themselves in the cavities of this mountain, and attack the caravans suddenly. To guard against an incident of this kind, all the people of the qafila loaded their guns, and drew sharp-

edged swords, and thus we began to travel. We passed the dry bed of a large stream, which, in spring, rises from Herat, and washes the base of the Mashad hills. Jahu plants cover the ground, which are used as fuel.

Sept. 12.—A march in the night led us by a fine and clear rivulet, in which grass was growing six feet high. We ascended the range of the Muzdaran hills.

Our route was very pleasant, being through green valleys, in which were different-coloured pebbles. At the base of the Darband is situated a fort, which was formerly held by the Persians, but now is fallen to decay, from the continual attacks of the Turkmans. There is a fine garden in its vicinity, which convinced me that Persia must be a more agreeable country than the dry regions of Turkistân. The orchard is furnished with a fountain, which throws out hot water, owing, it is said, to a miracle wrought by Hazrat Ali. There was formerly a Persian guard, to protect passengers from the Alamans; but a few days ago they were invaded by the Turkmans, and deprived of their horses. The guard, being unable to contend with them any longer, fled to Mashad.

We halted in an open field, twenty-six miles distant, which was surrounded at a distance by hills, and adorned by a beautiful brook.

Sept. 13.—We travelled all night through the barren hills, and the dawn of day was anxiously

expected by the whole party, who appeared tired of the dark. We reached a fertile spot, a distance of thirty miles, where we rested till evening, and then passed on our road through many villages spoiled by Turkmans.

Tibris, a fine walled village, contains very few inhabitants, who are harassed by the Tartars. Some time ago it was destroyed by the Alamans, and most of the residents made slaves. On our approach, the villagers ran up to us, shedding a flood of tears, and called at once "*Agha, Salam Alai kum!*" One was inquiring about his daughter, son, and wife; and another, about his brother, sister, and father, in the hope of receiving a satisfactory answer, which we could not give, respecting their relations detained in slavery.

About midnight, when winding our way along the bank of a small stream, amongst long grass, and in a dreary valley, we were suddenly alarmed by the cry of "Alamans," upon which the caravan quickened its pace, and collected together in a compact circle: all the camels were sitting down, trembling, as if aware of the danger. We expected to be attacked by Turkmans: our horsemen, consequently, formed themselves into a line in front; but after waiting a short time, we were agreeably surprised to find that there were no robbers, and the people we suspected were families returning home, who were also afraid of us. The spot where this occurred was very wild, and fitted for a chapaw,

or attack; and as a large body of Alamans had lately been plundering near Mashad, we had some cause for alarm. This gave me an opportunity of seeing the manner in which the preparations for the defence of a caravan were made. The scene was rather interesting than otherwise, as several of our party had pistols without powder, and blunt swords, without courage to fight; so that, had we been really attacked, much confusion and noise must have arisen from those foolish would-be heroes.

Sept. 14.—A journey in the night brought us to the holy city of Mashad, where we found the gates shut up till eight o'clock in the morning. This custom continued for a long time, on account of the great fear of the Alamans, who generally attack the place the very moment the sun rises.

On our approach to the city, the people came to visit the caravan; they were all beautifully shaped and dressed, which put us in mind of the showy people in India. We got first into an Uzbeg sarae; but having no room there, we were obliged to go to another, which was next to it. Though the sarae was very small, yet it was thickly peopled by cloth-merchants.

I attempted to examine the bath at Mashad, where none but Mohammedans are allowed to enter. I nearly risked my character, as the merchants, who suspected me to be a Christian, in the late journey, were present; but, luckily for me, they could not recognize me in the Persian attire, which

I had purposely put on. I bathed, and was rubbed with a hairy bag by a barber so swiftly, that I felt my body very light and healthy.

Sept. 15. Mashad.—We were called upon by Mrs. Shee, an Armenian lady, who, after the death of her former Mohammedan husband, embraced Christianity, and married Captain Shee. She gave us a house near her own residence, and entertained us with extreme civility. Captain Shee at that time was absent at Qochan.

In the evening, I had the pleasure of seeing the holy tomb of Imam Raza, which exceeds all my powers of praise.

The mosque is a very noble edifice; it is situated on the right of the Hazrat. There were many persons there, arranged in rows, who were ardently engaged in their evening prayers, and I imitated them. The mode of praying with these people is quite different from that of the Indian Shias. Their hands hang down to their knees, and their prayers begin and end in the name of "*Amir ul Mominin Ali an vali Ullah*," which I never heard in India. When I finished the prayers, as the other people did, I had the honour to enter the room where the holy body of the Imam reposes. The place was full of men, and had a very magnificent and awful appearance. The room was lighted up by chandeliers, which brightened every spot. At the head of the Imam was a party of old and respectable Sayads, who were engaged in the perusal of the Koran.

The door of the room, where all the people are obliged to prostrate themselves, is almost entirely made of silver. On my entering through the cell, a man with a green turban came to me and said, "Your pilgrimage to Hazrat will be acceptable, if you tell me to recite the *Ziyarat Namah* in your name before the grave," which he said was an important duty for the pilgrims. I gave him a couple of qaran, or silver coins, on which he first brought me near the Pinjrah, a room made of gold and silver sticks, and then told me to kiss the lock which hung upon the door. The lock is opened twice in a year, for the purpose of taking out the money which the pilgrims throw upon the body of the Imam, through the holes of the Pinjrah, or cage. The man read the *Ziyarat Namah* on the four sides of the grave; it contained numerous blessings upon the holy souls of the descendants of Ali, and the names of fourteen Masums and twelve Imams; and many blessings upon their godly souls. I took leave of the grave, after making a few bows, as the others did, and was very fortunate indeed in not being known to the men of the shrine as a person of a different country.

Sept. 16 *to* 22.—We paid a visit to the young prince, Khusrau Mirza, the ruler of Mashad, and had the pleasure of viewing the palace, or Arg, where the royal family resided. The place has a splendid appearance, but shews much decay. The Arg stands by itself, and is very strong, from

being surrounded by a deep ditch; the back part of it is defended by the weak wall of the city. Twelve guns may easily take the Arg. On the northern part of it is a very large depôt of all kinds of military stores. A spirit of improvement has been introduced there through the sagacity of European officers. Khusrau Mirza, the younger son of Abbas Mirza, is a very good-looking prince; he is accustomed to speak quickly, which all Persian princes think characteristic of the royal family. He in his early age was sent to St. Petersburg, to make an apology for the murder of the Russian embassy at Tehran, which happened in the following manner: The gentlemen of the Russian mission resolved to gain the freedom of a Georgian woman, who had been taken a slave, and sold to some nobleman at Tehran. Instead of applying to her master, they determined to get her away by force when an opportunity occurred. She had embraced the Mohammedan religion, and married a man of rank, by whom she had a number of children. Though averse to the design of the Russians, she was seized on her way to the bath. Upon this a quarrel took place among the Persians and Russians, and both parties prepared to fight. The Russians fired, and killed many Persians, who, however, afterwards were victors, and also guilty of the ambassador's murder. The Shah, though he endeavoured to prevent the tumult, and the attack upon the persons of the mission, could not contròl the violence of the people.

On the arrival of Khusrau Mirza in Russia, the report of the beauty of his features and person made a great noise; and the Empress paid him a visit, and treated him with great honour and distinction. It is said that she asked the prince what had induced him to trouble himself to make such a long journey: "I am come to see the Emperor, and to ask pardon for the massacre of the Russian embassy," replied the prince. "The affair which has caused you the fatigue of such a long journey is a trifle, not worthy of the Emperor's notice," was the reply of the Empress. She affected the prince much by procuring the pardon of the murder at Tehran, and by resigning the claim of Russia to Tabriz, along with 200,000,000 rupees, which the Persians had promised to pay the Russian government, according to the late treaty made during the war. The man who gave me this information told me (whether truly or not, I cannot say) that the prince was not allowed to see the Emperor for forty days.

The inhabitants of Mashad were delighted to hear that the strong fort of Qochan had been taken. All the shops were decorated with handsome bottles, filled with green and red water, which, having a lamp placed at the back of them, had a beautiful appearance. In the company of Mr. Burnes and Dr. Gerard, I had the pleasure of seeing the illumination in the bazar, which put me in mind of the night of the Divali, a particular feast among the Indian Hindus. We passed through the

Khayaban Pain, where we visited the paper image of Umar, containing fire-works, and which was afterwards blown up by the people, with the following cry:

"*Sir bad zat Umar shikast!*" or 'the head of the unfaithful Umar is broken!'

Umar was one of the favourites of Mohammed, and considered by the Sunnis a successor of the prophet, which the Persians do not believe. This scene was strange, and shewed what bigoted principles the Persians entertain, compared with the Sunni sect, who only admit the three friends of Mohammed to have succeeded him, while his heroic son-in-law, named Hazrat Ali, was left on the brink of disappointment.

Sept. 23.—We quitted Mashad early in the morning, and took the road to the camp of H. R. H. Abbas Mirza. Our route was pleasant. The villages are surrounded with mud walls, which looked very conspicuous in this vast plain: they are situated in the vicinity of the Muzdaran hills, which extend on both sides of the road, and in the vicinity of Nishapur; they are always covered with snow. We put up in the open air near Mirabad, a strong fort belonging to Raza Quli Khan. The distance of our journey was estimated at forty miles. It was a very cold night, and the thermometer stood at 29 degrees.

Sept. 24.—We passed on our way many inhabited villages; the land around promised to

reward the labours of the cultivators. The people of the village, according to the custom of Khorasan, were summoned by Raza Quli Khan to defend the fort of Qochan against the Persian army. The road was dry, and the day sultry. We chose our ground under the walls of Shor Chasham, at a distance of thirty-two miles. Here we saw a few people living in huts, who had neither barley for our horses, nor bread for us. We were, however, lucky in meeting a man, from whom we purchased plenty of peaches.

Sept. 25.—We marched early in the morning, and met several persons going to Mashad, through a regular desert. After noon, we reached the camp in Qochan, where we were welcomed by Captain Shee, a British officer of the Madras establishment. He ordered a tent to be pitched for me, where, in company with Dr. Gerard, he came to see me, and said he would joyfully provide me with every thing I wanted. He told me a great deal about the battle, and said what a strong place the fort of Qochan is, and how near he had made the trenches. I did not doubt the warlike spirit of this gentleman, whom I consider the best rider among all the Europeans I know.*

Sept. 26 *to* 28. Qochan.—H. R. H. Abbas Mirza ordered that a Persian soldier should be shot from the mouth of a gun. He was a deserter, and lately in the service of Raza Quli Khan, who

* Dr. Gerard has since died.

is also known by the name of Ilkhani. When he was brought to the mouth of the gun, luckily for him, the prince happened to come to the spot, and pardoned him.

Sept. 29.—Mr. Burnes, at noon, started for the Caspian Sea: this unexpected separation was very much felt by me. He sat a long time in my tent, and talked kindly with me. He gave me a certificate and an official letter to Government. He said that he was pleased with my conduct, and would assist me as much as he could. I accompanied him about two miles, where he squeezed my hand, and said he would be happy to hear of my safe arrival in India.—"Adieu, Mohun Lal, and take care of your head," said he.

I returned to my quarters along with Mr. Borowski, a Polish gentleman in Abbas Mirza's service. He is as bold, enterprising, and brave an officer as I have seen among the Europeans.*

In the company of a Persian gentleman, I proceeded into the fort of Qochan, which was filled with Russian soldiers. There was nothing remarkable in it; but misery appeared everywhere: dust covered the shops, and melancholy was marked on the features of the merchants.

Khabushan or Qochan is noted for the murder of Nadir Shah. Fatah Ali Shah resolved to take this fort; he came at the head of a numerous army, but returned disappointed.

* This gentleman was killed at Herat.

Sept. 30.—After the day appeared, in company with Mr. Shee, we bent our route towards the turquois mines, and reached Sultan Maidan before sunset, a distance of thirty-two miles. On the road, we passed a number of rich villages. The country is called Kurdistan, and is governed by the Ilkhani. Sultan Maidan was taken by the Persians, after a siege of a whole month, which shews it to have been a strong place. The walls are now destroyed. The houses are two stories high. The villagers were extremely poor and oppressed; they, however, provided us with all sorts of necessaries.

Oct. 1.—A march of twenty miles brought us to the village called Madan, which is upon lofty ground. It is surrounded with beautiful orchards, in which the sweet melody of the nightingales was heard. The people of the hamlet were more civilized and better dressed than those of India. They received us in a very ceremonious manner, and gave us a house decorated with fine carpets. We lived comfortably, and were entertained with delicate victuals. On the road, we passed through many villages, where the people presented us with delicious melons, milk, and bread.

Oct. 2.—We continued in Madan, and set out to examine the turquois or firozah mines, which are situated in the declivity of a mountain, two miles from the village.

We found the ascent gradual, but the descent very sudden; at last we reached the mouth of a

cavern, which had been dug for the extraction of the gems, and entered it, descending amongst heaps of rubbish and masses of rock, till we could no longer see our way; but when the light appeared, we had a view of the curious subterranean cave, the roof of which was composed of enormous pieces of black rock, which looked as if they were ready to fall and crush us.

The firozah stratum was not plentiful in this mine; it appeared in some places in very narrow seams. There were many different minerals intermixed with the firozah, and most part of the rock contained iron ore, which sparkled when broken.

Having collected some specimens in this mine, we proceeded to see others—climbing a steep hill, and then descending into a valley, passing over many heaps of rubbish, which had been thrown out of the mines. We then entered a spacious chamber, with a high roof, the appearance of which reminded me of the tales in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The firozah here was very abundant, and ran along the walls in veins, or spots, like bunches of grapes. In the roof of this grotto were seen very delicate hues, resembling that of lapis lazuli, which comes from Badakhshan, and is exported to Russia. This blue colour was owing to the verdigris or copperas, and had a sharp, acid taste: perhaps it may be this copper that gives the beautiful colour to the firozah gems. We also discovered alum, and a yellow substance, which appeared like sulphur.

This mine has not been worked for some time past. The people of Madan content themselves with searching among the old fragments, rather than being at the trouble or expense of making new excavations, which might reward their labour. We visited many other places, which had been dug for firozah, and at last arrived at a mine where the workmen were extracting the precious stone. The operations are very rude; many of the firozahs are broken and overlooked. Only fragments of the firozah, which in former times had been dug out by some enterprising miners, were found here, which, after being brought out of the mine by the workmen, were examined, and such as seemed to contain the stone were separated and carried away on men's backs, or on mules, to a stream of water, and there washed, by being trodden upon; when, after some hours, the blue colour of the firozah was visible, and the dross or rubbish being turned over and over, all the pieces of the gem that were of value were picked out, and put into an old shoe. We did not observe any of much value: the produce altogether was insignificant, but when extracted from the rock that contains them, and polished a little, a large profit is realized on them.

These mines are monopolized by the inhabitants of the village of Madan, who are jealous of strangers, and wish to keep all the produce to themselves. Their working implements being few and weak, the full value of the mines is not appreciated by them.

Sometimes water flows out of the rock, and puts a stop to further progress. By the employment of gunpowder, and skilful miners from Europe, a large revenue might be derived by the Persian government; but the proprietors are afraid to spend much money in making discoveries, lest the avarice of the king or governors of Khorasan should lead them to claim a part; and whenever a valuable firozah is found, it is carried to some foreign country, for fear of its being seized; consequently, there are few good firozahs to be obtained in Mashad. The miners, also, are acquainted with the value of the stones, as their hue is so delicate, that it is affected by changes in the weather, and a gem, which looks beautiful one day, loses its colour the next. When dipped in water, they assume a fine, bright, blue tinge: this method is often adopted to deceive the unwary travellers. The gems are always sold in parcels containing good and bad, and at times turn out a profitable speculation; at others, they are a loss to the purchasers. The proprietors of the mines are so jealous of foreigners, that they run away from their villages, when any one arrives who wishes to visit the place, as we experienced.

The mode of cutting the firozah is very simple; it is done by means of a small wheel, which is turned by one hand while the stone is applied by the other, till sufficiently polished. It is then fixed to the end of a small piece of stick, with sealing-wax, and exposed for sale.

Oct. 3.—After finishing our repast, we took leave of Madan, and passing on the road several rich villages, we arrived at a hamlet called Darakht Jauz, a distance of twenty-five miles. The place (I would call it a specimen of paradise) was almost hidden under lofty mountains, which commanded a view of beautiful gardens, full of delicious fruits.

In the company of a Persian gentleman, I entered a meadow, where I beheld small green trees, loaded with peaches. I ate a few of them, and found my breath very fragrant. Walnuts abound in this spot; we were presented with some by the villagers.

Previous to our arrival at the camp, we happened to pass by a salt-mine, which was excavated in the side of a mountain. After ascending about 1,000 paces, we began to descend into a cavern, which appeared to be neglected. The salt is quite white, and if it were monopolized, and worked regularly, it would be more profitable to government than that of the Panjab. We observed two caves rudely dug, the salt on the roof of which glittered like pieces of crystal.

Oct. 4.—A march of twenty-five miles brought us to a village named Firozah. Our route was terribly fatiguing, through the gorges of rugged hills. I dismounted from my horse, and commenced climbing the ascent of the mountain, over which we travelled nearly two hours, and then fell into a plain, where we breakfasted. It was dark when we arrived in the village, where the people refused to supply

us with provisions. We went to bed quite hungry, but our horses were lucky in getting plenty of grass.

Oct. 5.—We travelled after sunrise, and reached the city of Mashad, forty-eight miles, before five o'clock in the noon. After crossing hillocks, we came into the plains, where we passed a hamlet surrounded with black tents. They were occupied by shepherds, whom we asked to give barley to our horses. They refused it, notwithstanding we offered them money.

On our road we came to a roofed cistern of fine water, made by Mohammed Ali. From this place we perceived the gilt cupola of Imam Raza's tomb, six miles distant.

Mr. Shee asked us to live with him, but Mr. Gerard refused, on account of his having a family. However, he pitched tents for us, and entertained us in a very hospitable manner.

Oct. 6. Mashad.—His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza made his entry into Mashad. The inhabitants anxiously climbed on the broken walls and roofs to see the *cortege.* He was mounted on a common horse, surrounded by a few men on foot, who conversed with him as he went along. He had not a single symbol of royalty, and looked not equal to the least chief under the Panjab sovereign. He passed through a regular company, who saluted him with forty-eight guns. Their dress was poor and dirty, and their arms were covered with rust. I

had heard the Persian dynasty praised, but it appeared nothing on examination. I imagine that true regal pomp is only seen in the court of the Panjab ruler, whose name struck my ears everywhere, even in the deserts of Turkistan. Many people imagined that Ranjit Singh was the only king of India.

Oct. 7 *to* 9. Mashad.—The Persian soldiers were now seen on every spot; the baths and shops were shut up on account of their misconduct. Their caps were ragged, and their faces coloured by dust.

Before evening His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza hurried down towards Sarakhs, and the whole army, without any British officer, followed him next morning.

When we had finished our repast, we went with Captain Shee to see Yar Mohammed Khan, vazir of Herat. He had a shawl turban on his head, and a small bottle of snuff in his hand. He came a little distance to receive us, and all the time we sat with him, he conversed with Mr. Gerard in a most friendly, cordial, and respectful manner. He presented us with sugar and tea, and said that his master, Prince Kamran, wished to be friendly with the British Government, and with that view he had commenced a correspondence with the Governor-General of India, through Captain Wade, the political agent at Lodiana. He has sent two fine horses, with a few beautiful carpets, for his lordship.

The Shah, he said, would be very glad to see us in Herat, and would treat us with the utmost favour and honour, because Dr. Gerard would be a powerful medium to effect a friendship between the two governments.

Yar Mohammed Khan told us that Shah Shuja, in Lodiana, had solicited British aid for the recovery of his throne at Kabul, and received for answer, that if he continued to be a friend to Shah Kamran, of course he might be assisted by the English power. In consequence of this, Shah Shuja has lately sent a letter to him, and also to his master, telling them both to write to the British Government, that the Prince of Herat and Shah Shuja were great friends to each other. He mentioned the navigation of the Indus, for which the Scindis had formed a friendship with the English, and he repeatedly said that the people of Herat were anxious to follow their example.

Before evening we went to see Mohammed Mirza (the present king of Persia), the eldest son of His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza. Mr. Borowski spoke with him in a friendly manner. The younger prince, Khusrau Mirza, who sat next to his brother, came out of the chamber, and stood respectfully before him, below the rail, to answer a plaintiff in the court, who was considered a criminal for speaking against such a worthy prince, and was put in a dungeon. He was bastinadoed, but released at the intercession of Mr. Borowski, who has

great influence in Abbas Mirza's court, and was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in the battle of Sarakhs.

Oct. 10 *to* 19.—Having visited Sahan, I passed through Bala Khayaban, which has a small population. There were no splendid shops, but a few occupied by blacksmiths and grass-sellers. On both sides of the bazar were some buildings and beautiful colleges; a dirty canal ran in the centre of the road. The wall of the city stands very near the graves which surround the edifices in Mashad.

Mr. Gerard told me to go to Vazir Yar Mohammed Khan, who received me kindly. His conversation with me was full of kindness and cordiality. The repast was brought, and on my refusing to eat it, he asked me the reason. I answered, that I never ate any thing till I used my customary medicine. This weak apology seemed to satisfy the Vazir, who said he was very sorry to eat alone. It was difficult for me to refuse civilities from people whose habits I disliked, and thus I encountered great inconveniences. He inquired the shape of the English guns, and whether Ranjit Singh's power or that of the British was strongest. I replied, "O Vazir, though Ranjit Singh is not so powerful as the English, still he remains their only antagonist in the whole of India."

The rumour arrived that the Persians had taken Sarakhs, and that the Turkmans, with their women, were taken prisoners by the soldiers. The females suffered disgrace, and one of the Jews, a slave-dealer

in Sarakhs, was ordered to be blown up, and his property was plundered by the Sarbazs or soldiers.

Oct. 20 *to* 24.—I met Muza Musa, the Vazir of Khorasan, in Yar Mohammed Khan's house. He was sent by Abbas Mirza to ask the Vazir, whether Sher Mohammed Khan Sardar, his brother, at the head of an army, was coming towards Mashad to fight with him, or to assist him against Turbat. They talked a long time in whispers, and afterwards left each other. The Vazir gave me a letter of recommendation to his brother at Herat, and supplied us with an escort.

Yar Mohammed Khan, who was made the Vazir of Herat three years ago, is a good-looking personage, and a perfectly polite gentleman. He oppresses the people, but is liberal to his relations. He is known to be brave, and a good warrior. He manages all the affairs of Herat, and is invested with ample power; the king, I heard, is a mere cipher.

On my return, I perceived a Sarakhs Turkman—a man of gigantic stature—a fugitive from that fort, pinioned and guarded by Persian soldiers. He was caught on the road by a groom, and made a prisoner.

We were now tired of Mashad, and our money was expended. In Bala Khayaban we paid a visit to a dirty and ruined place, where the bones of the famous Nadir Shah reposed. There are no relics of the tomb. His remains were dug out, and taken by

Agha Mohammed Khan, who was made an eunuch by him, and afterwards appointed head of the khojahs in his palace, or haramsarae; but, in reality, he underwent this cruelty that he might die without issue, who perhaps would have made a claim to the throne of Persia. He was master of Fatah Ali Shah, who, in Agha Mohammed's lifetime, was only called Baba Khan Sardar. The bones of Nadir Shah are buried now beneath the door of the Persian court in Tehran, and are trodden upon by every individual who enters it. Such was the result of his oppressive conduct towards the people he conquered, that Agha Mohammed Khan harboured a revengeful spirit against him, and, levelling his tomb to the ground, exposed his limbs to the indignity of being trodden under the feet of the common people.

Oct. 25 *to* 31.—I was sitting in the shop of Sayad Mehdi, a draper, who had once been in India, and, as we were speaking the language of that country, the passengers stopped, and exclaimed, that "sweet was our conversation!" They asked for an employment under me, to go to Kashmir, which they called, "sighing for a place of beauty."

On my return, I visited a Sayad, who was speaking with a person in Persian, whom I thought to be an Indian. He came to me, and asked for something, which I gave him. Next day he called at my tent, and described the countries where he had

travelled. He praised Shiraz much, which excited my desire to see the place. He was a talkative man, and an inhabitant of Lucknow.

We prepared to start for Herat, escorted by Vazir Yar Mohammed Khan's men; but Khusrau Mirza, the governor of Mashad, prevented us from going, setting forth the difficulty and danger of the road. It was merely a polite pretence, as, in reality, he thought we should become friends with Prince Kamran, before Abbas Mirza settled the affair of Herat.

The Mohammedans in Mashad, who became friendly with me, though they knew that I was a stranger, having no prejudices, were exceedingly delighted by my Persian knowledge, which they considered peculiar to their tribe. One Persian, who was respected by the party, sighed, and said, if I would be a Shia, or follower of Ali, he would willingly marry me to his daughter, who would be the mistress of a great fortune after his death. I smiled; and he again said to me, "Do not you think that the enlightened creed of the Shias will place you in heaven? You will gain nothing in other creeds, but repentance." I said, in reply, that the parents who reared me, with great trouble, expected some service in return from me, when they were old, and I had done nothing for them yet. If I were to stay here, for the sake of beauty and money, without discharging my filial duty, how could I become a happy man? These words

made a strong impression upon his heart. He squeezed my hands, and said, "*Afrin!*" or, "Glory upon your thoughts!" He presented me with a beautiful inkstand of Isfahan; and said, that he hoped to see me again.

Before sunset, the Turkmans of Sarakhs were brought prisoners to Mashad. They were naked and barefooted, and tied by a rope to each other. A Persian, mounted on horseback, was uttering the following speech with a loud voice: "O God, make Nayab Saltanat the renowned conqueror of the world. O God, by the aid of Panjtan, render Nayab Saltanat superior to all, as he has released the Mohammedan slaves." The men and women, with their little children, who covered almost the face of the roofs, shops, and streets, answered the horseman, "*Amin*" (or 'be it so'), with the blessing, "Long live the deliverer of helpless slaves, honoured with the crown of glory!"

Nov. 1.—I had the honour to visit, in the evening, the holy sepulchre of Imam Raza, and the great mosque, which was crowded by a multitude of people. A venerable person was at the head of the men, and behind him was a boy, thirteen years old, reciting the evening prayers in a sweet tone. The other people followed his example, sitting and standing in an attitude of devotion. There was an inhabitant of Kashmir, who, suspecting I was not a native, came to me; but when he saw me reciting the prayers in the first line behind the priest,

he appeared amazed. When the prayers were finished, I made him a salam, and he slowly replied, "*Masha Allah.*"

Nov. 2.—In our neighbourhood the wedding of a beautiful girl took place, and our ears were deafened by the songs, cries, and laughing of those celebrating the nuptials.

Nov. 3 *to* 10.—Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Macneill, the assistant Envoy to Tehran, arrived at Mashad with an embassy for His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza. He came to see Dr. Gerard, in our house, and talked to me very kindly. In his company we set out to visit the Turkmans of Sarakhs. No one was allowed to go inside the gaol, but, as we were high guests, the door was instantly opened to us. The dungeon was so narrow and small, that the unfortunate families sat on each other. The shrieks of the little children, along with those of their parents, caused by starvation, excited the pity of all. Some of them had a few pieces of carpet cloth, and a few balls of silk, which they bartered with the Persian soldiers for a bit of bread. This traffic continued a little time through the holes in the walls of the prison. Sometimes the poor prisoners were cruelly deceived, and got nothing from the people in return for their property. The cold wind and rain pierced their naked and sickly bodies. There were dead camels and horses lying on the ground, whose rotten flesh was eaten by the hungry Turkmans, who

were covered with mud, and the blood of the dead animals. It was a very dreadful scene indeed. Though the Turkmans had attacked the Persians, and made them slaves, yet still they treated them well, for fear of their falling into low spirits and sickness, which would have diminished their value. Undoubtedly, their punishment exceeded their crime.

Among these prisoners was a young, tall, stout man, named Adinah Qurt, the son of Mohammed Vardi. He was the guide of our caravan from Bokhara to Mashad, and we felt ourselves bound to get him released from the prince. Mr. Gerard and Dr. Macneill both applied to His Royal Highness for the freedom of our old friend, which he graciously promised after investigating his history.

Nov. 11 *to* 15. We sent a man to Dr. Macneill with letters to the camp of His Royal Highness, which was on the route to Turbat, where we were summoned also a few days after.

We were delighted to receive a kind letter from Major (afterwards Sir John) Campbell, the British ambassador to the court of Persia in Tehran. He sent orders to the Hindu merchants, both in Mashad and Kabul, to supply us with money. However, I was quite sorry to remain so long in Mashad.

Nov. 16 *to* 21.—It rained, and snow covered the ground. We met Yar Mohammed Khan on the route to the great mosque, where he would not let us dismount from our horses, in order that we might

not have the trouble of remounting them. He stood on foot, and talked about an hour.

We had a sight of the ice-wall of the Nishapur hills, which looked beautiful, being covered with a pure white sheet of snow.

I was informed by a respectable Mohammedan, that eight years ago, when a wall of the temple of Imam Raza was going to be repaired, a room was discovered full of books, which Mirza Hidayatulla, the head priest, tried to read, but could not: the letters, he said, were neither Arabic nor Persian, but some strange character.

Nov. 22 *to* 28.—When I got up in the morning, I was quite surprised, on casting my eyes upon the walls and houses, to see them thickly covered with snow. People with spades were employed to remove the snow from the roofs and walls, and at last, when it was gathered and thrown into a heap, it looked like white hillocks. There was not a span of ground which was not silvered with ice.

Mr. Beke started this morning for Europe, and bade me farewell in a most friendly manner.

The city of Mashad is surrounded by a weak wall, and a small ditch. It has eight gates, two of which are blocked up. It is called Mashad-i-moqaddas (or Holy Mashad), from its being the burial-place of Imam Raza, the descendant of Mohammed and Ali. His sepulchre is a magnificent edifice, and is situated in the heart of the city.

Towards the foot of the grave there is a bazar, called Pain Khayaban, and one on the side of the head named Bala Khayaban. The latter bazar is not inhabited; it is occupied by shops like the former one. These two bazars project from the gates of the Sahan (terrace), and always contain a crowd of people. The third gate of the Sahan commands a beautiful sight of the magnificent bazar, which has a romantic aspect. Every shop is hid under gaudy and splendid chintzes of French and English manufacture. Coarse Russian articles are seen in great quantity, but look ugly. The bazar is shaded with wood and mats, which exclude the rays of the sun. The Saqqab Khanah, or watering-place, stands in the bosom of the Sahan, over a canal, which forms two semicircles, extending towards the two above-mentioned Khayabans. It was built by Nadir Shah, and is now nearly reduced to decay.

Harun Rashid is buried near the silver door of the shrine, under the feet of Imam Raza, and his head is trodden by the feet of pilgrims, who visit the holy tomb.

When Alexander flourished, he happened, it is said, to pass through Khorasan, and encamped in the place where the city of Mashad is erected, and pitched his tent on the very spot where the bones of Imam Raza now repose. It is added, that Alexander, when asleep, had a dream, which inspired him with terror. He started, rose suddenly.

and immediately sent for his vazir, Aristotle, who, when acquainted with the dream, said to Alexander, that a holy man would be buried on this spot. He built a quadrangular edifice, with an inscription, to let posterity know what was foretold by his vazir. Imam Raza was poisoned in the year A.H. 203, and buried within the same walls which had been built by Alexander.

The vazir of Sultan Sanjar, the king of Marv, who reigned 700 years ago, had a beautiful son, who was afflicted with leprosy. His high situation prevented the government from banishing him from the country, as they do all lepers; the ruler, therefore, ordered him to choose a permanent place out of the city of Marv, where he passed his time in hunting expeditions. One morning, when he went to the chase, he beheld a handsome deer; he ran his horse a long way, but could not shoot it. After a hard struggle, the poor animal reached the suburbs of Mashad, where the horse of the hunter would not put another step forward. The rider was obliged to dismount, where he was told by somebody, that there was a grave of a holy man, and that it was disrespectful to go near it on horseback. Upon hearing this, he offered prayers, and implored Imam Raza to take away the disorder. His entreaties were effectual, and his leprosy disappeared, without leaving a single mark on his person.

The colleges in Mashad are, first, Mirza Salah; second, Haji Hasan; third, Mulla Mohammed; fourth, Fazil Khan; fifth, Mulla Haji; sixth, Mirza

Jafar; seventh, Madrasah of Saduddin, situated in Pain Khayaban.

I accompanied a Persian gentleman to the Madrasah of Abdul Khan, where I saw a few boys reading, some in one part of the Madrasah, and some in another. A number of books, with their leaves separated, were lying on mats, and covered with dust. I said to my companion, "Why do not these students keep their books in niches or on shelves?" He replied, that the master of the college had neither niches nor shelves, because he thought it improper to place books on shelves, beyond the sight of the students, who, perhaps, might fancy it a trouble to get up to take the books from off them.

To the north-west of the mausoleum of Imam Raza stands a very conspicuous college, two stories high, which is not entirely finished. The present king of Persia founded this Madrasah, and sent money to his sons, or to the rulers of Khorasan, to build the place; but their sordid avarice did not permit them to supply the Madrasah with funds, and thereby carry into effect the good intentions of their father. This college is always crowded with barbers and watermen, instead of students; such is the covetousness and carelessness of the government.

Gauhar Shad, a relation of the great Taimur, constructed a very lofty gilt dome, which stands over the tomb of Imam Raza, and is seen by travellers twelve miles from the city of Mashad.

The country of Mashad is not fertile, and has very barren suburbs. There are neither gardens, nor is

the land much cultivated; yet the exertion of the husbandmen supplies the citizens, who fill these stores. The fruits in Mashad are brought from the neighbouring hills, and fill the shops of Pain Khayaban till the end of April, when the weather is like the winter of India.

The trade of Bokhara with Persia has rendered Mashad the most populous and wealthy city in Khorasan. The lamb-skins of Qara Qul, a village in Bokhara, are highly valued in Persia. They are used for caps, which have a beautiful shape, and are much better than those of the Tartars. The rich men of Persia, who are fond of showy dress, generally kill a pregnant sheep, the skin of the young of which is afterwards taken off, and covered with cloth and cotton, to prevent the effects of the sun and air. The skin of such a young lamb is delicate, soft, and light. The finest lamb-skin cap is valued in Tehran, and other places in Persia, at thirty rupees. The caravan of Bokhara, which frequents Mashad during the course of the year, brings considerable quantities of these skins.

The shawls of Kirman, and the sugar of Yazd, are the most important articles of sale in Mashad. The green tea comes from Bombay, and the black from Russia; but the former is cheap, and liked by the inhabitants. The French chintzes, &c. are showy, and of high price. The English chintzes, on account of their cheapness, are a good deal used, and much more showy than the Russian chintzes. The latter

are dear, and not beautiful. The shawls of Kirman are exported to Turkistan, and there used for turbans. The finest shawls, which are called maharmat, sell for thirty rupees. They are made of Kashmir wool.

The people of Mashad, though fair, are not handsome. The natives of Tehran and Tabrez, who reside here, are beautiful. Their dress is delicate. The sleeves of their qaba, or coat, are tight, like those of the people of Lahor. They are clean, polite, ceremonious, and much more genteel than the Afghans and Uzbegs, who are rude in their living as well as attire. In short, the Persians are next to the Indians in every thing, and above other nations, except Europeans. All ranks in Persia keep boys in their service, to bring water and the qalian. A boy of sixteen or seventeen years of age, named Haidur Ali, in the service of Abbas Mirza, became very intimate with me when we went to pay a visit to his royal highness. We were anxious to see him, and tried to have a discourse with him, but without success, as his absence for a minute (as I heard from other people) was known to the prince, who would not allow him to go anywhere alone. At last we began to correspond, which is considered as a half-meeting. One morning he sent me a Russian box to put paper in, with a promise that he would come to my tent in the evening. I sent him my very best thanks, along with a beautiful silk sheet of Bokhara, which he received very

civilly. He came when dark to my tent, and stopped and talked for two hours. His countenance was graceful, and his elevated eyebrows over his heavy eyelashes looked very singular and charming. His white cheeks and ruby lips shewed the delicacy of all his limbs. His curled locks, behind his ears, hung on a marble neck, and his eyes were azure. I have never seen a boy of such beautiful appearance and elegant manners. When he took leave of me, he said he hoped that we should meet again. We rose up and kissed each other, according to the custom of Persia. I praised his locks, which hung like black snakes on his white face; he laughed and repeated the following verse:

"The lock of the Persian and the waist of the Indian are curling."

"Adieu, my dear Mirza," were his last words when he left me.

Nov. 29.—We took our leave of the holy city of Mashad for Mahmudabad, where Dr. Macneill was with his royal highness, and Captain Shee came a little way with us. When he took leave, he squeezed my hand, and said, he hoped I should have a pleasant journey to India. The sun began to lose its warmth, and we galloped our horses towards Sangbast, twenty-four miles' distance. All the road was covered with a thick bed of snow, in which our horses sunk to their knees. Night overtook us, and we had not fallen in with our servants or our baggage. Though we were ignorant of the

road, yet we were lucky enough to reach Sangbast safe, at dark, after crossing a rivulet. Dr. Gerard was sick and tired, and sat on the ground, holding the bridle of his horse, while I began to search for our servants, but could not find them. I bought barley for our horses from a needy Persian soldier, to whom Dr. Gerard paid ten rupees for a draught of water and a piece of bread. We passed the night very uncomfortably, sleeping upon frozen ground. Our neighbours were Persian soldiers, who stole the bridles, &c. off our horses. Sangbast is a very cold place; because two stones will stick to each other from the extreme cold, therefore it is called Sangbast.

Nov. 30.—We got up in the morning, and came back to Mashad, and did not meet any of our servants. We stopped in a tailor's house, named Rajab Ali, who provided us with warm clothes, and behaved very respectfully to us. We hired a man whom we sent to seek our servants. He found them wandering in a snowy valley. At length they reached Mashad, tired, and almost frozen to death. My Indian servant, who was used to a hot climate, suffered severely from the snow, so that his feet and hands were benumbed, and he had lost his spirit and senses. After two days he recovered, and crying said, "This is not a country, but hell, created by the devil, and not by Almighty God."

Dec. 1 *to* 4.—We continued in Mashad on ac-

count of Dr. Gerard's illness, and thought of removing towards Turbat, to the camp of Abbas Mirza. Captain Shee, who came to see us, said that he would give us one of his sergeants to conduct us to Turbat. We brought two pony-loads of barley for our horses, and also other necessaries, and we purchased a great quantity of charcoal, tea, and sugar, for ourselves.

Dec. 5.—We were very happy to leave Mashad, accompanied by a European sergeant, in the service of the Honourable Company, lately in Persia with his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza. Captain Shee came with us about three miles, and on leaving us, to return to the city, wished us a successful journey. The clouds threatened a fall of snow, which was already six inches deep on the ground. We passed on the road two ruined buildings, and about evening we got into Sharifabad, a small village, twenty-four miles' distance, the boundary of Turbat. It is fortunate in having a very good caravansarae, which was covered with snow. Our baggage and servants were loaded with icicles. My face was secured by a skin cap, of peculiar shape, which created laughter among the other travellers. It was made in a form of my own invention, and covered all my head, ears, and neck, except the eyes.

Dec. 6.—A march of sixteen miles brought us to Kafar Qilah, a small village, on a rising ground. There were no inhabitants, except a few Persian soldiers, who had caused the devastation of the vil-

lage. The doors and rafters of the houses were burnt.

On leaving Sharifabad, we took a guide, who was ignorant of the road, and after traversing a snowy path for six miles, we were brought back to the very spot where we had been the night preceding. The poor creature was unmercifully whipped by Sergeant Ditchfield, who made him go to a village called Gumbazdaraz, whence we took a man to Dilbaran. The people of these villages were in good circumstances, but dirty. They received us very respectfully; and presented us with fine cheese, bread, meat, and beautiful qalians.

We arrived in Kafar Qilah near sunset; the snow was up to the stirrups of our saddles on the road. The loaded ponies tumbled down, and being buried in the snow, were taken out with difficulty.

Dec. 7.—We travelled from Kafar Qilah on a good road, and passed near a caravansarae, named Kami, which was handsomely built. We joined the artillery on a small hill, covered with snow. The guns were drawn by ten horses, but their drivers were unskilful. The guns were sent from Mashad, to join the army of Abbas Mirza, at Turbat, from whence he intended to march against Herat. We came upon an extensive plain, and saw numerous villages buried in snow.

On our arrival at Fakhrabad, thirty-two miles distant, we found the place almost filled with soldiers. The village has two walls, between which

lies a large space, overlooked by small houses of two stories high; at the back of the houses is a deep ditch, which was full of snow. The other wall, which stands inside of the outer one, has the shape of a small fort, outside of which the inhabitants reside. They sat on the walls, and told the soldiers, they would open the gate on condition of their swearing not to touch their property and families. This being agreed to, the gate was opened, when the lying Persians fell upon the houses like a swarm of locusts, and got possession of provisions by force. The village contained grass for 10,000 horses, and barley for 5,000. There were no goats or sheep, but a considerable number of cows.

Dec. 8.—We journeyed from Fakhrabad a little while over snowy plains, and then began to ascend the hills, the tops of which were white. Among these hills is situated a small caravansarae, near a ruined village, where we were happy to receive letters from Dr. Macneill. On our descent from the mountains, we came into plains almost covered with mud forts. The number of the villages increased so much, that we had some difficulty in finding the straight road to Turbat. We came to a village, where we saw many men standing inside the walls, but there was no entrance. The sergeant called with a loud voice, "O! kat-khuda [head man of the village], send a man to shew us the road." No answer was made to his request, and the sergeant got in a rage, and told his servant to go within the

walls, and catch one of them by force. The servant got into one of the houses by a very dangerous road, and laying hold of one man, brought him to his master. The poor creature had no shoes on his feet, and was very much distressed at walking on the snow. A little while after, he begged of the sergeant to release him; but it availed him nothing. Upon arriving near a kahrez, the man ran a little distance, and immediately penetrated into one of the kahrezs, and hid himself, so that we could not find him.

Before evening, we arrived at Turbat, thirty-two miles distant, and were conducted to Dr. Macneill's house, where I was most hospitably treated by that gentleman. The walls of Turbat are of ordinary size, but the defences of the gates are very weak. From the gate to our lodging we passed through a broad straight bazar, with ruined shops on each side. The mud in the bazar reached to the knees of our horses.

Dec. 9. Turbat.—Provisions and wood for fuel were never obtained here by money, but by force. At night I had a long conversation with Dr. Macneill, in the presence of Mirza Baba, a Persian doctor, of good disposition, who had been educated in London. Dr. Macneill, after putting various questions to me regarding the countries where I had been, inquired whether I liked travelling, or preferred stopping in my native place. I replied, "People who have slept on the bare and pebbly ground, in a journey, dislike the soft beds of their home; those who have tasted

dry bread in travelling, hate the milk pudding of the country. The human breast, which is touched by sensibility, ardently embraces the good company of travellers, and shuns domestic society." These answers were pleasing to him.

The future journey, which I wish to take with all my heart, lies through Kashmir, from whence I will bend my course towards Tibat, Ladak, Kashghar, Badakhshan, and from thence to Khiva. From Khiva I desire to shape my route to Astrakan or Hazdar Khan, and to visit Tartary or Khutan, which is occupied by wandering tribes, or Qazaks. They are under the yoke of the Khiva government, though sometimes independent. Dr. Macneill said to me, "When you reach Badakhshan, you must use your utmost endeavours to obtain access to the presence of the ruler, who thinks himself the descendant of the great Alexander. Beg him to let you have a sight of the book he has, and copy a few words out of it." The letters of the book (Dr. Macneill imagines) are of ancient Greek, and contain something about the dynasty already mentioned, which our Government is very anxious to find out.

Dec. 10.—Previous to Abbas Mirza's entry into Turbat, Mohammed Khan Qari, the independent chief of that place, stored the fort of Sangan, in which his wealth was deposited, with provisions. Upon his submitting to the Persian government, he was taken into the favour of the prince. When

Abbas Mirza wished to gain possession of Sangan, Mohammed Khan refused, and was therefore placed in confinement: in the meantime he found means to continue a correspondence with Prince Kamran, of Herat, instigating him to fight against his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza. Mohammed Khan, however, was treated with great consideration. The prince remitted to all the subdued villagers their rents for two years.

Dec. 11 *to* 16.—His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza formed his army into two divisions. The first, headed by Captain Shee, was ordered to march towards Tabrez, and the second to be always with his royal highness.

Turbat means 'grave.' It is said that Hazrat Ali once resided in Turbat, and that he has left a mark of his holy feet upon a stone, which is adored by his followers. It is alleged also, that the corpse of an Uzbeg, named Haidar, reposes here, from whence the place takes its name of "Turbat Haidari."

Mohammed Khan Qari, the independent chief of Turbat, invaded Mashad and Herat. He was a man of a cruel disposition, and a slave-dealer. He was a friend of the Turkmans, and a foe of his own people, whom he sold to the former for horses or money. He was now, however, reduced to the utmost distress; he was sent to Mashad as a prisoner.

Abbas Mirza desired us to declare to Shah Kam-

ran, of Herat, what were his designs respecting his territories, which we agreed to do, at the request of Dr. Macneill, who gave me instructions in English and Persian, as Mr. Gerard could not speak Persian.

Rasul Taimuri, a good-looking man, was the head of the slave-dealers at Mohammed Khan's court; he was also guilty of acts of infanticide. Abbas Mirza asked him how many slaves he had sold in his life? "Fifty or sixty thousand," replied he; upon which his royal highness was so enraged, that he gave orders for putting him to death, and he was beheaded in the bazar, where his corpse lay under mud and snow for four or five days.

Mirza Abdul Qasim, the Qaim Moqam, as he is called, the prime minister of his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza, came to our residence, and had a long conversation with us. He is a man with small dim eyes, and is accustomed to shake his head, which makes the people believe that he is always in deep thought and meditation. He has great influence at Abbas Mirza's court, and at the same time is believed to be a magician. He does what he likes, and it is impossible to succeed in any business without giving him some present. He sleeps all day, and sits up all night; a more cunning and avaricious man never existed in Persia.

The success of Dr. Macneill's negotiation induced his royal highness to abandon his design of proceeding against Herat, and he set out for

Tabrez *viâ* Yazd, the ruler of which place, Abdul Raza Khan, came out and acknowledged obedience to Abbas Mirza, who appointed his nephew, Saif Malik Mirza, governor of Yazd. His royal highness then hurried down to Kirman, which was ruled by Hasan Ali Mirza, who resided at Mashad a few years ago. He wished to wage war with Abbas Mirza, who frustrated his design by sending friendly words, through his cunning minister, the Qaim Moqam. Hasan Ali Mirza, having trusted to the faith of Abbas Mirza, came two days' journey, received him respectfully, and conducted him to Kirman with great honour. In a few days, Abbas Mirza (or the unfaithful prince, as he is called by the conquered people) seized Hasan Ali Mirza, and sent him to Tehran, where he is now kept as a prisoner. Kirman is now recovered by Farman Farma, the governor of Shiraz, the brother of Hasan Ali Mirza, who drove out the ruler appointed by Abbas Mirza, with insult.

His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza marched to Sultan Maidan, a strong place in the possession of Raza Quli Khan Kurd. On this spot a severe battle took place, in which one of the European sergeants was shot by the Kurds. After a long siege it was taken, and reduced to ashes. Abbas Mirza then took Amirabad, a very strong fort of the Kurd chief, and marched to Qochan, the residence of the above khan. After a long siege, he took the place, which was never taken by his predecessors. Sarakhs and

Turbat were subdued very easily, and their rulers were imprisoned.

The large villages belonging to Turbat are, first, Kidkun; second, Nasar; third, Sangan; fourth, Jugazara; fifth, Khaf; sixth, Rishkhar; seventh, Agha Husain; eighth Mardiabad; ninth, Jangal; tenth, Mahalat; eleventh, Azgard; twelfth, Baizak; thirteenth, Faizabad; fourteenth, Mindi.

Stages from Tehran to Tabrez.

		Farsangs.	Miles.
1st.	Sulaima nia	6	24
2nd.	San Karabad	3	12
3rd.	Kishlah	5	20
	This was built by Mirza Shafi, the late minister of the present king, but is now gone to decay.		
4th.	Qazdin	7	28
	This is a very large town, ruled by Ali Naqi Mirza, one of the sons of the king.		
5th.	Siah dahan, a large village	5	20
6th.	Abhar, full of gardens, watered by the river named Abharchah	7	28
7th.	Sultania, which has a beautiful building constructed by Fatah Ali Shah, who passes the summer in that place ..	7	28
8th.	Yunjan, a small town ruled by Fatah Ullah Mirza	5	20
9th.	Armaghan, not frequented in summer by the upper road	6	24
10th.	Agkan	7	28
11th.	Sarcham	7	28
12th.	Miana, a large stream flows by this place	7	28
13th.	Turkmanchah	5	20

		Farsangs.	Miles.
14th.	Tikmadash	5	20
15th.	Saidabad	7	28
16th.	Tabrez	5	20

This city was taken by the Russians, and restored afterwards for a sum of money. Tiflis, which was lately ruled by the Persians, is now under the Russian yoke.

Stages from Tehran to Isfahan.

		Farsangs.	Miles.
1st.	Karana	5	20
2nd.	Hauz Sultan; it was built by an old king. There are no wells here; the cisterns are filled with water in winter, which serves the people in summer ..	6	24
3rd.	Pul Dallak: this bridge, with a caravansarae, was built by a barber	6	24
4th.	Quum, a town famous for having a holy tomb, in which the body of the sister of Imam Raza reposes	3	12
5th.	Sorabat	7	28
6th.	Nasrabad	5	20
7th.	Kashan, a town famous for silk ..	3	12
8th.	Koh rod	6	24
9th.	So	7	28
10th.	Morcha Khan	7	28
11th.	Isfahan	9	36

Road from Mashad to Tehran.

1st. Sharifabad.

2nd. Qadam Gah, famous for the mark of Imam Raza's feet on the face of a stone. A fine building is erected on the very spot, inducing travellers to praise the founder, Abbas Shah.

3rd. Nishapur, a very pleasant town in Khorasan, encircled by the snowy hills.

4th. Husainabad.
5th. Zafrani, has a large and ruined caravansarae.
6th. Sabzavar.
7th. Mipan.
8th. Maziman.
9th. Abbasabad.
10th. Mayamai.
11th. Shah rod.
12th. Dehah Mullah.
13th. Damghan, an ancient ruined place.
14th. Daulatabad.
15th. Ahvan.
16th. Simnan.
17th. Lasgind.
18th. Aradan.
19th. Alvanpaif.
20th. Kabud Gumbaz.
21st. Tehran.

Dec. 17, 18. Turbat.—His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza set out for the holy city of Mashad, and we learnt with grief that Captain Shee was taken ill on his road to the camp. Dr. Macneill went and brought him to Turbat, where Dr. Gerard bled him and gave him medicine, on which he recovered.

Dec. 19 *to* 21.—It rained, and the streets were so dirty, that the mud reached the bellies of the animals, and under the mud were very deep holes, into which sometimes men and horses tumbled. There are not so many inhabitants in Turbat as Mr. Fraser states, in his History of Persia. He says

there are 40,000; but they do not amount to more than 5,000.

Mohammed Khan, the ruler of the place, had an extraordinary trait of character. If any person, either plaintiff or defendant, wished to gain a judgment in his favour, he was obliged, first, to speak against his own interest; and Mohammed Khan, according to his usual habit, decided the case contrary to the petition, which he thought a hardship upon the applicant; whereas, in reality, it was the very object he desired.

Dec. 22.—We left Turbat on our route to Herat, accompanied by an escort of the prince. We crossed many brooks, the country being covered with snow. We stopped at Sangan, twenty miles, which is a strong fort under the Qari government. There were three walls, one within the other; the ditch was very deep, though narrow; but the prince had left this place without a garrison. The inhabitants of Sangan are 2,000; it produces 15,000 kharwars of corn. Jafrabad is a very beautiful village, near Sangan, in the possession of Mohammed Khan's mother, who is called Navab. She has built a fine bath, which is extolled by every person of the country.

Dec. 23.—A journey of twelve miles brought us to Rashkhar, founded by Amin Khan Beg, the uncle of Mohammed Khan, the elder brother of Ahmad Khan, who was lately the ruler of the place. Here are 1,500 souls, many of whom have just been

freed from slavery, since the Turkmans of Sarakhs have been reduced to bondage by his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza. The villagers were young when they were taken as slaves, and, consequently, could hardly recognize their parents.

The Turkmans who came to attack this part of the country made an alliance with the people of Nasrabad, who supplied their horses with grass and barley. Rashkhar is the capital of six forts, towards the north: at the base of Darrez are situated the villages called Fatahabad, Barakoh, South Haidrabad, Shamshabad, Apsabad, West Mehdiabad, famous for fine rice, and East Jalalabad, celebrated for raisins. The revenue raised from Rashkhar is 600 kharvars of wheat.

Dec. 24.—We came to Nasrabad, a distance of twenty-three miles from our last ground, in a north-east direction. We cast our eyes upon the high snowy mountain called Garma, which has been honoured by foreign people on account of Hazrat Ali's miracle. It is said, that one day, as he was passing this hill, he dismounted from his horse, and buried his spear in the base of the hill, where is a fountain of hot water near another small one, which springs from the foot-mark of Hazrat Ali.

Fear of the Alamans had lately caused pilgrims not to visit that holy place; but at this time the road is very safe.

In view from the road, under the above hill, stands a village called Sadatabad, the inhabitants of which

were all recently made slaves by the Alamans. Our road to the village of Mehdiabad, the limit of Turbat Haidari, was muddy and wearisome. We entered now into the Khaf country, which is ruled by Nasrullah Khan Taimuri, the son of the late Qalich Khan. This town, previous to Abbas Mirza's coming into Khorasan, was a particular resort of Turkmans, who attacked this country, and were fed by the ruler. The fort was erected by Mohammed, the cook of Qalich Khan, and is the capital of thirteen villages. Towards the east are Saidi and Salami, Murghab, Ham Salman; to the west is Padak; on the south are Faizabad, Abbasabad, Farahabad; and on the north, Segavan, Sharuk, Mazran, Khairabad. These places produce 2,000 kharvars of corn annually.

Dec. 25.—We reached Khaf, or Rui, twenty-eight miles, which is the residence of the Taimuri chiefs. The country is very luxuriant; beautiful gardens, bordered by najo, or fir-trees, form a romantic scenery. The windmills were new to me, but their clumsy and rude machinery, as I was told by Mr. Gerard, is not to be compared with that of European mills.

Dec. 26.—We renewed our course in the morning, and commenced ascending the Bakhars hills, situated on the left of the road, and afterwards descended to the valley. When we got out of them, we crossed two or three frozen canals, and reached a ruined caravansarae, which was lately the

shelter of the Turkmans. The left part of the place is overlooked by a lofty, magnificent, and old menar, which is called the dahan, or mouth of Karat. The door of the ruined sarae is decorated with a marble slate, covered with inscriptions in the Arabic character. The sun set as we were yet travelling over the snow. From a distance we saw something blackish and steep, to which we advanced, step by step. It was a village named Fareznah. The gates were locked, and the natives ascended the walls, and said they would not allow us to enter, as they suspected us to be Alamans. We were quite cold and fatigued; I instantly climbed the wall, and entering the village, opened the gate. Our Persian companion whipped the villagers as much as he could; their shrieks were, "*Ya Allah!*" 'O God!'

Dec. 27.—We journeyed from four o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, through an extensive and tedious plain, where we did not meet a single man. Before we entered the mouth of the Ghuryan valley, we passed by a frozen well and ruined caravansarae, of which no trace remains but a few stones. On our descent into the Ghuryan plain, we were surprised by the night, which was dark, and caused us to lose the road. We crossed many frozen and icy brooks and fields, in which our horses waded to the belly. After great difficulty, we reached Ghuryan, fifty-six miles, and stopped at the house of Mullah Qasim, the head man, or katkhuda, of Kunjan, one of the streets of Ghuryan.

Our baggage and servants were behind, and we passed the night near a beautiful fire, making the bare ground our bed.

Dec. 28.—We continued our stay in Ghuryan, where we saw many ruined buildings scattered over the face of the country. The cultivation was among ditches and ruined places. The Vazir of Herat has built a very strong fort, surrounded by two deep ditches and high walls. There are four streets in Ghuryan; Kunjan, Qaisu, Taghdan, and Sarasiya.

Dec. 29.—We proceeded to Prushing Zindjan, a village, twelve miles, on the bank of the Herat river. The road was barren. The head men of the village welcomed us very respectfully. There was a marriage in the family of an Afghan; men and women were on horseback, and others who attended the nuptials on foot were laughing and making a noise; the like of which I never saw in an Indian wedding.

Dec. 30.—Having crossed the river of Herat, near Shikeban, we arrived after evening in Herat, where we were welcomed by the Vazir's family, who entertained us with a delicious dinner in a very clean house. Din Mohammed Khan Sardar was our host, and he appointed a cook with six other men to serve us.

Dec. 31. Herat.—In the morning, Sardar Din Mohammed Khan, accompanied by other chiefs, came to see us, and treated us with the utmost cordiality. They all breakfasted with us, and said

they were as happy to see us as they had been upon the visit of his late majesty Taimur Shah.

Jan 1 *to* 10, 1833.—It rained and snowed; the Sardar sent for singers into our room, and kept us amused for five hours.

We were summoned by the king inside of the arg, where we paid him a visit, in a very narrow and dirty room, where he was sitting on a rotten carpet. He had a large quantity of wood, with an iron plate full of fire, before him. He was drunk or stupified with opium and bhang. Three miserable candles were burning on each side. He was in such a senseless condition, that I could hardly understand his half-broken and lazy conversation, the substance of which was, that we were welcome to his country, and that he was much pleased to see us.

Sardar Din Mohammed Khan asked us to accompany him on a hunting excursion, but we civilly declined, excusing ourselves on account of the quantity of snow that had fallen; but in truth Mr. Gerard had something to write. In the evening, Sardar Din Mohammed Khan sent for me, and talked with me very kindly. He told me to examine a youth, twenty years of age, who had represented himself as an English scholar. The youth, whose name was Sarkhush, was found to be a liar and deceiver, from the very first question put to him. He possessed a fund of Persian knowledge, and was the author of some poetry. He has

several very singular habits; for instance, whenever he talks, he puts his little finger sometimes on his lips, and sometimes on his chin. When he speaks, he raises and again lowers the eyelids of his beautiful dark eyes; after that, he closes them suddenly. He asked me to take him to India, and recommend him to some gentleman for a good situation. I answered him, "If you are a good Persian writer, you will get a good situation; otherwise, all these your effeminate actions, instead of gaining the favour of gentlemen, will cause them to dislike you."

At noon, the king sent his master of ceremonies to us, with an escort, to shew us Musallah, a very ancient place. It rained, and the haze prevented our seeing the edifice. We returned through the road of Khayaban, where I visited some high firs, planted in a straight line, making an avenue of nearly a mile. This avenue is purposely made for races.

Jan. 11 *to* 21.—The sun shone, and the melting of the snow made the streets and houses very dirty.

In the cold morning, when the thermometer was 9 degrees, the king sent for us into a private room, and ordered that no other person should enter, except the Attar Bashi, his favourite secretary, who attended to the qalian all the time, and also was his counsellor. The king told Mr. Gerard to sit next to him, on his right hand, by the fire, and

me to sit before him. He spoke upon various subjects, and always appeared very anxious to be friendly with the British Government. The purport of his discourse was this; that he would be much pleased to be a friend to Englishmen, and even to acknowledge obedience to them, rather than to the Persians, who are friends of the Russians.

I climbed the roof of the magnificent building in Mahmud Shah's garden. The scenery was beautiful, and the country seemed to rival Kashmir, which is styled in Persia a second paradise. Mr. Gerard was taken ill, and the king's chiefs all came to inquire after his health.

Jan. 22 *to* 31.—I set out through the gate of Qutab Chaq, and bent my course towards the right. Having passed under an arch made of bricks, I came to a village called Baitulaman, which led me through a gay and rosy meadow, the property of Prince Malik Qasim, the son of Haji Firoz. I entered the gate, and was quite delighted with the garden. There were four cisterns finely decorated, and trees of all sorts of delicious fruits. The length of the garden, which I measured, was 450 paces, and its breadth 160.

The rain has greatly injured the buildings in Herat, and the people say that so much water had not fallen for the last hundred years.

Feb. 1 *to* 3.—I had the honour to pay a visit to the king, who graciously allowed me to see him in

the bath, which was ornamented with fine marble. He asked me how Mr. Gerard was; I civilly replied that he was better. He sat on red velvet, and told me to sit also. There was a bottle of rose-water put before him. He said, "If Mr. Gerard or the Hakim Sahib sends you to Mashad, you will gratify and please me by speaking to his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza in praise of the strength of Herat." I answered, "My object in going to Mashad is to get money and medicine for Mr. Gerard, and to deliver to Abbas Mirza the Shah's answer to the proposal of Dr. Macneill." He said, he hoped I should speak with the prince upon such topics as might break his resolution of coming to Herat: and as I belonged to the English Government, with which he anxiously desired to be friendly, and even to give up to them his country, rather than to Abbas Mirza, he hoped that I would not say any thing against his country to Prince Abbas Mirza. "I am his Majesty's faithful well-wisher, and heartily wish to speak in his favour, as much as I can," was my answer. He half smiled, and swore by the abode of his father's soul in paradise, and upon the Koran, that he was a friend to the British Government, in favour of which, he said, if it would send me with an order to him, he would heartily abdicate his throne, and deliver his country into my hands. He gave me a shawl from his head, along with a bag of money, for the expenses of my journey to Mashad. In the afternoon he sent me two

horses by his secretary, which, with his other presents, I accepted, by Mr. Gerard's advice.

Feb. 4.—I bent my course towards Mashad, having received answers from Shah Kamran, and directions from Mr. Gerard to borrow some money, and bring medicines for him. Our bags of cash were getting very light. I was the bearer of numerous Persian and English letters for noblemen at Mashad.

On our right hand was the hill called Mullah Khojah, from a person so named, whose body rests on the top, and is worshipped by his followers. The other side of the hill extends over a vast plain, named Sanjan, covered with wood and water; it meets the hills called Band Ardava, near which is the extensive country of Badghis, unrivalled for the fertility of its soil. I followed the lower road, which obliged me to cross a deep and very rapid stream called Karbar. Before sunset I got into a small village named Kushk, twelve miles, or three farsakhs, from Herat. There were twenty ruined houses, only three of which were inhabited by four poor and miserable families. The farmers were busy in sowing wheat and barley.

The annual productions of Kushk are one hundred and fifty kharvars of wheat; of barley, fifty; of cotton, eight; of melons, nine kharvars. In the vicinity of the village is a very large pond, which was full of water-fowl. Opposite to the entrance there are ruins of a handsome building.

Feb. 5.—A march of thirty-two miles brought us

to Ghuryan, where I was hospitably entertained. The Sardar shewed by his conduct that he secretly suspected I might tell Abbas Mirza something against Herat, but offered to give me a very strong guard as far as Mashad.

I travelled for eight miles on a very dirty road, which is commanded on the right hand by Shahar and Ikhails, and on the left by Pozah Kaftar Khan. We crossed numerous brooks; one of them, called Mimiyak, is bridged, and has beautiful stones glittering like crystal in the water.

We forded the river of Herat, near Shahdah, a small village near Zindjan. It reached the bellies of our horses.

Feb. 6, 7.—I continued in Ghuryan, in consequence of the Sardar's saying that he had got orders from the Shah not to let me go to Mashad. I said, "I am not an agent either of Abbas Mirza or the Shah; my travelling at present is caused by our having no money, which I wish to bring from Mashad, and also to forward the despatches from Mr. Gerard to Dr. Macneill, respecting his proposals to the Shah from the Persian government. If the Shah has written to you to prevent me from going, why did he give me himself leave at Herat, with favour and presents? I will not believe you, till I myself get orders from the king to return back to Herat." On this I wrote to the Shah, saying that if he had changed his mind, I hoped he would kindly inform me, that I might immediately return back to

Herat. The letter was despatched at night by my horseman.

Feb. 8, 9.—I passed very melancholy days in Ghuryan, thinking upon various subjects: sometimes about the solitude of Mr. Gerard, and sometimes concerning my dangerous situation.

Feb. 10, 11. Ghuryan.—The Shah sent orders to the Sardar to send me safely to Mashad as soon as he received the raqam (or order). On this the Sardar was much ashamed: he made many apologies, and asked my pardon for his treatment of me. The Sardar is an ambitious, talkative creature, and fond of wine, which has given him a bad name through the country. The name of the Sardar is Sher Mohammed Khan; he is hakim or governor of Ghuryan, which he has peopled by using great exertions to colonize it with foreigners. He has four cannon, one of which is very large.

Two days before my arrival, four grooms, having mounted valuable horses, set off, and ran away to Mashad, hoping for better fortune than they had in Ghuryan. The Sardar, being informed of this misfortune, immediately ordered their families to be sold in the Hazara country. The poor creatures, sufferers for their sons' faults, were lamenting with loud cries, imploring the mercy of the Musalmans. I told the Sardar that the punishment exceeded the crime; on which he calmly told me, that he knew it very well; but that the frequent occurrence of such events, and the confusion in Khorasan, obliged

him often to act so, and if he was unjust, "*Vallah*" (or 'by God'), he should be himself sold some day.

Feb. 12.—I gladly took leave of Ghuryan at sunrise, accompanied by the Sardar's men. I passed on the road by the villages of Istaram and Gaza, which are one farsakh, or four miles, from Ghuryan or Shaharband. In my front were the snowy mountains of Qaitul, which rise on the other side of the Herat river. I crossed two small streams, which join the above river and fall into the Oxus; my road was through an extensive plain, covered with reeds and high grass. The horses of different places are brought to this field to feed, and it is said that the grass is never consumed. It is called the Chaman of Shahalah.

On my crossing the river on a ruined bridge, I came to a rabat, or destroyed sarae, occupied by some soldiers. The bridge is called the Tirpul. Tirat, a Hindu, in the time of Shah Abbas, filled these countries with saraes. Abbas heard of his benevolent acts, and urged him to receive the money which he had expended in building the bridge. The Hindu refused, and said, "My money is the produce of labour, and yours of tyranny." Abbas Shah was enraged, upon which the Hindu replied, that he would submit to the command of the king, but begged, first, to visit the bridge in company with his Majesty. His request was complied with. The Hindu and Shah Abbas came to the bridge, and stopped for a long time. The former

told the Shah that he was not a dealer in those things which would give eternal happiness in the time to come, and then threw himself into the river. This Hindu constructed a rabat near the bridge, which makes travellers, even Mohammedans, bless his soul. It is situated on the right bank of the river.

I reached Kosan about sunset, a distance of twenty miles from the last ground. It is a very large and ancient village, but a great part of it is uninhabited. It was three times destroyed by the Turkmans or Alamans of Sarakhs, but a year ago it was repeopled by Vazir Yar Mohammed Khan.

Shah Ghasi Isa Khan, who is appointed by the vazir commander of the fort, came to me in the morning, and spoke in a civil manner. He is an ugly, fat, dark, and dirty Afghan. His son, a handsome man, said that his father and he would be much obliged to me, if I (as a native of Kashmir, and also in the service of the Farangi) would cast a magic spell upon Abbas Mirza, to induce him to release their vazir immediately. I told him that I was not a magician, upon which his foolish father said to me, "Hold your tongue, for God's sake;" because he knew well that the Englishmen had got riches and possessions by magic, and not by power. I could not help laughing. He said, my laughing convinced him that I thought him a fool. I replied, "No doubt of it." He repeated his application. "Laugh, laugh as much as you can," said he, "but do something to release the vazir," for which he

offered to present me with a horse. "Keep your horse for yourself," I replied, "and excuse me from such a foolish business."

Feb. 13.—I started at sunrise. The river was not fordable, and I came back to the bridge, whence I followed the left bank of the river. I met several men and women, who were starving, and going to another country. They were inhabitants of Jam, Mahmudabad, and Bakhars. For two years their native places had been visited by dearth, which compelled them to leave their homes. I gave many people bread, who were unable to walk, and were lying down senseless on the road.

I left the straight road of Kafar Qilah, where, I was told, runs a deep river. The man who gave me intelligence of the route said, at the same time, that he had seen three women dead near that water, through hunger.

I halted near Darband, which is called Band Karat, and lies eight miles west of Kafar Qilah. The Turkmans of Sarakhs and other parts go this route to attack Qayan and Khaf.

Feb. 14.—I marched about four o'clock in the morning, and leaving Kafar Qilah on my right hand, I reached Qilah Hindu, where my servants made a fire, at which I warmed my frozen feet and body. A Hindu merchant had built this fort, upon the door of which he wrote the following:—

"Oh, travellers, I conjure you, by Almighty God, and by the souls of your parents, whenever you pass

by this place, come and eat of my bread, and give my barley to your horses; as God has given me riches only to feed travellers, and not to bury them in the ground."

This Hindu, who was very liberal, was killed by the Turkmans, who thought that they would thereby become masters of his property, which they, however, could not find. I passed many villages on the road, namely, Kahrez, Abbasabad, and other places, in which was not a single inhabitant; they had almost all been destroyed. I arrived in Turbat Shaikh Jam, forty-six miles distant, after sunset. The northern hills of Jam, which jut into the river of Herat, contain a gold-mine, which I heard was worked in Nadir Shah's time. The country of Jam is exceedingly fertile, and has many fine green plains. Nadir Shah wrote a few couplets in praise of his dominions to the Sultan of Constantinople; one of them is the following:

"Three countries of mine are equal to your whole territories, namely, Tehran, Nishapur, and Jam."

Jam is the name of a holy man, to whom a tomb was erected by his votaries.

Feb. 15.—We shaped our course towards Mahmudabad, a very strong fort. The road was covered with snow. The rain, accompanied with a sharp wind, did not let us see any thing of the country. Above the foggy horizon, I saw only a few fine forts, the people of which were all taken by the Alamans of Hazara, who are worse than the Turk-

mans. The ruler of Mahmudabad is a good-natured man; he came out of the fort to receive me, and entertained me very hospitably.

Feb. 16.—Having left Mahmudabad at three o'clock in the morning, we reached Sangbast, fifty-six miles distant, at seven at night. We met on the road many ruined villages, and reached Hadira, a walled place, where some shepherds lived, and so many camels had died from the cold, that I mistook their bones for fuel; they were frozen hard. It was a cold night, and I ordered my servant to buy a rupee's worth of this fuel, and make a fire to warm me!

Feb. 17.—At noon I arrived in Mashad, twenty-four miles distant, where the Russian guards stopped our baggage, but released it when they heard that I was in the service of the English government. The people who had known me before were delighted to see me again, and I put up in my old place, the master of which, Rajab Ali, had gone to Herat for me. At night I received a note from Mirza Baba,* by which I learnt he desired to see me.

Feb. 18. Mashad.—Mr. Borowski, hearing of my arrival, sent for me by a note, and took all the letters which I had in my hand. That of Mr. Gerard to Prince Abbas Mirza he took immediately, saying to me, "Come along, I will take you to the prince." We reached the palace, where Mr. Borowski went

* He knew English, having studied medicine in England: he was in favour of the Persian government, and a friend of our ambassador.

first, and delivered the letter himself. The prince was busy, and could not see me that day.

Feb. 19.—The Vazir Yar Mohammed Khan of Herat sent me a message, requesting that I would oblige him by paying him a visit, for which he was very anxious. I went to him, and delivered him the letter of the Shah, his master, with many others. He talked a long time, and left me very civilly. I had also the pleasure of seeing Mirza Baba, who treated me in a most friendly manner.

Feb. 20 *to* 27.—The Id, which is the last day of the fast-month, happened to be a very cold day. His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza sent for me by Mr. Borowski, to visit his court, where men of all ranks stood respectfully to congratulate him on the day. When I entered the door, which was forty paces from his seat, and bowed to his royal highness, he called me, saying, "Come, Indian Mirza, a little nearer." I stopped in three places, and made him bows, till I reached the rails, where he sat in a princely dress. He said, "O Mirza, *Khush Amdi*," or, 'You are welcome,' and asked me whether I was a Sunni or Shia, and what was my name. "I am the friend of Panjtan, or five persons," was my reply. Abbas Mirza was highly glad to hear this. He was pleased very much with my conversation, when I explained to him the sketch of the battle of Waterloo, which he put before me, and inquired the name of every thing, by putting his finger on the places. Trenches like this, he said, his officers made

in the battle of Qochan, and he blew up the place immediately. His vazirs, with other persons of dignity, stood outside on his right hand, making a line of thirty paces. Opposite to them was the musical band, half of them Russians, who were all under the age of sixteen. One of them was playing on the flute, and gaining the admiration of his royal highness, who said to me, "O Mirza, do you see what penetrating eyes (or *Shukh Chashm*) these half-Russians have?" It was a very grand court indeed, where people of every rank stood respectfully; they were astonished to see the prince speaking with me so kindly. He asked me many questions about Turkistan, and said, "See what a great business I have done." He had quelled, he said, the disturbances in Khorasan, and released the slaves, for which he hoped the English government would praise him much. "O Mirza, you see," he said to me, "the road, where 4,000 armed men dared not march, has been now made so safe, that a woman may travel by herself without any danger whatever." He added, that he was the only person who had conquered the Turkmans of Sarakhs since Nadir Shah's time. I said, "You have done a great deal, indeed, for the present, but on your return to Persia, the Turkmans will invade Khorasan, which, I think, will never be quiet until the Europeans are masters of it." His royal highness, with elevated brows, gazed at me, and said, "O Mirza, I do not understand why the European rule is better than mine." I replied, "Because you

have given up all your power into one man's hand, who does what he likes." The prince smiled, turned to his vazir, who stood aside, and said to him, "Do you hear how agreeable the conversation of the Kashmerians is, especially those who are educated in the English language?" Omitting further observations, he said he wished to hear from me what answers Prince Kamran, of Herat, gave to his questions, which he told Dr. Macneill to write in English, and to send to Herat by us. Notwithstanding I explained the written paper myself to Kamran, and had heard his answers, yet I thought it expedient and proper merely to state to his royal highness, that a despatch upon the subject had been forwarded by me to Major Campbell, the English envoy at Tehran, who, I hoped, would inform him very soon respecting the matter.

After asking about Ranjit Singh's politics and power (the description of which will be found in my Memoir, written by Mr. C. E. Trevelyan, deputy secretary to Government), he honoured me with the order of the Lion and Sun, which Dr. Macneill had advised him to give me, on my return with the answer of Shah Kamran; it was sent to me through Mirza Baba, who treated me in a friendly manner while I was in Mashad. His royal highness wished me to take money, for the expenses of Mr. Gerard, from his treasury, which I declined. He gave me an escort and passport on the road, and recommended me to go through the Khaf

country, where, he said, there was not the least danger.

He is a good-looking prince. His face, which is not very fair, shews that he is a very mild-hearted man. He praises much his own merits, which becomes not the descendant of a royal family. He likes foreigners, but prefers Russian officers to the English. He is very avaricious, and daily expects to succeed his father, and to be the possessor of his jewels.

Feb. 28.—I left Mashad in the morning, and travelled over a snowy road. Our horses were often startled by the dead camels which lay in heaps on the path. I reached Sharifabad, having travelled twenty-four miles, and met Dr. Macneill's chapar, by whom I informed that gentleman of my return from Mashad, and the favour of the prince.

March 1.—I quitted Sharifabad in the morning, journeying through the snow, stirrup deep. Having passed by Kafar Qilah and Rabat Kami, I reached Fakhrabad, a distance of forty miles. It was dark, and we had great difficulty to find the village, which I reached after a long search. The gate was locked inside, and the villagers did not attend to us. My servant climbed the wall, broke the lock, and opened the door. The head-man came, and gave me a dirty house to lodge in for the night. On this my servant got angry, and whipped some person in the village, which excited men, women, and children to come out of their houses. They made a

horrible noise, and took revenge on the servant by sticks, stones, and kicks. They were not afraid of me, because they supposed me to belong to the Herat Government. I went to bed hungry, and my horses were without corn.

March 2.—I reached Turbat in the evening, twenty-four miles distant, having travelled over a deep bed of snow. When I came to an uninhabited caravansarae, two farsangs on this side of Turbat, I found a high pass, covered with an immense quantity of snow, which prevented my crossing. The chief of Turbat, having heard of my arrival, sent a camel, loaded with namads, or carpets, which were spread over the snowy path. We journeyed over the namads very slowly with our horses; however, one of them sunk in the snow, and suffered a great deal from cold.

March 3 *to* 5. Turbat.- -I was very civilly received by Sardar Sohrab Khan, a very good man. He is mild and open-hearted; he behaved to me not like a stranger, but like a friend. He did not allow me to live in a separate room, but in his own, where he spread a velvet bed for me. His son was married to the daughter of his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza; and he is the commander of the chief army, and has gained honour in every field. He is accustomed to drink every day two glasses of spirits, mixed with sugar, tea, and the juice of a large lemon.

March 6.—I left Turbat, and came to Sangan, a

distance of twenty-four miles, where I was treated with cordiality. The passport of the prince was my provider in every place. There was not much cold, the climate being already much milder. I crossed a very deep and rapid stream, which runs towards the west, and makes the country fertile.

March 7.—It was raining, accompanied with a little snow, when I shaped my route to Rash Khar, twelve miles distant. The houses in the village had suffered a great deal from the rain, and the inhabitants provided a lodging with difficulty for me. The katkhuda entertained me with delicious dry fruits, and said, he should be very happy if I would stop with him another day, but I refused.

March 8.—We came to Nasrabad, twelve miles distant, and were welcomed by Mohsin Khan, the best person of the Taimuri tribe. When the Afghans of Herat were masters of Khaf, they often wished to take this fort, which is not very strong; but the bravery of Mohsin Khan obliged them to return disappointed. He entertained me very respectfully, and asked pardon for any unintentional neglect. He is a frugal, popular, and pious individual; and has never been under the yoke either of Afghans or Qari, who are his most powerful neighbours.

March 9.—I arrived in Rui, having travelled twenty-eight miles, and met with great respect and favour. Nasrullah Khan sent his man to tell me, that he was very sorry not to be able to furnish me with horsemen, as they were then absent, but that

he would be quite happy to give me as many footmen as I might wish. He fed my servants and horses hospitably.

March 10.—I continued in Rui, waiting the arrival of my servants, who had stayed behind in Turbat, with Sohrab Khan, to punish the people of Fakhrabad, on account of their ill-behaviour towards us. At noon, Nasrullah Khan sent his brother to me, with a request for permission to come and see me, or to favour him with a visit. In short, I went to his house, which had been a very fine building in former days. The doors had been broken open by Afghans, and he shewed me all that he had suffered by those intruders. He is ugly, and his conversation was wandering and flighty. He gave a chugha to my servant, and I sent him two English knives in return, for which he gave me many thanks, thinking them very curious.

March 11.—I bent my route to Farezna, twenty-four miles distant, in charge of a few hungry old men of Nasrullah Khan. I was ahead, and met a family coming from Ghuryan to Khaf. They thought I was a robber: some of them concealed themselves in a cave, and others levelled their guns at me. I left the straight road, and reached the gunners by a secret way. When they saw me, they were surprised to find that I was not an Alaman. They cautioned me to take care in this march, which they said was full of Hazara families, who rob travellers.

I dined in a ruined sarae near Karat, and set out

about ten o'clock at night. We lost the straight road in the dark, and fell among unknown villages. We were obliged to sleep on the road, waiting the dawn of day.

March 12.—I arrived at Ghuryan, having travelled fifty-six miles after sunset. I had great difficulty in finding the village, where I intended to stop. My baggage and servants were behind, and I offered a rupee to a huntsman to shew me the house of Mallah Qasim Katkhuda, which I reached after a great search, and passed the night in a sound sleep.

March 13.—I continued in Ghuryan, as my horses were tired, and sent a letter to Mr. Gerard in Herat, telling him of my coming.

Fatah Khan, a youth of twenty, and of a beautiful shape, sent his man to me with a message, that he would be happy to see me, and talk with me, if I stopped with him a day. He had been lately appointed the commander of the fort. He was a great friend to me all the time I was with him.

March 14.—I came to Zind Jan, twelve miles, through a very sharp rain. Rasul Khan, who was my host, dried my clothes, and provided me with all I wanted. He was very attentive, and strove cordially to serve me.

March 15.—We moved in the morning, but could not cross the river near Shi Keban. The bridge, called Pul Malan, had been swept away by the current of the river, and we were obliged to

return to Tirpul, near Kosan; but fortunately for us, a shepherd, whom I offered a rupee, became our guide through the river, and we forded the stream safely. We halted in Rabat Kishmi, having travelled thirteen miles, and passed the night in a very muddy place. The villagers, who believed that I was a Persian, anxiously asked me when Agha or Naib Saltanat would come to take Herat, and release them from the oppressive yoke of the Afghans.

March 16.—I re-entered into the city of Herat, where every one, and even the king, was anxiously expecting me, to learn the news of Mashad. I had travelled through a very fertile country indeed, which on the north was surrounded by the stream of Karbar, and on the south by the river of Herat. My eyes, after dwelling so long on the barren and snowy tracts of Khorasan, were refreshed by the sight of such a green country.

March 17. Herat.—Sher Mohammed Khan, minister, sent us a note, saying that he would be happy to see us in his house or ours. We went, and saw him sitting alone in a tent, when I told him that there were great preparations making in Mashad to come to Herat. He fell first into deep thought: he was sure, he said, that the English Government would prevent the Persians from invading Herat; but it was a great shame for the Afghans to apply to them on such a business.

March 18.—At night we were sent for by the

king into a small room adjoining a tent. He told us to sit, and under the influence and advice of his minister, spoke a great deal of his own foolish designs of fighting with Abbas Mirza. He was stupified with opium and bhang, and could hardly speak. All his conversation this night was full of war, and his dispute with the Persians. He said that he was very sick, and vomited often in the course of an hour. He asked his favourite secretary, Attar Bashi, to bring something for him to eat, as he felt very hungry.

March 19.—The rain levelled many buildings to the ground, and fever destroyed many people. The master of the ceremonies presented us with a fine dinner, and sat and spoke a long time with us. He is in possession of some little money, which has excited a jealousy among his people. He became a great friend of mine, and often sent for me to accompany him in his hours of pleasure.

March 20 *to* 22.—We saw Sardar Din Mohammed sitting in a tent, where we felt great warmth. He asked Mr. Gerard to write to his Royal Highness Abbas Mirza, and settle the affair of Herat, for which he would be bound to the British service, and never forget our obligation. Mr. Gerard, on account of Dr. Macneill's writing, agreed to write to Mashad about the business another time.

March 23 *to* 31.—We had a visit from a celebrated man named Sher Mohammed Khan Beglar Begi, the head-man of the Hazara tribe. He was

hunting in the hills with a hawk in his hand. When he saw us going towards his tent, he descended, and came a little distance to receive us. His speech with us was full of consideration and respect, but his appearance evinced cunning. He told me that he was afraid of my Persian cap, which put him in mind of his enemy Abbas Mirza. I replied, "O Sir, if you fear the cap, I am grieved to think how much the master of the cap may frighten you;" meaning the Persians. He laughed, and remarked to his companion, a respectable Hazara, what a fine answer mine was. His daily expenses are not paid in money, but by the sale of slaves. He praised the British Government a long time, for their sagacity and care, and for their good behaviour to foreigners, such as Shah Shuja.

On our return we passed through the Bagh-i-Shah, where we saw a great number of women with white veils, which had a very fine appearance among the green fields. The men galloped their horses, and made a great noise, which alarmed the women terribly.

April 1 *to* 17.—Shahzadah Kohandil, the son of Taimur Shah, expired of plague, but some say he was starved by poverty. His funeral was very poor and humble. The prince Kamran, I was told, gave nothing for his coffin.

We went to see Mir Saddiq Khan, a popular chief in Herat. He behaved very civilly to us, and presented us with some very fine large loaves of

Russian sugar. His conversation was eloquent and agreeable. On our retūrn, we visited Sher Mohammed Khan, who lay sick on his bed. His complaint was rheumatism; he was very civil to us. Said Mohammed Khan, the son of the vazir, urged me to take him to an Indian darvesh, who had lately arrived in Herat. He asked him when his father, the vazir, would come to Mashad, and many other questions; the answers, which were foolish, seemed satisfactory to my companion. He is a boy sixteen years of age, and is accustomed to compare his dress and shape with those of others. He is the most selfish and vain individual that I ever met in high families.

April 18 *to* 30.—These were very cold days; the thermometer in the morning stood 43 degrees, and at eve, 55 degrees. We were distressed for want of money. I happened in the evening to pass through the garden of Mukhtar, and met a crowd of women, old and young. As I was in a Persian dress, they surrounded me, and began to laugh; some said, what an unmerciful boy I was, and others what fine locks I had. One of them was a forward person, of middle age, who called me a faithless fop, and pointed her hand at me in a rude manner, to which I was unaccustomed.

Pir Mohammed Khan, a man of information, but double-faced, and without veracity, told me that whenever the king of Herat wants to extort money from the people, he tortures them, in the following

manner, and that he had himself once experienced the penalty.

1st. *Fanah.*—A piece of wood, a yard long, is buried half under the ground, and the other half is split into two pieces. The feet of the man, tied with rope, are put between them, and over them a small piece of wood is laid. It is struck with another piece of heavy wood, which, by pressing down, causes intense pain.

2nd. *Dam.*—A skin, or a pair of smith's bellows, is introduced into the man, and blown by another person. The wind collects in the belly of the poor man, which swells gradually, and he feels himself in danger of suffocation.

3rd. *Shikanjah.*—A thin rope is bound round the thighs of the man, each end being fastened to the middle of a long stick, which is held by two men at each point, and turned round and round. The twisting of it is very painful.

4th. *Char Mekh.*—The two hands of the man are fastened with a rope to a stick at a distance from each other, and his feet in a similar manner. After this, a nose-bag of a horse, filled with sulphur and tobacco, is held to his mouth, and lighted. The smoke is most tormenting.

May 1.—It was a clear and pleasant morning of the Id Zurban, a grand day among Mohammedans. It happens once a year, two months after Ramzan, during which they fast. We rode out of the gate of Malik, and saw the walls, roofs, and streets covered

with men and women. The king, accompanied by his sons and chiefs, rode on a beautiful horse; but when compared with the Delhi princes, he looked very poor.

The petitions of the poor and hungry gained nothing from the king, but kicks and blows from his servants. One of them was an old woman, who fancied herself lucky in receiving one rupee from the king: but the money turned out to be a copper coin. The king saw us from a distance, and returned our salams. He came back from the Idgah to his poor palace, which bore but a caricature semblance of the ancient royal court. He sat on a wooden throne, covered with brocade, having four velvet pillows on each side. He was not very magnificently dressed, and, feeling his poverty, cast his eyes down. By the throne was a common floor, on which were a few plates of sweetmeats, surrounded by the Mullahs, and behind the Mullahs were the men of rank and distinction. When they came to congratulate the king, they ran, accompanied by the I'shak Qasi, towards him, while the mace-bearers called with a loud voice, "*Durran.*" They stood there until the above officers said to them, with a trembling voice, "*Gachan;*" "*Durran,*" meaning, in Turkish, 'stand still,' and "*Gachan,*" 'go away.' The master of the ceremonies is called I'shak Qasi; the former word means 'door,' and the latter 'owner,' ('the owner of the door').

It was not a pompous court, like that of the Delhi

king, but strange to my eyes. The Mullahs began to dispute with each other, and dismissed the court in a curious manner. They fell upon the sweetmeats, and carried them off like the hungry Persian soldiers in Sarakhs. Their pockets were filled with them, and their turbans fell off in the quarrel, which was purposely done to please and amuse the king.

May 2 *to* 20.—I went to visit Sardar Sher Mohammed Khan, who presented me with sweetmeats, and said he was as angry with us as we were with him; that we were not so friendly to him as to others, for which he was extremely sorry. I told him, that those who spoke well to us we went to, and liked them better than those who presented us with money, &c. He answered, very modestly, that he was a secret friend of Englishmen, and that others openly talked in their favour without effecting any thing.

The king ordered the bellies of nine men to be torn open, on account of their selling people: one of them had sold his daughter to a Hazara, as he had no money to feed himself, and was starving with hunger. They were tied to camels, while their heads were hanging down, and dragged through the bazar, which was coloured with their blood.

We learned with grief and lamentation, from Sher Mohammed Khan, that our servant Mohammed had been taken by the Alamans. We had sent him to Mashad with a large packet of letters for the envoy at Tehran, and to the Government of India, which

Mr. Gerard took a great deal of pains to write during two months. At the same time, we were informed of his safe arrival at Mashad, and it was likely that Sher Mohammed Khan first spread this report, and perhaps he himself sold or killed Mohammed, either on his going or coming back to Herat.*

We went to see Sardar Din Mohammed Khan, who treated us civilly, and passed the time we sat with him in cutting sticks with an English knife.

May 21.—The person whom we sent with letters to Mashad, on the 15th of the current month, and expected to reach there to-day, was seized by the people of Sher Mohammed Khan, and the letters were sent back to him in Herat. He opened the letters, and proposed to several Indians to read them, who asserted their ignorance of the English language. At last he sent them to us by his man, and made plenty of excuses. He said that the letters were opened by his foolish servants, and he was very sorry that our man had been stopped. He added, that whenever we wished to send the man to Mashad, he would be glad to give him leave, and a passport for the road. We were very sorry indeed at this event. Want of necessaries pressed hard upon us. We tore up the English letters, and I wrote Persian ones instead, which might extinguish his foolish ideas. I went with the letter, and found him asleep in a garden. I was very civilly received

* He was sold as a slave in Khiva.

by the whole of the chiefs, who pass their time in idleness. Among them, Sardar Din Mohammed Khan, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Alakozai family, was standing with a few attendants on the bank of a pool, and threw the people into it with all their clothes. They came out with wet apparel, and were rubbed with earth by the Sardar's brother and men. He placed his hand on mine, and was laughing very heartily. When several of the persons had been dipped in the tank, the Sardar ceased this frolic, and told me that it was all done to make me happy.

A little while after, I saw Sher Mohammed Khan sitting under the trees, with his gaudy attire, on the dirty ground. I made him a *Salam Alaikum*, and he returned it to me with a proud voice. He had a tea-cup in his hand, which he delivered to me in token of respect. I shewed him the Persian letter which explained our distressing situation in his country: he sweated with shame.

I returned to my quarters quite annoyed and angry. As distress is often succeeded by happiness—which last in reality brings forth the former, not to injure our spirits, but to shew us its value—in the very moment of sadness, we were delighted to receive a very civil letter from the chief of Candahar, a translated copy of which I here subjoin.

"After wishing you all joy and prosperity, I have the pleasure to state, that your most delightful and obliging letter has been most cheerfully and duly received, with one from my most brave

brother, Sultan Mohammed Khan, and the contents of it fully understood. Considering the degree of friendship which exists between me and my brother, the said Sardar, I assure you that my house will always be open for your reception, and that you may consider it as your own house, and come whenever you like, without hesitation. As far as lies in my power, nothing will be wanting on my part to please you during your sojourn here.

"You mentioned about an escort of horse to be sent to Khashrod. The honourable Suhbat Khan Chapar is our agent at Herat, and as he marches with such celerity, I think he will escort you. I have sent the necessary instructions to him, and it remains only that you should come in his company. He will be in attendance on you until you arrive at Ahmdeshahi, and in case of his setting out before the arrival of my letter, or delaying in Herat, and your starting in the mean time, I hope you will let me know exactly what time you leave Herat, and when you will reach Khashrod. This information must be forwarded to me five days previously, that I may be able to send you an escort of horse; and, until I have the gratification of seeing you, pray write to me as frequently as you can."

Seal of the Chief,

(Rahmdil.)

May 22.—When the report of the Candahar letter, along with our distresses, spread through the party of the chiefs, and penetrated even to the ears of the king, he sent in the morning his private minister, Attar Bashi, who had a short but very pleasant conversation with us. He said that the king was very much pleased with us, and was a great friend of our Government. He offered us 400 ducats, which we refused to take to the last; and said, that the king was very sorry for the distress we suffered in his country. He asked us to take his letters for the

Governor-General, and at the same time, a petition to the king of Great Britain, which, he said, his lordship would kindly transmit to England.

In the evening I went to the Candahar gate, where I witnessed a novel scene: numerous women, with white dresses and veils, were spread over all the plain; they were sitting each at the head of a grave, crying and lamenting for their dead ancestors. Some of them I saw had the coquetry to cover their faces at one time, and at another to unveil, not from simplicity, but to attract the notice of the people, who anxiously surround them as bees do honey, and delight in following their steps.

May 23.—In the morning Attar Bashi, the private secretary to the king, paid us a visit, and said he was sent by his majesty to inquire after our situation, and to offer us money for our expenses, which we civilly refused.

He repeatedly resumed the same subject, though we mildly begged of him to talk upon other things. He added, that the king was an intimate friend of our Government, and he was very anxious to explain his designs and opinions to us, but the fear of his nobles had caused him not to reveal them yet.

May 24 *to* 26.—Mirza Abdul, the son of Haji Aghai Khan, Vazir of the late Haji Firoz, sent for me to eat fruit with him in his garden, which I saw had suffered from neglect. He was a man of no great fortune, and whatever he had he spent with frugality. He is aged and low-spirited, but has a civil

and obliging deportment. His father, as benevolent, polite, and generous an individual as ever existed in Herat, left a good name to his posterity. He was in great favour with Shahzadah Firoz, who went with him on a pilgrimage, and they were ever after called Hajis, or pilgrims. When Haji Firoz was deposed, the eyes of his minister were put out by Prince Kamran, who often extorted money from him and his son. Haji Aghai Khan died in Mashad in 1818.

May 27 *to* 31.—I went to see the place called Takiah, in which the Shias assemble in the month of Moharram, to mourn for the sufferers at Karbala, where the descendants of Ali, Husain and Hasan, were killed, along with their family and the little infants. The sad history of the martyrs of Karbala, in verse, was recited by the Mullahs. Men and women were weeping, shrieking, and beating their breasts, with all the marks of grief. I could not help shedding tears when I learnt the hardships endured by Ali's family. It is not necessary to give a full description of the sufferings which they endured; however, I cannot omit recording a very brief history of the martyrs.

Hazrat Ali was married to the holy Fatimah, the daughter of Mohammed. She had two sons, namely, Husain and Hasan, who were tenderly loved by their grandfather, the Apostle of God. He one day told Hazrat Mavia, that his son would come into the world to shed the blood of his family and relations. If such be the case, I will never

marry, replied the Mavia; and he continued unmarried for eighty years. Being stung by a scorpion, he was told there was no remedy to be found for the pain but to marry. He accordingly married a lady of ninety years of age, who brought forth a son, named Yazid. Mavia was very sorry at this event. When the boy grew up, his father advised him to respect and obey the family of Mohammed, and his grandsons, Husain and Hasan. When Yazid became a man, he fell in love with Shahr Bano, to whom he sent Imam Husain (as he is termed) with a proposal of marriage, which she refused, and captivating the affections of the Imam, she married him immediately. This circumstance exasperated Yazid, who resolved to massacre the Imam Husain and his relations. A battle ensued between the prophet's descendants and Yazid, who gained a decisive victory, and even destroyed them, with their little children, by starvation. He treated their household with cruelty and indignity, placing the ladies of the deceased Husain and Hasan on the bare backs of camels, and conducting them unveiled from one bazar to another.

June 1 *to* 9.—We had the pleasure to meet with Khwajah Khanji, and his companion Ismael Shah, of Kabul. The former is a man of middle size, fifty years of age. He is a Sunni (believer of Mohammed and his four friends), and a follower of Shah Ashqan Ari-fan, a most respectable and godly individual, who lived in the time of Usman, the suc-

cessor of Mohammed, and whose sepulchre stands in the garden of Kabul. The above men were acquainted with English liberality, morality, and politeness, and their good treatment of foreign people, and revealed to the chiefs, and even to the king of Herat, all these qualities, speaking of them with praise and respect. Though the king was very much pleased, and civil to us before, still the above-mentioned travellers, who were respected by him, recommended us to his Majesty, and gave a good name to the British Government.

These persons informed me that, in the month of October, 1833, they left Peshawer, and, having crossed the rivers named Shah Alam, Naguman, and Daudzai, put up in Shab Qadar, a village twelve miles from the city. Next day they forded the river Hasht Nagar, and came to the fort of Abazai, four miles distant. From thence they journeyed all night towards the east into a desert, which was occupied in some places by shepherds. Their ground was in Sakpakot, thirty-two miles distant, one of the villages of Usafzai. The fourth march brought them to Alah Daud, where they were civilly treated by Inayatullah Khan, the ruler of the place. After five halts, they bent their course in a northern direction, towards the Laran hills, where they re-crossed the river, and passed the night in the neighbourhood of the villages. When they ascended the hill, they found it entirely covered with numerous flower-trees, which they saw were

dipped in rose-water. They reached Panjkora, twenty-four miles, after struggling over a rugged and hilly road, which was hidden under cypress-trees.

After this they came to Atrak, forty miles distant, ruled by Ghazan Khan, the master of Dir. The inhabitants of Atrak were handsomely dressed with barak, woven, produced from the hair of the gosfand, or sheep. Their dialect was neither Turki, Afghani, nor Persian; but being in the vicinity of a Mohammedan country, they represented themselves to be of the same religion, and repeated the *Kalma*, or words *Lailah illallah*. A great number of them were subject to goitre. The hills which surrounded them abounded with grapes, peaches, &c. The travellers got up to Tal, a distance of twenty-four miles, where they were astonished to see wooden houses of ten or twenty stories high, laid against the hills, and each of them inhabited by different families, who were called the neighbours of each other. The travellers began now to bend their course towards the Nand, and came to Banda, where cattle are sent to feed. The country of the Siah Posh (black-dressed infidels) lies towards the west of this. After three marches they reached Laspur, one of the villages of Chatrar. On their route they saw three fountains, which they said were like lakes filled with crystal-water, of which two pools flow towards the south, forming one large stream, called the Daryaehasht Nagar, and the

water of the third, the travellers said, goes to the north, and is called the river of Koran, and joins Shah Alam, near Peshawer: snow was here in great quantity, and never melted through the whole year. The poor travellers suffered much for three days on this pass, from not finding a piece of wood to warm themselves and to make their tea. After ten days' march, they reached Zaibak, which is situated under the Kotal of Nuqsan, the barrier of Badakhshan. On their route they passed near Mastuch, the residence of Sulaiman Shah, who is the king of Bala Chatrar. The road from Mastuch towards the north leads to Zaibak, and is thirteen days' journey. But there are no villages to the end of three marches. This is Rah-i-Bala, or the upper road. The travellers journeyed through the Pain Rah, or lower road, where they met villages at every stage. Ghazab Shah, the son of Shah Kator, king of Pain Chatrar, has lately taken possession of Mastuch. When Sulaiman Shah lost his capital, he applied to Ghazan Khan Afghan, the ruler of Dir, for assistance to recover the place, and sent him a qalian of pure gold, as a present, with about 1,500 men, to aid Sulaiman. Shah Kator and Shah Ghazab had recourse to Kokan Beg and Mohammed Ali Beg, the rulers of Faizabad and Zarb, in the province of Badakhshan. The rivals of Sulaiman promised to give them 300 slaves, as a reward for their service, in case they should subdue their enemy. They came, at the head of 2,000 horsemen, to assist Shah

Kator, and defeated Sulaiman Shah. Shah Ghazab, and his father, Shah Kator, to fulfil their promise, seized some people of their own country, and delivered them to their allies. Ghazab Shah accompanied them as far as the Kotal of Nuqsan, which was buried under masses of snow. On this pass Kokan Beg and Mohammed Ali Beg were obliged to ask of Ghazab Shah the favour of shewing them how to cross that snowy mountain with their army. Ghazab Shah told them and their army to dismount from their horses, and go on foot. His advice was complied with, and as soon as they ascended a great height, they were all put to the sword by Ghazab Shah, who brought back the slaves, with plenty of booty. This happened in November, 1832. In the mean time, Mir Murad Beg, the despotic ruler of Qunduz, sent 6,000 horsemen into Badakhshan, and took possession of Kokan Beg's and Mohammed Ali Beg's country. When the travellers left Mastuch, they were astonished to hear the noise of the river, which reaches Kanur; it is very deep, and always unfordable. The travellers crossed the river in a very curious and dangerous way. Two rafters were put on the verge of the valley, which was very narrow and high. When they stepped on the bridge, it shook in so frightful a manner, that they lost all hopes of passing it in safety. If any caravan comes here, they cross in the same way with their goods, and loosen their ponies to swim over. They travelled

into the dominions of Badakhshan, and halted at night in Tir Garan. Darvaz, a town north of Jarm, is the residence of a prince, who thinks himself the descendant of Alexander the Great, and has a book which nobody can read. I was informed of this matter also by Dr. Macneill, the assistant resident in Persia. After seven marches they arrived in Talaqan, which is the residence of Khwajah Hasan Jan, the pir or priest of Murad Beg, who does nothing without his advice. The people of Badakhshan are not so handsome as the men of Chatrar; their language is Persian, and their dress is like that of the Uzbegs. Zaibak is surrounded by very high hills, and has four gates; one leads towards Badakhshan, the other to Yarkhand, and the two others were for both Chatrars. To the west of Zaibak, eighty miles distant, is situated the range of the celebrated hills in the country of Shughnar, which contain mines of lal, or ruby, &c. Their march from Talaqan was to Khairabad, where Murad Beg passes his days in hot weather. In Qunduz they saw a large cannon, mounted on wheels, which they said was fifteen spans in length, and six in breadth. The straight road from Qunduz to Khulum was dangerous. The travellers bent their route towards Haibak by Baglan, and reached Khulum after six marches. They came to Balk, and after six marches they reached Maimana. They passed on their way through Shibarghan and Aqchah, where Mr. Moorcroft, I heard, went to buy a good breed of horses.

They marched from Maimana to Qilahnau, the capital of the Hazara chief, 112 miles distant. From Qilahnau they proceeded to Herat, which they reached in seven days, a distance of sixty-nine miles.

June 10 *to* 14.—The news arrived that our servant, Mohammed, who started on the 1st of April to Mashad, bearing a large packet of letters for Tehran and India, was murdered on his return, by order of Sher Mohammed Khan. We were grieved at this intelligence, and we wrote to the private secretary of the king concerning this incident, which grieved him also. When this report was spread among the people, Sher Mohammed Khan Vazir sent us a very humble letter, with a great many holy oaths and apologies, saying that he was quite ignorant of this event. He was ashamed and sorry, he said, that in his country we met with such misfortunes. In the evening he came to our house, with a few men of rank, and sat about three hours. He was much ashamed, made numberless excuses, and asked our pardon for this unintentional occurrence. He dined with us, and said, he was sorry and ashamed that he had not come to pay us a visit like others, but that he hoped to do so on a future occasion.

June 15 *to* 30.—At noon we were summoned by the king, after a lapse of two months, and had a very favourable conversation with him. He was in a small glass room, and dressed cleanly. There

were fine, soft pillows under his arms, and a small fountain before him, which contained six small fishes. He told us to sit next to himself in the room, but I stood respectfully above the line of his vazirs and chiefs. The king said, that he would be happy to receive a mission from the English Government, and repeatedly told Mr. Gerard, that he hoped to see him here as an ambassador in a few months; and desired him to take his letter for the Governor-General, whose name I told him, on his asking, was Lord William Bentinck. He said that Abbas Mirza was a friend to the Russians, who were spread over all Persia. It was surprising, indeed, he observed, that Englishmen, who are possessed of wisdom and political knowledge, should consider Persia an ally, and squander considerable money in useless expenses, on account of the embassy at Tehran, whereas any boy of four years of age in this country knew well that the Persians were the intimate friends, and even the slaves, of Russia.

The king requested us to see him once again before we left this place, as he wanted to say something more to us. When we came out, Sher Mohammed Khan Vazir told us, that he would be much obliged to us if we stopped one month longer, to make peace between Abbas Mirza and them, which he unfortunately did not agree to at first, though we advised him. Mr. Gerard answered, that we had stayed in Herat for six months, not in

accordance with our own wishes, but for the sake of the chiefs, who had desired us to become the medium of their negotiations.

July 1 *to* 4.—Before the sun rose, we set out to the east of the city, to examine the place called Gazur Gah, where the body of Abu Ismail, or Khwajah Abdul Ansar, the son of Abu Mansur, the son of Abu Ayub, the son of Mat Ansar, or the bearer of Mohammed's Koran, reposes. Abu Ansar was struck with stones by boys when he was doing penance, of which he expired on the 27th March, 1088, A.D., or in 481, Hijri. He had learned about 1,200,000 poems by heart, and was the author of 100,000 couplets.

When we reached the pleasant Gazur Gah, we entered the Charsu, or square of Hasan Khan Shamla, who has also built a few shops, and a fine cistern, on account of the periodical fair in spring. Having passed through the Sahan, we came to the door, which led us to the grave of Abu Ansar. The door is made of copper, and on each side are fine, clean mosques, where we saw a few Korans lying on the shelves, or rahals. The *Masnavi*, or book of Maulana-e-Rum, is recited every morning, and the people faint during the invocation. On our right hand were the tombs of Mansur Sultan, the father of Shahrukh Mirza, and the descendants of Amir Taimur. On our left were buried the successors of Changez Khan. The body of Mansur was lodged on a large platform, bordered with marble, and towards the head of the

tomb we saw an inscription, the substance of which may be thus rendered :—

"This excellent construction and meritorious work, which resembles paradise, resplendent with the lights of divine favour and the blessings of the merciful God, has been built with great art and beauty, as the monument of the famous Sultan Ghayasuddin Mansur, and his pious descendants, in the year of H. 772. Written by Sultan Mashadi."

Among the graves of Changez Khan's family was a body covered with black marble, on which we beheld the surprising sculptures of an ancient unknown hewer. No works of the present day are comparable to them. The stone was carved in seven figures, called Haft Qalam, or 'seven pens' copied the following inscription from the abov :—

"On the day of the great king's death, the Lord sent him repose, and the pen of fate inscribed his simple epitar Rest in peace.' (A. H. 718.)"

The tomb of Abu Ansar is very large, bordered with marble, and covered with stones; at the head of the grave stands a marble *Lauh*, which resembles a menar. It is beautifully made of two pieces; one piece is five feet high, and the other ten feet. It is covered with Arabic letters, and has only one inscription in Persian, of which the following is a translation :—

"The Khwajah, in look and verity a king, was equally versed in the affairs of both the worlds: would you know the date of his death, read it in the words *Khwajah Abdullah*, i. e., A. H. 737."

The tomb is surmounted by a magnificent arch, 70 feet high, erected by Shahrukh Mirza, 480 years ago. Taimur Shah resolved to gild the arch, but was diverted by some accident. On the right hand of the tomb are many inscribed poems, written by the celebrated author Jami; but the following verse, composed by Hasan Khan Shamla, informs us of the day of Abdul Ansar's death.

> "If you are desirous that the cup-bearer of wisdom should give you a cup full of understanding, come into the banqueting-house of Khwajah Abdullah Ansari. His monument is like the graceful cypress, which invites the angels to hover over it, crying and lamenting like doves."

When we came out of the door, we went to the cistern, which contains very delicious, sweet-flavoured water, called ab-i-zam-zam, which is said to be cold in summer and hot in winter. There were many verses written in the arch. The purport of one inscription, which is very long, is, that Adil Shah Rukh erected a well and terraces, &c. for the use of pilgrims to the tomb of Khwajah Ansar, which, having fallen into decay, were reconstructed at the expense of a female descendant of Qar, one of the sons of Changez Khan, in the year (*Hauz Zamzam Salsabil*) 1090.

The original name of Gazur Gah is Karzar Gah. *Karzar* means, in Persian, 'battle,' and *gah*, 'place' (the place of battle); in short, it is the seat of pleasure, and people pass their time there in

drinking and singing, which seems very inconsistent with the solemnity which belongs to a place of the dead. The water of the neighbouring covered fountain runs through the canal, which ornaments Gazur Gah, and makes it one of the liveliest spots in Herat.

Towards the north of the city, at the base of the hills, is a pleasant edifice, called Takht-i-Safar, constructed by Sultan Husain Mirza, the fourth descendant of Amir Taimur. In spring, the neighbouring fields and mountains are covered with a bed of yellow and red flowers, called Ar Ghavan. The place is now going to decay, but seems to have been once a paradise. A magnificent fountain, in a tank of water, casts its watery arrows against the top of the building. The height of the edifice is a hundred feet.

In the reign of Sultan Husain Mirza, persons who misconducted themselves were compelled to assist the masons in building the Takht-i-Safar. The sultan, moreover, inscribed the following verses on every gate, that passengers might read them:—

"All who have been indulging sinfully in the pleasures of wine and beauty, by Mirza's command, must add a stone to the Takht Safar."

To the north-east of the city stand two very imposing ruins, separated by the stream Anjer. Sultan Husain Mirza gave celebrity to his name by building a stately college, which is now levelled with

the ground. Two arches and four menars have still a grand appearance, and are separated into two equal parts by the above-named stream. One arch and two menars, which are situated on the right bank, are in the vicinity of the grave of Sultan Husain, who is remembered with great respect and honour. He reigned in A.D. 1500. The head master of the college was the famous poet named Jami. On the left bank of the stream rests the body of Gauhar Shad, the daughter of Amir Taimur, the sister of Shah Rukh. The grave is shaded by a very high gilt dome. There were formerly nine tombs, all of black marble, ornamented with inscriptions in the Arabic character. The letters are now rubbed out and not legible. She built a fine edifice, called Musallah, and is said to have been an incomparable lady. She never married, but devoted herself to the perusal of the Koran, and was anxious to encourage the people to learn. The place is decorated with four high menars and two lofty arches, which make a beautiful square of seventy-five paces. On the top of the arch were a few defaced Arabic inscriptions, which I could not read. The menars seemed only half-finished, and they were made to incline towards Mashad, to salute Imam Raza. I ascended a menar of two stories high, by difficult steps, and had a very striking view of the city. Every story contains twenty steps. Having passed the square, we entered a lofty dome, which encouraged us to climb

five stairs, and to come into a gilt and painted room, where Gauhar Shad prayed. All these ruins are of azure and gold colour; the blue is made of lapis lazuli, which is found in considerable quantities in the mines of Badakhshan.

It is related that, one day, Gauhar Shad, accompanied by 200 beautiful ladies, came into the college, and ordered all the students to go out. She passed the whole day in the place, and had the pleasure of seeing every room. One of the students, being sleepy, was not aware of her coming, and remained in the college. He awoke, and peeping fearfully through the window, he beheld a ruby-lipped lady, one of the companions of Gauhar Shad. She observed the scholar, and fell in love with him, and leaving her associates, entered the room of the student. Gauhar Shad, on being informed of this, was much vexed, and to get rid of the reproach, she married all her associates to the students of the college, prescribing this rule, in order not to interrupt their studies, that they should meet their wives only once in seven days.

At the east end of the city are the remains of a very grand building, called Masjid Jamah, or the Great Mosque, erected by Sultan Ghayasuddin, the old king of Ghor, 700 years ago. He was the son of Mohammed Sam, and the sixth descendant of Abu Bakr, one of the friends of Mohammed. The mosque has four doors, and many arched domes. We made our entrance through the door called

Darwazah-vakil. Having traversed seventy paces, under a roof supported by massive pillars, we opened into the great square of the mosque. On our left hand were two pieces of marble, bearing Persian inscriptions, which contained an order to the custom-house officers to provide the mullahs with a livelihood. The length of the square is 111 paces, and the breadth, 83. There are four lofty and magnificently-painted arches, facing each other. The arch which stands to the west led us into the praying-place, which is covered with heaps of mud, that had lately fallen, through the severity of the winter. We saw a marble tombstone lying on the ground, which had Arabic characters. It was engraved by Farrukh Shah Shervani, to cover the grave of Sultan Abu Sayad Korgani. The eastern arch exhibits a great deal of Mohammedan neglect. It is almost hidden under considerable masses of earth. The arch, which is situated towards the south, bears numerous Arabic inscriptions. They are all defaced or injured. The northern arch is the place for students; it conducted us into a domed structure, where we were astonished to see a marble slab, in the shape of a door, of a single piece, and so beautifully clear, that our faces were reflected in it. The length of the stone was ten spans, and the breadth, eight. Having passed through a very small door, we came into a square, of twenty paces, where the body of Sultan Ghayasuddin reposes. The place is very filthy, and the tomb reduced to pieces. There

is no inscription. The roof has fallen into decay, and its ruins cover the tomb. There are many graves also, and the bones of the dead seemed to be petrified. Our sight got dim by visiting the sepulchres. There was no difference between the tomb of the great sultan and that of the poor man. In the square of the mosque is a small cistern of water, for ablution, and a large heavy vessel of tin, made by Sultan Ghayasuddin, the circumference of which is twenty spans, and the thickness of the edge one span. There were inscriptions written on the borders of the vessel, dated 700 years ago. It was repaired by Malik Ghayasuddin Curd, 470 years ago, and again by Mir Ali Sher, the minister of Sultan Husain, 350 years ago. The verse informs us of the day of repair.

"This place, which was before vile as a rotten bone, has acquired enduring fame, like the Kabah. I inquired the date of the building, and my mind answered: 'it is a second altar of Abraham.'" (A. H. 950.)

The ruined buildings of Herat surpass my powers of description, and I am sorry that I am too little conversant with the English language to do justice to them.

One farsang further from the city towards the south, is a famous bridge, called Pul Malan. In former days there were thirty-three arches, but now only twenty-seven remain. No history gives us any information about the foundation of the bridge; but the people say that it was built by a lady named Nur

Bibi, who lived more than one thousand years ago. The books of Herat give no account of the bridge, which is called by the natives "the matchless." The inundation of the river was so rapid, during our residence at Herat, that three arches were swept away from one end, and nearly for two months all intercourse between Herat and other places ceased.

Revenue of Herat.

	Tomans.
1. Money collected from Tahvilat	1,150
2. Weavers annually paid	1,500
3. The soap manufacture is monopolized for ..	700
4. The monopoly of the Bokhara caravan passing through Kurakh	600
5. The head of the grape-sellers pays annually ..	250
6. Money collected by stamping skins and caps ..	600
7. Money collected by the above means on new cloth	800
8. Money collected by stamping woollen articles ..	100
9. Mir Shabi, or money collected from the inhabitants for the purpose of watching at night against thieves	200
10. The chief seller of the heels of shoes pays ..	160
11. Monopolizer of water and wind-mills pays ..	600
12. Money collected from the people for catching thieves, *Duzd bagiri*	200
13. Cash collected from the districts of Belukats ..	2,000
14. Custom-house officer of Sabzwar pays ..	300
15. Custom-house officer of Ghuryan pays ..	1,500
16. Money collected from the black tents of the Imaq, or Ilat, annually	2,000
17. Monopolizer of wood for burning and all other uses pays	300
18. The head of horse-sellers pays	180

		Tomans.
19.	Money realized on Zeh tabi, or skin ropes, exported to India	4
20.	The inhabitants of caravansaraes pay ..	50
21.	Money collected from the Candahar gate ..	150
22.	Money collected from the Khushk gate ..	50
23.	Duty taken upon charcoal	60
24.	Money obtained from the shops	1,000
25.	Duty taken upon tobacco	200
26.	Dabbagh, or the head of skin-cleaners, pays ..	1,100
27.	Money collected from stamping the Kafsh, a kind of shoe	300
28.	Monopolizer of asafœtida pays	600
29.	Money collected from each toman's king, called the Toman Shahi	300
30.	Monopolizer of rice and Shali pays annually ..	600
31.	Monopolizer of the mint (in Haji Feroz's reign fifty tomans every day) now pays yearly ..	120
32.	Revenue of Ghuryan	220
33.	Revenue of Obeh	300
34.	Revenue of Kurakh	110
35.	Revenue of Sabzwar	100

Corn produced in the country.

	Kharvars.
Corn produced in the suburbs of Herat	27,000
Ditto, in Obeh	2,000
Ditto, in Kurakh	1,020
Ditto, in Ghuryan	2,000
Ditto, in Sabzwar	1,300

Twenty rupees make a toman in Herat, which is equal to six rupees and twelve annas of India (or about 13s. 6d.). The kharvar is a measure of 100 maunds of Tabrez, which is equal to six maunds and ten sers of India (or about 500 lbs. avoirdupois).

July 5 *to* 13.—Tradition and the following Persian verses allege, that the foundation of the city of Herat, or Hari, was laid by an ancient king called Lohrasp, who was succeeded by Gushtasp. Alexander, the successor of Behman, built and furnished Herat very beautifully, and after him it was never repaired.

"Lohrasp laid the foundations of Herat; Gushtasp erected many buildings thereon; Behman, after him, added greatly to the town, and Alexander put the finishing stroke to it."

The city is surrounded by a very strong mud wall, and also by a small dry ditch. There are five large frequented gates in the town; the two which open-towards the north are called Darvazah Qutab Chaq, and Darvazah Malik; and the third, to the south, is named Darvazah Candahar. In the east is Darvazah Khushk, and towards the west, Darvazah Iraq. The body of the city is divided into four equal parts, by streets intersecting each other in the centre, which is covered by a very high roof of mortar, and is known by the name of Charsu, in consequence of its being approached from four points. The correct name is Charsuq, which, in Arabic, imports four sides or bazars. Two of them bear the name of Mohallah Qutab Chaq; the third, Mohallah Khowajah Abdul Misar; and the fourth is named Mohallah Khakbarsar.

There are seven caravansaraes at Herat: the first, built by Mustaufi, is inhabited by Hindu

merchants of Shikarpur; another caravansarae is occupied by Bokhara and Candahar traders; a third, the caravansarae of Haji Rasul, contains the dealers of Herat and Persia or Iraq, and the remainder are peopled by other wealthy traders. There is not a richer merchant in Herat than Haji Ali Askar Candhari, who is called Malik Ultajjar, or the king of merchants.

The roofs of the Charsu bazars, which form straight lines opposite to each other, are almost brought to the ground. The shops, which are open and large, present a very dark appearance. No repairs are performed in Herat till the last extremity. The houses are generally two stories high, and have very small entrances; but when you step in you have a large and clear view. The lanes are dirty and narrow, and abound in holes. The buildings are of mud, without a single rafter, with many small windows, which, instead of glass, have white paper of Russia, through which they get light when it is snowing, and all the doors are shut up on account of the cold.

The Arg, or the residence of the king, is one of the most solid and ancient buildings in Herat. It is fortified, and surrounded by a deep ditch. It is situate within the walls of the city, on steep ground, and is constructed of burnt bricks, stones, and mortar. The bastions have no guns, but the treasure of the Shah is deposited there. The ditch is crossed by a wooden bridge, which, after sunset, is

dragged up by the doorkeepers inside of the Arg wall. The palace has so little of the character of a regal residence, that the gaols in British India are much superior to the palace of Kamran, not only in architectural beauty, but even in cleanliness.

The most beautiful and beneficial edifice in Herat is the covered pond erected by Hasan Khan Shamlu. It is nearly sixty feet square, and has a few arches inside, where the people put lamps for show. The water is thirty feet deep, and looks very clear and shining. It is situate in one of the bazars of Charsu, and is always surrounded by water-bearers. The following Persian verse shews the date of its erection:

"The most beautiful place of the buildings in Herat is the cistern." (925 Hijri.)

Opposite to the above pond, or the Hauz Charsu, stands a miserable, dark, and damp place, which is called Bandikhanah, or the prison. It has a very small door, and no windows to admit air. In the centre of the room is excavated a hole, in which the prisoners are confined at night. No air is felt there, and the heat, in conjunction with the damp and the insects, torments the poor prisoners terribly, and generally causes their death. Neither law nor time can release the criminals, but only the pleasure of the king, or the chiefs who have influence at the court.

July 14 *to* 20.—The houses in Herat are numbered at 4,000, and they contain about 60,000

people. The major part are Bardurrani, one of the Sunni sects. Those of Shamlu, Afshar, Reshvand, Jami, Isla, Yallo, and Takulbe, who follow the principles of Ali, are small in number, and undergo many hardships from misgovernment. The Shias took the name of Qizal Bash on being liberated from the condition of bondage. They were formerly residents in Constantinople, and when it was invaded by Taimurlang, many of them were brought away as slaves; that prince, having experienced the miracle of Shaik Safir Darvesh, told him to demand a favour. The shaik solicited from him the liberation of all the slaves, which request was complied with. On this, he ordered them to put a piece of red cloth either inside or above their caps, which might distinguish them in the world by the name of Qizal Bash. *Qizal* means in Turki, 'red,' and *Bash*, 'head.' In the reign of Shah Ismail, the Qizal Bashis divided themselves into the seven different sects which I have mentioned above.

NAMES OF THE ANCIENT KINGS WHO RULED IN HERAT.

Of the Khorgan Dynasty.

1. Taimurlang.
2. Shah Rukh Mirza.
3. Mirza Oluq Beg.
4. Mirza Abdul Latif.
5. Abdullah Mirza.
6. Jallauddaulah.
7. Mirza Ibrahim.
8. Mirza Sultan Mohammed.
9. Yadgar Mirza.
10. Mirza Asar.
11. Mirza Mohammed Shah.
12. Sultan Husain Mirza.
13. Mirza Badi Uzzaman.
14. Mirza Khalil.
15. Mirza Abu Bakar.

16. Mirza Umar.
17. Mirza Sultan Abu Said.
18. Mirza Sultan Ahmad.
19. Mirza Babar.

Of the Safvi Dynasty.

20. Mirza Humaunshah.
21. Shah Ismail.
22. Shah Tahmasp.
23. Shah Ismail Sani.
24. Shah Khuda Bandah.
25. Shah Abbas.
26. Shah Sufi.
27. Shah Abbas Sani.
28. Shah Sulaiman.

Of the Afghan Dynasty.

29. Alahyar Khan.
30. Asadullah Khan.
31. Zaman Khan.
32. Zulf Yar Khan.
33. Nadir Shah (who ruled in Herat for twelve years).
34. Ahmad Shah.
35. Taimur Shah.
36. Mahmud Shah.
37. Shah Zaman.
38. Haji Firoz.
39. Shahzadah Kamran.

The present king is about fifty-eight years of age, and suffers much from debility. His complexion is dark, and shews none of the signs of royalty. He is fond of drinking spirits, as well as bhang and opium. In lieu of distributing justice, he spends the whole of his life in ornamenting himself with handsome robes, and his abominable conduct, here and when he was at Candahar, has rendered him most obnoxious throughout the whole of Afghanistan. He has four wives, ten sons, and six daughters, from twenty to twenty-six years of age. He cannot marry them to any other family than that of Saduzai, or the royal household, which is at Lodiana with Shah Shuja. He often rebelled against his father Mahmud Shah, and has been always routed by the Barakzais. He possesses a great deal of treasure and numberless jewels, which he has deposited in a large iron box, under-ground.

He has given orders to the Kotwal of the city to get a hundred rupees every day from the people, by the use of his authority, and put it in the treasury, which he never touches. Whenever it is necessary to defray any expenses of war, he extorts the money from the citizens. Being afraid of the Persian Government, he is very anxious to make an alliance with the English power, and is extremely afraid of his ministers, or the Alaikozi family, and never dares to feed his horse without their sanction. He is hard-hearted, and the most unmerciful man in Afghanistan. He has ripped up the bellies of many people upon trifling pretences.

Jahangir, a prince of thirty-two years of age, follows the abominable courses of his father. One of his tyrannical acts was described to me by his writer, but it cannot be related in decent terms. His eyes are always inflamed by the use of bhang, &c. He has divorced his wife, and has married an ugly, low, and bad woman, whose dancing wrought upon the heart of the prince. He has few children, who complain of his want of affection to them. He is the ruler of Farah, one of the Herat districts.

The other sons are,—2. Saif Ul Maluk, a prince of twenty-eight years of age, who is zealous in distributing justice among his subjects in Ghor, where he rules impartially. The country forming his chieftainship is hilly, the fort where he resides is situated on a steep rock, which cannot be attacked by an

army. 3. Sadat Maluk has some of the vile habits of his father, and is always in debt; he is twenty-six years old. 4. Alamgir, twenty-four years of age. 5. Ahmad Ali, twenty-three years old. 6. Jalal Uddin rules Sabzwar very justly; he is twenty-two years of age. 7. Sikandar, aged twenty. 8. Shahab, eighteen. 9. Zaman, seventeen. 10. Nadir, sixteen. Every one of them is entitled to the name of Shahzadah. Yar Mohammed Khan, a man of resolute character, and about fifty years of age, has been lately made the Vazir, or prime minister, to the king; he is cruel to the people of the country, and liberal to his friends. He has reduced numberless individuals to a state of bondage, and has deprived many merchants of their estates. He went to Abbas Mirza at Mashad, with the view of deposing Kamran from the throne of Herat; but unfortunately he was not considered deserving of confidence, and was put into confinement by the Persian prince. He has only one son, and one wife, who is in possession of wealth.

Sher Mohammed Khan, his younger brother, is the good-looking, loquacious, and boasting ruler of Ghuryan, a very strong fort, at the end of the Herat boundary, towards Persia. He is a slave-dealer, is fond of drinking, and has plundered numerous caravans. He is in possession of great riches, has often rebelled against the king, and defended himself in his fort, the height of which he compares with that of the sky.

Din Mohammed Khan Sardar, the son of Ata Mohammed Khan, a good-natured man in his old days, rules the country of Kurakh; but is always in want of money. He has two brothers, called Gholam Khan and Sultan Mohammed Khan, who are always intoxicated, and immersed in all sorts of pleasures. The Sardar, in his early age, was himself a famous lecher, and a slave-dealer; but since one of his eyes has become blind, he allows a little mercy to remain in his heart. He is more popular than Yar Mohammed Khan and Sher Mohammed Khan.

Abdul Rahim Khan, distinguished by the name of Shah Ghasi, is one of the small chiefs; but he possesses an elevated mind and fair manners. He is supposed to be the most luxurious man in the whole family of Alakozai. He has four wives, two daughters, and one son, of good complexion.

Haji Mirza Khan, a fat man, Bahi Khan, Vali Mohammed Khan, Enayat Ullah Khan, and Mirza Aghai, are petty chiefs at Herat: every one has plenty of titles, and they call themselves Khavanins. Akhund Mullah Mohammed Attar Bashi is a good-natured man; his stature is short, and his eyes are small. The king trusts him with every secret, and places great confidence in him. No business is managed with the king, but through him. He is extremely popular, and consequently the whole of the Alakozai family are jealous of him.

Mir Saddiq Khan Bar Durrani, an old inhabitant of Herat, is the most respectable man in the court

of Shah Kamran. He is the master of considerable wealth; all the citizens like him, and a great deal of the power of the state depends upon his administration.

Shamshuddin Khan, a Sardar, of fair aspect and benevolent carriage, is the greatest favourite of the king, who has married his sister. He rules the country of Anardarah, a rich valley near Qilah Kah, towards the south-east of Herat. He likes the English customs of cleanliness, and puts various things into bottles on shelves, after the European fashion.

July 21 *to* 25.—The people of Herat, though reduced to poverty by oppressive government, are fond of pleasure. They go daily to meadows, and pass their time in firing from horseback, racing, singing, joking, dancing, drinking, and sleeping. They are fairer than the inhabitants of Mashad. Their garment is a red shirt and an open red trowser below a cloak, or chugha, and on the head a turban of Peshawer lungi. They tie a very thin cloth round their waist, and keep a knife in their girdle, for show, and also for aggression. They pretend to be very religious men; but very few of them discharge even the daily prayers which all Musalmans are bound to make. The females have delicate features. They are not so virtuous as those of Mashad, and like rather to wander in the fields than to stay at home. When they are within the walls of the city, they are very careful to cover their faces, feet, and hands; as

soon as they step out of the gate, they lift up the veils, put them over their heads, and begin to laugh at and ridicule the passengers. Some of them sing ballads, and others, abusing slightly the passers-by, burst into a laugh, which makes them move on, hanging down their heads with shame. All the sex at Herat know how to sing and dance; but shew these arts neither to their husbands, nor to their relations, but secretly to their friends.

Herat is famous for its silk manufactures, as Qanawaz and Taimur Shahi boots, and whips for horses, made after the English fashion, which are matchless for their durability and neatness. They are exported through the whole of Afghanistan, and even considered a most valuable present to friends at distant places. Wool is abundantly produced in the Hazara country, near Herat. If it could be exported to Bombay, and from thence to England, like the cotton of India, the manufacturers of that country would make shawls of the pashm, which would be more beautiful than those of Kashmir.

Herat is the most fertile country in the whole of Khorasan. The suburbs are covered with rich and green orchards, producing considerable quantities of fruits. They are known by the names of nine buluks, and each of them is watered by a separate stream, called Angir, &c. &c. It is divided into four districts, namely, Obeh, Ghuryan, Kurakh, and Sabzwar. The first place abounds with mines of

different metals. It is famous for a hot fountain, in which sick people bathe themselves, and immediately recover. The summer is very pleasant there, as well as in Kurakh. This place is almost occupied by the Imaq, a wandering nation, and rather desirous of robbery than of living honestly.

Ghuryan, situated in a level plain, is hidden under numberless trees of asafœtida, which is collected in great quantities. The mode of procuring this substance is very singular. The Kakris, one of the Afghan tribes, come up in swarms, with their families, and disperse themselves over the face of the plain; they protect the asafœtida plants with small pieces of clay or bricks, to keep off the rays of the sun. Before they do so, they rip up the stalk of the plant in numerous straight lines, and when the dew falls at night, matter, like muddy water, pours down from the plant, and congeals over the stones or fences. The breeze blows, and the people, with small bags of skin hanging to their necks, go to their own trees and gather up the asafœtida. The asafœtida plant is nearly a yard and a half long, and has a very few small branches, and large leaves.

The length of the whole country of Herat, from Obeh, in the east, to Ghuryan, in the west, is stated to be nearly 120 miles, and the breadth, from Kurakh, in the north, to Sabzawar or Isfazar, in the south, is estimated at 90 miles. Farah, a very rich district, is also in the possession of Shah

Kamran, but not included in the country of Herat. It belongs to Afghanistan, and not to Khorasan.

Beyond the northern hills, sixty miles distant, is a very fruitful country, called Badghis, which was peopled 250 years ago: since that period, in consequence of revolutions, it has been entirely destroyed, and no one now lives there. It is stated by old men, that the revenue collected from Badghis, in former days, exceeded that of the whole country of Herat.

Silk is a native production of Herat. It is produced in great quantities, and is exported to many countries. The wheat is of many kinds; as, 1st, shah niwazi, or daima, which is watered by the rains; 2nd, zaf rani; 3rd, barai sufaid; 4th, barai surkhak; 5th, calak; 6th, nesh shutar; 7th, biranjak; and 8th, rezah dandanah. Najo jau; mash jau; jau tursh, or sour, are the different kinds of barley reaped at Herat. Arzan, bagli, zaad, tugi, or surkh tugi, are also cultivated at Herat, and are generally used by the poor classes of the people, who cannot afford to live upon wheat.

Out of mandau and bedanjir, which are seen in every field, is extracted a fine oil for burning. The rice is not very good, like that of Peshawer, but is of the several kinds that follow;—1st, nilofar; 2nd, rasmi; 3rd, rashk; 4th, maraqa; 5th, firdaus khani, seyah asban. Cotton is abundantly cultivated in Herat, and sometimes is sent to Ma-

shad. Mash, adas, nakhud, lemgash or muth, shamled or halbah, javari and lobia, are also productions of Herat. Sebist and shaftal grow exuberantly, and are given to horses. Opium is much grown here, and is transported to Bokhara and other places.

Sufaid Koh and Badghis are adorned with the natural plants of shir khist, a very sweet and useful shrub. Buz jang, zalir, and rodang, are dyes cultivated in Herat. Kandal, and birzar, an article useful for boats, are exported to Sindh and Persia. Zirah, badkhish, and honey are also products of Herat. The melons are very sweet, and have four names, according to their different tastes; as sardah, garmah, tirmi, bunde. Simarugh, kama, apples, figs, pomegranates, pears, peaches, cherries, pista nuts, almonds, zardalu, shalil, alu balu, alucha, alusiah, kadu, amrud, nakchini, mulberries, annab, aluabdin, findaq, senjid, hulu, jows, khinjiq, kasan, rivash, and grapes, are likewise produced there. This last fruit is very abundant in Herat, and is sweeter than that of Mashad. Its skin is soft, and it has plenty of names, agreeing with the different shapes, taste, and kinds; as follows: 1st, rauchah; 2nd, khalili; 3rd, lal; 4th, kishmisi; 5th, askari; 6th, takhri; 7th, husaini; 8th, sahbi, 9th, agha ali; 10th, khayeh kabak; 11th, zair jaur; 12th, amiri; 13th, munaqai; 14th, hoita; 15th, cata; 16th, ab din; 17th, khala chari; 18th, sengak; 19th, sirkagi; 20th.

maska; 21st, khanah barnardaz; 22nd, shast arur or kalik; 23, rodih kash; 24th, fakhri kalamuk. Those which go to India in baskets and cotton, are very common in this country; no man eats them here, and they are given to quadrupeds.

A range of the steep mountains which stretch between Jam and Khaf contains a rich mine of salt. It is not monopolized, but is not regularly worked. The people, who are generally poor, dig and load it on asses, &c., as much as they please. It is red, with white veins, shining like crystal. The value of the salt is six maunds of India for one Russian ducat, or five rupees.

Obeh, one of the rich districts in Herat, is celebrated for numerous mines of different metals; namely, sulphur, iron, copper, lead. It also yields marble, mortar, gilbarrah, gilsarshu, and chodan. All these mines are slowly worked, and monopolized for small sums. The iron is much used in Herat for making boiling-pots, &c. It is not pure iron. In the reign of Shahzadah Haji Firoz, when Herat was in a more prosperous and flourishing state than at present, all the above-mentioned mines were actively worked, and their products were transported to different parts of the globe. Silver, tin, buh, zarnikh, and ruby or yaqut, are also found in the Herat hills; but the rudeness of the people, and the oppression and indifference of the Government, have caused them to be neglected. Nobody notices whether they exist in the country or not. A specimen of

the ruby was sent to us by the king to examine. The stone was of a dark red colour, and looked as if it had been burnt in the fire. The price of one, of the size of a grain of rice, was two annas; but if the mine were worked regularly, and excavated about twenty or thirty yards deep, undoubtedly it would produce some of greater value.

When Shahzadah Firozuddin reigned at Herat, a prosperous commerce was carried on throughout the whole country of Khorasan. The caravan of Bokhara, which came thrice a year, loaded with gold-sand (or regtilai) and silver, greatly enriched this place, and the caravan of Persia annually supplied it with the shawls of Kirman, and also with European fabrics. Candahar furnished it with a considerable number of Kashmir shawls, part of which were exported to Persia with great advantage: but now, in consequence of anarchy, the shawls go to Persia through Bombay, and not by the route of Afghanistan. The silk, which is worked in great quantity in this country, is exported to Shikarpur, through Candahar, and sometimes leaving it on the left hand. The whole of Afghanistan was plentifully supplied with gold mohurs coined in Herat, and also with many kinds of silk cloth, as qanavaz and taimur shahi. The carpets made of wool at Herat are extremely handsome; they are covered with open artificial flowers, in different colours. They are sent to Turkistan, and even to Afghanistan, with a great profit. Herat was furnished with tea, not only from

Bokhara, but from Persia and Bombay, through Candahar. Sugar, besides what comes from Candahar in pieces, is brought here from Yazd in Persia, made into loaves; six seers are sold for five rupees.

Herat is styled by the natives the key of the commerce between Turkistan, Afghanistan, Persia, and India. Merchants of all countries used formerly to reside at Herat, and carried on their traffic very successfully; but since Kamran's government, the trade has been greatly reduced; notwithstanding which he exercises the same hard system which before obliged the merchants to quit the city.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM HERAT TO CANDAHAR.

July 25.—We were quite happy to leave Herat, in which we unwillingly remained for seven months. From the gate of the city to the bank of the river, our route took us through villages almost encircled by gardens and canals. Having forded the current, we arrived at Rauzah Bagh, a fertile hamlet, eight miles distant. We encamped in the meadow planted by Ahmad Shah Durrani, which had lately gone to ruin. We went to see the Pul-i-Malan, which seemed to be a very solid old structure. A few of the arches, which I described before, are destroyed, and the others will soon be levelled to the ground, as the river sometimes flows over them; one lac of our Indian rupees could repair the bridge, and make it much stronger than before.

July 26 *to* 28.—We continued in Rauza Bagh, waiting for an escort from the Sardar, and had the pleasure of visiting the burial-place of Mahmud Shah, the father of Prince Kamran. The inner part under the cupola was covered with numerous tombs of the royal family, but they all have a common and poor appearance. Zaman Khan, the father of Ahmad Shah, and his uncle, Assadullah Khan, are buried in the same place. There was no distinction

between the tombs of the rich and poor: that of Mahmud Shah himself was a very paltry one. From hence we had a fine view of Gazur Gah, and of the high hills called Koh Davandar and Sufaid Koh, capped with very little snow.

July 29. — Before evening we took leave of Rauzah Bagh, and joined on the road the horsemen of the Sardar. Having travelled over plains, we entered on a rugged and pebbly valley, which brought us, after daylight, to a place called Band Shah Bed, a distance of twenty-four miles. On the road we passed a dry cistern, and a fine rabat, named Mir Dans. We were informed that, in the vicinity of this place, there were mines of copper and lead, but none remembered when they were worked. There was a canal of crystal water running at this spot. The original name of the ground was Shah Bed (*Shah* means 'great;' *Bed* is 'a tree'), but on the left bank of the brook stands a ruined rabat made by Shaikh Ismail Khan Mustaufi, in Taimur's reign. There were a few old defaced inscriptions, which I could not copy, except the following:

"The sarae has been erected by one of his well-wishers, whose name is Shaikh Ismail Khan, which is famous and high."

When Prince Kamran came to fight with Haji Feroz, he went with his gun on the top of the hills, and said, "If the ball will destroy the arch of the door of this rabat, undoubtedly I shall place on my

head the crown of victory." It did so: and great part of this caravansarae is spoiled by the trial of this foolish omen of Kamran, in whose reign buildings are not constructed, but ruined.

July 30.—Having travelled over a hilly road into a quiet valley, we ascended a very high pass, where we felt the cold very keenly. Before sunrise, we forded a small stream called Rodgaz, and met the caravan of Candahar with loads of wheat. We passed on our route a ruined caravansarae, made by Shah Abbas, overlooking the pebbly bed of the Adraskan river, which flows rapidly about one mile towards the west, and joins the former stream. The water is clear and wholesome, and it was daily carried to Herat for Taimur Shah to drink, a distance of forty-eight miles, or fourteen farsakhs. These two rivers run down from the hills of Ghor, fall into the Candahar stream called Hilmand, and flow through Sistan. The mountains near them resemble those of Pind Dadan Khan, celebrated for their salt-mines, in the Panjab. We saw neither village nor cultivation on the road, except at a place named Mir Allah, and we encamped on the left bank of the Adraskan, twenty-four miles distant. In spring this river is very dangerous to ford, and travellers often lose their lives. The bridge has gone to decay through age, but seemed to have been once very strong.

July 31.—A march of twenty-four miles brought us to the suburbs of Sabzawar, and the village called

Kushkak, near Jambaran, which is situated on the road of the caravan to Candahar. When we left the Adraskan, we ascended a pass, which brought in sight a finely walled fort, called Khandchi, built by Sarvar, and inhabited by Nurzais. Its direction was north-east, on our left hand, near the bank of the river. From the pass we had a fine view of a most beautiful green plain, called Basha, which was the hunting-place of Taimur Shah. Hawks are found abundantly in that place.

Our journey continued through small valleys, the earth in some of which was saltish, and others were covered with verdure. We passed the red plain called Dasht Surkhak, which led us by the foot of a mountain. On the top we visited a wall of stones, which was the burial-place of Khwajah Irya, a pious individual of the last age. In this place thieves often conceal themselves, and rob travellers of their goods, and even of their clothes.

We were very anxious to go to Sabzawar, of which place we had heard a great deal in old histories; but the head of our caravan was a bad, low fellow, who would not agree to our request, though he at first promised to do so.

Aug. 1.—We wrote a letter to the Naib Mullah Karim, the ruler of Sabzawar, who was very much pleased at receiving it. I flattered him greatly in the epistle, on which he immediately sent an escort, who conducted all the caravan to Sabzawar, twelve miles from our place, by compulsion. On

our left hand were villages and black tents inhabited by Afghans, called Ilat, and on our right were the Chungal hillocks. We crossed a great many streams, upon small, very dangerous wooden bridges, and passed through the gardens of the city, where the Naib came to receive us.

Aug. 2.—We halted in Isfazar, or, as it is called, Sabzawar, on account of the distressing heat. The country is twenty-four miles long, and twenty-eight broad. It is rich in productions, and on every side bounded by hills: 300 walled villages are said to be under its ruler's command, each of which is watered by 300 kahrazes. The country is inhabited by Tajiks and Parsiban, and a few Afghans. Sabzawar, the residence of Shahzadah Jalaluddin, is a very small place, fortified; there is a high structure, repaired by the prince for his family, and the houses of the chiefs and common people numbered nearly sixty. The buildings are destroyed by the rain and snow, and have a very dismal appearance. The market is on Friday, when all bargains are managed by twenty Hindu merchants. 10,000 kharvars of corn is the produce of the whole country of Sabzawar. In the city stands a lofty arch, the remains of an ancient mosque, which shews that Sabzawar is a very old place. It is said that the city was the winter residence of Rustam, a celebrated personage in the *Shah Namah*. It is not half a mile round, and contains only 500 souls. The place is not worth seeing. From Jambaran are three different

roads to Candahar; one by Ghor, over which no man can travel on horseback; the other through Tut Qasrman; and the third by Farah. Anardarah lies south of Sabzawar, and is famous for fine gardens of pomegranates; it is almost encircled by hills. The valley terminates at last in an extensive plain, which is abundantly filled with asafœtida. The capital of Anardarah is Qilah Kah, surrounded by enormous sandy hills. On moving a little, we were informed that a sound like the beating of a drum comes out of the hills, which is believed by the people to be a miracle. The country belongs to Shamshuddin Khan, one of the favourite connections of Shah Kamran.

August 3.—Having left Sabzawar, and crossed the Adraskan and Rodgaz, we came on the right bank of the first-named river, and perceived a fortified village named Emarat, ten miles distant. It is situated on the left hand, and is inhabited by Nurzais. The sons of Ahad Khan, the chief, came to meet us with a basket of fine grapes, and said, though the king had ordered them to give us an escort, yet they could not move to-day. The Qafilah Bashi would not allow us to stop for the night, on account of the scarcity of provisions in the caravan; but the above Afghans answered him in a haughty and independent tone, that they would not go to-day, though the Aflatun might come to order them.

Before we reached our camp, we traversed a very high and pleasant pass, and had the pleasure of visit-

ing the forts of the maiden and the youth, the legend of which is as follows: She was an oriental girl, who, being attacked with severe fever, determined to travel. She had a lover, who followed her step by step. When she encamped under this mountain, she found the air so fine and pleasant, that she recovered, and determined to pass her life on this healthy spot. She built a fort, surrounded by magnificent walls, and ordered the garrison not to allow any one to enter the castle. The poor lover was deeply distressed at being thus excluded from the sight of his beloved, and implored Providence to bestow on him a treasure. His petition was granted, and he erected a fort on the top of this hill (the walls of which are a mile and a half in circumference, built of stone and brick), whence he could see into the window of the palace in which his beloved resided.

The lover grew rich and powerful in the country, and sent a proposal of marriage to the maiden, with a present of precious stones. She consented to their nuptials, on condition that he finished first the whole of the fort. The youth sent orders that all the villagers should come before sunrise, and work at the fort, on pain of death for one minute's delay. The fort was nearly finished, but, unfortunately, a marriage took place among the workmen, and the morning after the wedding, the bridegroom, having overslept himself, could not go to work before sunrise, when, rending the air with lamentations, he

exclaimed that he should be put to death. His bride pacified him, saying she would go to the youth, and remedy the fault. Accordingly, covered with jewels and ornaments, she went to the youth, who was urging the people to work, and soon obtained the pardon of her husband, and so wrought upon the youth, that he made her the head of all his masons. After a short time, he fell asleep in her lap, when she told the workmen to throw baskets of earth and stones upon him, under which he was suffocated.

Emarat produces 500 kharvars of corn, and is in the vicinity of a mountain where sweet melons are planted.

Aug. 4.—A march of twenty-eight miles brought us to Jaijah, which is a walled place, and surrounded by black tents of the Afghans called Khail. The hills are of extraordinary shape, forming a circle round the village, and make it cool. 200 kharvars of corn are raised here annually.

Our route first lay over an extensive plain, which, on our left hand, was occupied by numerous Khails who had considerable herds of sheep or gosfands. At the end of the journey, we entered a rugged valley, which made our camels exceedingly tired. The difference between the Imaq and the Ilat is, that the former live in round tents of reeds, generally covered with white namads (carpets), and ornamented inside with fine flowers, and bunches of

yellow, red, and green silk; the latter reside in irregular tents, dressed with black blankets, through which they feel the sun's rays.

Aug. 5.—Having passed a dark night in travelling, we reached Hauz before daylight, twenty miles distant. The road continued a long time through the rugged valleys, where guns would meet some difficulty in passing. We were in want of water while we got up to our ground, and were also obliged to take precautions against robbers, who followed us from the village. On hearing, from the head of the caravan, that there was now no danger, we dismounted from our horses, in order to go into the camel-baskets, or kajavas. Our servants went on ahead, and there was only one gunner, with twenty camels. At the end of the valley, which was surrounded by dark caves and hillocks, in which the robbers choose their ground, a few camels, accompanied by one of us, had gone a little in advance. As soon as they had emerged out of the valley, they were suddenly attacked by eleven robbers, who took two camels, loaded with our things. On one were all my papers, including my Journal, and a few English articles we had brought to present to the Candahar chiefs. We were a mile behind the robbers, and being informed of the occurrence, I rode up with my musket, and told all the people to light pieces of cloth, which might be mistaken for matchlocks by the robbers. Accordingly, the robbers thought, in the dark, that the footmen (who

had, in reality, not a piece of stick in their hands) were protected by guns. Mr. Gerard, without any weapon, often desired to follow the thieves, but I did not let him go, because we were all unarmed. At last the day dawned, and the caravan encamped near Hauz. I was exceedingly vexed and annoyed at losing my Journal, which I expected would be the only means for me to get access to the presence of the Governor-General.

The annoyance which I suffered on this occasion would not allow me to dismount from my horse, and induced me to go straight to Farah, a distance of thirty miles. Having travelled over a dry plain, I passed a ruined caravansarae, where my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I felt ready to fall from the horse, through excessive thirst. The fiery winds burnt my eyes, and the rays of the scorching sun pierced through my body. The eyes of my companion, the servant of the Herat chief, who was robbed also, were filled with tears, on account of thirst and hunger. He wished to lie down under the burning base of the hill, which I did not agree to, and besought him to follow me to Farah; but it availed nothing. Having journeyed alone through many villages, I crossed the rapid and pebbly river called Farahrod, which had, in some places, very deep water. This river seems to have a dreadful current in spring. I scarcely believed the people, who informed me that it is dried up in winter, and has not enough water in it to quench a man's thirst

in the whole bed. The water was clear, blue, and very wholesome indeed. I entered Farah, and met Salem Khan, the ruler, a negro slave of the king. I explained to him all that had happened, and begged of him to get back my papers by any means. He carelessly replied, that the inhabitants of the country had rebelled against him, and that he could do nothing at present. Being disappointed and broken-hearted, I sent two men to the robbers, to offer a sum of money for the papers, if it were possible to get them back.

August 6 *to* 11.—We halted in Farah, in the hope of recovering my papers, and also to be protected by an escort as far as the dangerous road. But the slave was such a low and mean creature, that, notwithstanding we showed him a passport and an order from Prince Kamran, still he asked us to pay him a great deal of money for an escort, which we could not give. In short, surrounded as we were by difficulties, we relied on God, and made ourselves ready to start.

In the evening, I was delighted at the return of our servants, who brought my Journal and all my papers, except some English and silver things. The spy-glasses, which were considered to be of gold, were burnt by the robbers. They were all spoiled. Some papers they had washed with water. Praised be heaven, that I have been fortunate in the recovery of my Journal, which was twice stolen by thieves!

Farah is said to be the oldest place in Afghanistan, and to have been built by Faredun, an ancient king, mentioned in the *Shah-namah*. It is surrounded by a high wall, and a small ditch. There are three gates; one of them is blocked up with mud. The houses are very poor and dirty. The people looked harassed, and were vagabonds. Great part of the town was in ruins, and abounded with large tanks of dirty water. In a word, it is not worthy of notice. Dr. Macneill, the envoy at the court of Tehran, was very anxious to get some information respecting Farah. We made a good deal of search to find an old man, who could give us some particulars about the place; but none was to be found, and consequently we were unable to obtain the information sought.

The inhabitants are all Afghans, and are never obedient to their governors. They have rebelled against their sovereigns, and have often waged wars with them. They pay annually something to their masters, according to their own will; for if they are required to obey any order, they resist with swords in their hands.

Farah is very hot in the summer, when the people are often attacked by fever, and die very soon. The winter is not cold. Snow seldom falls here, and when it does, it melts directly. The soil is very rich: wheat and other necessaries of life are exported to Herat, and sold at a great profit.

Nadir Shah wrote to the king of Constantinople,

that he had recently possessed himself of a country, the earth of which killed his enemies, and was sold at a high price: that is, saltpetre, which is produced in considerable quantity in Farah, and makes a strong gunpowder; it is exported to Herat, and other places.

August 12.—We took leave of Farah in the evening, without any guard, though we heard that the robbers were waiting for us on the road. We crossed many small streams over dangerous and weak bridges, one of which gave way under the feet of a camel, who fell instantly into the water. All the caravan were so much afraid of the banditti, that they could hardly speak with each other. We tied all our useful papers round our waists, and waîted the attack of the robbers till the day dawned upon our weary eyes. Having travelled over a hilly road, we passed near the Hauz of Kallu, and reached Khur Malaq, a distance of twenty miles. The inhabitants are all Nurzais, and their chief is a good-tempered person. Here were two old caravansaraes built by Abbas Shah Safvi. The village is watered by a beautiful kahrez, and is surrounded by numerous khails.

August 13.—A march of twenty-four miles brought us to the village of Chagaz, or Durahi: the road to Farah joins that of Herat, for which it is called Durahi (or 'two roads'). Our route was for a long time through a pass, and after descending, we entered upon a spot adorned with verdure, and

encircled by a canal. We reached Siah Ab, at which there is an old rabat, where the body of Shahwali Khan reposes. He was the Vazir of Ahmad Shah, who used great exertions to place Sulaiman Shah on the throne, which so excited the indignation of Taimur Shah, that he took his life. He was massacred, along with his four sons, by the hands of Taimur Shah's men.

The head men of the village brought presents of melons and milk for us, and were very attentive. This village is famous for its butter, which is exported to Herat in great quantities. Two seers and a half (Indian weight) of butter is sold for five annas, and a large sheep for one rupee.

August 14.—We came to Kirta, eleven miles distant, a village situated at the end of the Bakva country. We left the direct road for fear of meeting robbers, and bent our course from the fort of Dost Mohammed, towards our left hand, over an uneven road, covered with long grass and weeds.

The thieves came into the caravan in disguise, as poor travellers, and began to intrude upon the people: some of them were detected, and the rest escaped. Travellers must be very cautious, in passing through Bakva, the people of which are the most renowned thieves in Afghanistan.

The peaks of the hill called Panj Angusht had a striking appearance at a distance. Their shape was like the fingers of the human hand, whence they have the name of *Panj Angusht*, or 'five fingers.'

August 15.—After obtaining an escort from Kallu Khan, the headman in Kirta, we journeyed into an extensive plain, concealed under thorny bushes, and the darkness of the night. In the thickness of the jangal, on the bank of the stream called Ju Ibrahimi, a man of our caravan was suddenly attacked by robbers, who, having deprived him of his clothes and ass, concealed themselves in a ravine of the bank. The accident alarmed all the qafilah, and made us very cautious. We loaded our guns, drew out our swords, and waited the attack till the sun rose upon our tired eyes. We encamped under the shade of the walls of the ruined fort of Dilaram, situated on the bank of the river Khashrod, which divides the country of Herat from that of Candahar. The distance of our journey was twenty-two miles. This place is the resort of famous robbers of Beluchistan, who do not hesitate to murder travellers for a small booty, and sometimes reduce them to bondage. When they go to plunder, two men ride on one camel, galloping day and night, with guns in their hands, and they face their enemy on both sides. Owing to fear, we did not sleep one wink during the night and day.

Aug. 16.—We forded the rapid current of Khashrod, and travelled at dark over a sandy desert, in apprehension of the Beluchis. When we reached a well adjoining to a ruined rabat, we saw fresh water spilt on the margin of it, and marks of animals' feet along the road. This circumstance crea-

ted a strong suspicion that the robbers had been here before our arrival. On this, we quickened our pace, and when the sun grew high, we reached an untenanted fort, named Sakhak, thirty-two miles distant, where we encamped, watching on all sides for the Beluchis.

Aug. 17.—Having traversed a sandy tract, we reached Shoravak, nine miles distant, and congratulated each other on our safe arrival in the territory of Candahar. In this place I slept soundly eight hours, and ate my dinner with great satisfaction. The villagers informed us, that, the day before yesterday, 3,000 sheep were taken away by the Beluch robbers, who encamped for two hours by the same well which we passed on our route on Friday night.

Aug. 18.—A march of thirty-seven miles brought us to Girishk, where we were handsomely received by Mohammed Saddiq Khan, the eldest son of the Sardar of Candahar. He is about twenty-six years of age, and possesses great talents, which give a grace to his manners. When he learnt that I had a knowledge of the English language, besides that of the Persian, he appeared very anxious to go to India, and thence to England, for the sake of acquiring the sciences of that civilized country. He was sorry, he said, that his father would never allow him to leave Girishk, otherwise he would be very happy to accompany us to India, and from thence he would sail straight to England.

Aug. 19 *to* 22.—We continued in Girishk, and were treated with a rich dinner by Mohammed Saddiq Khan. He sat in a glazed room, with a few of his choice companions, and changed turbans with Mr. Gerard, a custom among Asiatics significant of strong friendship.

The fort of Girishk is not very large, but has solid walls, constructed on pebbly land. There is a small garrison in the castle, with abundance of provisions.

The most part of the revenue of Girishk is raised from the country of Zimindavar, which extends on the left margin of the Khashrod, and runs as far as Beluchistan. The residents on this bank possess great numbers of cattle, and employ their time in cultivation, which has excited the jealousy of their neighbours. The other district of Girishk is called Nadali, and is enriched by the luxuriant production of asafœtida, &c. &c.

The caravan of Herat is one of the principal sources of the income of Girishk. There are no gardens, except an avenue lately planted by Kohan Dil Khan. The current of the Hilmand flows past the walls, and is frequented by two small boats.

Aug. 23.—Having traversed a sandy plain, and then passing over a rich ground, we arrived at Khak Chaupan, a distance of twenty-nine miles, and encamped in the cool shade of mulberry trees. Canals of crystal water were running on

every side of us. Mr. Gerard entered the camp very late, as he had missed the road in the night.

Aug. 24.—Our route led us into a fertile village, named Kashk Nakhud, famous for the temple of a saint. There has been, since the invasion of Nadir Shah, a dead body, covered with cloth, lying on the ground in a small room. The deceased is believed to have been a godly man, because his body has not putrefied for such a length of time, and no animal dares to touch it, though the doors are always open.

We reached Hauz Madad, a distance of twenty-eight miles. Here we met the men of the chief of Candahar, with four baskets of fresh fruit. The preparations for our reception at this place appeared very liberal.

Villages are scattered over the whole surface of this country. The farmers are negligent, owing either to their being naturally disinclined to labour, or to misgovernment.

Our tent was pitched on a rising ground, very far from the water, which is conducted through kahrezes into the fields of tobacco; this article is exported to Shikarpur. The wheat here is whiter and sweeter than that of Herat, and is sent to the city for sale. The rice is not so good as in Herat.

Aug. 25.—We took our departure from Hauz, and travelled over an even road. On our left hand were the high hills which run to Kabul, and join the snowy mountains of Hindu Kush; on our right

was a line of flourishing villages, lying on the right bank of the Arghandab river, which we forded at midnight. We met here a few horsemen of Candahar, with a palankin, covered with red velvet, sent by Sardar Raham Dil Khan to receive us. After making a respectful salam, they wished us to go into the palankin, which we refused. In the morning we reached the garden of Taimur Quli Khan, where we were told to halt a short time. His son, a good-tempered youth, a relation of the present chiefs, brought us a present of delicious grapes. Jan Mohammed Khan Naib, accompanied by an escort, came to receive us, and delivered a friendly salam from the Sardar. He has visited a great part of India, where he has been enriched by trade. He speaks Hindusthani, and is acquainted with a number of gentlemen in that country. He took hold of Mr. Gerard's hand, and urged us to enter the palankin, which we still refused. Our entry into the city was somewhat public and honourable. We were conducted into the house of the Sardar, and were entertained with all kinds of delicious food. In the evening we visited the Sardar, who was very kind to us.

Aug. 26 *to* 31.—Candahar. We visited the great Sardar Raham Dil Khan, who stood and received us in a stately manner. He placed us next to him, and talked a great deal about the Christian religion. His dress was rich, and he was encircled by a set of his chiefs, who were astonished to see an Eng-

lishman in their country. They spoke of the British Government in terms of great praise, and especially applauded Mr. Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm, with whom they had had correspondence. Sardar Raham Dil Khan, our kind host, paid us two visits in return, and said he was a great friend of ours.

Sept. 1.—At evening we took a ride out of the city with the Sardar, who told Mr. Gerard and me to mount on a beautiful camel with himself and his son, a great friend of mine. We went about two miles from the city, and ascended a very steep hill, called Kohnigar, from whence we saw the old city of Candahar. We sat upon the bastion made by Nadir Shah, who carried up large guns, throwing a quantity of raisins under the wheels, as the road was difficult. We ate grapes with the Sardar, who, with his finger, pointed out the directions of the various roads.

Sept. 2.—Sardar Raham Dil Khan sent for me in the morning to his court, which was crowded with people. He sat on a velvet bed, having his shoulder supported by a pillow. He told me to sit down by his side: after inquiring how we lived, he said that his pir, or religious father, was anxious to see us; and whenever we were willing to go, he should be very glad to send his mirza and palankin for us.

Sept. 3.—After sunrise we set out to Mazrah, the residence of Akhund Mulla Sahibuddin, the pir

of the Sardar. The village is fertile, and very populous. It is situated five miles to the north-east of the city. There are about twenty shops in the hamlet, which is a place of refuge for criminals, as well as for persons in debt, or who have quarrelled with any one, or killed any body. The government cannot touch them, as long as they live in that place. We entered a garden adjoining a beautiful mosque, which was full of fruit-trees. The Akhund was sitting under the shade of fig-trees, surrounded with a band of his followers. He stood to receive us, and placed us near him. We kissed his hands, and he spoke very kindly. He is an old man, with a smiling countenance. It is said that he dislikes bigotted people. He sent for a quantity of delicious grapes; the weight of each bunch was nearly a seer and a half, Indian weight. He has 1,000 followers, but his power is so great that he could raise 30,000 men.

Sept. 4.—I paid a second visit to the Akhund, who, with a smiling face, asked me, of what nation were the best people, and what place I liked most in my journey? I answered him, "The Uzbegs are dirty in their persons, and credulous; they are hospitable while you are in their house, and treacherous when you leave it. The Persians speak lies, and are fond of pomp and show. And now, Akhund Sahib, I beg you will pardon the character I give of the Afghans, who are, in my opinion, jealous, thievish, and deceitful." Upon this, the Akhund could not help laughing for a long time, and said to

his associates, that the Mirza (meaning myself) was a good judge. He presented me with sweetmeats and grapes, and talked very cordially.

Sept. 5 *to* 20.—We continued in Candahar, where there is nothing curious to be seen. The Sardar was very attentive and kind to us; in his company we passed very comfortable, but idle days. Rumours of Shah Shuja's success in Sindh were spreading rapidly in the families of the Durranis, who appeared to like him very much. It was believed among the citizens that he was assisted by the English Government, of which they were greatly afraid. The Sardars, who had no fear in their hearts, said, that Shah Shuja could never keep his throne in Kabul, as long as the Barakzai chiefs were alive.

In the evening, we were gratified at receiving an affectionate and respectful invitation from the Mama, to dine in his house. There were a great many persons sitting in a straight line under the roof of an old palace, where Ahmad Shah and Zaman Shah kept their courts. The structure appeared to have been splendid, but, through neglect, it is now much altered.

The dinner was excellent; it had a very different appearance from Indian feasts. The host was very friendly and kind to us. He was astonished to observe the thermometer rise two degrees, as soon as he took it in his hand. He remarked, that Englishmen were the first in wisdom, and could do every thing, except save people from death.

Sept. 21 *to* 29.—We were delighted to receive a kind letter from Captain Wade, with a large bundle of newspapers, which were almost filled with the Rev. J. Wolff's and Mr. Burnes' remarks upon each other.

As the desire of travelling had taken possession of my mind, I was anxious to direct my route from hence to Kashgar and Kohkan, passing through the famous country of Badakhshan; these places lie due east of Bokhara. Being afraid of losing the opportunity, I obtained letters of introduction from the Vazir to his family, in the above countries. The letters are couched in very favourable terms, which I am sure will gain for me respectful treatment in that country, if I should ever go there.

Sept. 30.—We took a ride in the evening round the wall, and entered the city through the Shikarpur gate. The northern and southern suburbs of the city are parched and dry, but towards the east we had a refreshing sight of flower-fields. The Shikarpur bazar is a poor one, and thinly occupied by fruit-sellers. The men looked at us with astonished eyes, and said, "This is the Farangi." There was a cloud of dust over the face of the bazar, which prevented our seeing well.

Oct. 1.—We were informed, by a respectable man, that Habibullah Khan, after getting mad, killed his two beautiful wives, four servants, and three slave-girls, and he himself is now wandering through the deserts of Dadar.

The city of Candahar is not so strongly built as that of Herat; the walls are new, and encircled by a small, dry ditch. The circumference of the city is 9,000 paces, of two and a half feet each. It is an oblong square, and has six gates; two, on the western side, are called Darvazah Topkhanah and Darvazah Herat, which last, after making the two sides (or bazars) of the charsu, runs straight through the dome, and meets the Darvazah Kabul, standing on the eastern side; it measures 1,870 paces from one gate to another. The Darvazah Topkhanah is opposite to the Bardurrani gate, which is situated near the Kabul Darvazah. The southern side has a gate called Darvazah Shikarpur. The street goes straight through the dome, and joins the gate of the arg, or Idgah, which is on the northern side. They make two sides also, and a length of 1,470 paces. The charsu, or four-sided streets, are called by different names. Bazar Shah and Bazar Shikarpur have 401 shops, omitting small ones. The bazars of Herat and Kabul are exceedingly well filled with shops. The bazars are not covered, like those of Herat, and are very small in some places. The arg, or citadel, stands separately, walled by itself, and on two sides it is surrounded by a deep, narrow, and pebbly dry-ditch. The gate of the arg towards the city has an iron chain barrier, which prevents men from going through on horseback. In the vicinity is a large, dry cistern, flanked by high trees, which bear a great

beam, fixed with iron hooks, high upon their trunks. It is a gallows, and made for hanging criminals.

The present city and arg of Candahar were built by Ahmad Shah, ninety-four years ago. In the arg were many magnificent houses, which the present chiefs spoil, out of spite, and make new buildings after their own fashion. The houses in Candahar are commonly of one story high, constructed of unburnt bricks and clay, which resist the snow and rain for many years. The rafters are brought from Kabul, for there is a great want of wood in this country.

Oct. 2.—In the evening we took a ride in the vicinity, towards the north, and visited a white building, on the top of a mountain, three miles from the city. It is a very pleasant abode, open on four sides. The circumference is thirty-five paces. Ahmad Shah, on the day of his coronation, sat on the top of this hill, and shot an arrow towards the plain; and where it dropped, he ordered a menar to be built, thirty feet high, and twenty-five spans in circumference, to perpetuate his memory. The rock consists of different-coloured stones. They are blackish, and somewhat reddish. We dug out some of them for specimens, to present to the Asiatic Society, and also picked up a shell, or rounded pebble, which seems to prove that the sea must once have covered this mountain, though it is nearly 3,000 feet above its present level.

The Afghans form the majority of the inhabitants.

and the Persians, who are all dealers, and have possession of the authority, occupy nearly 2,000 houses. They intermarry with Afghans or Sunnis, which custom does not prevail in Persia, or even in Mashad. The people are all fond of dress. Their turbans are graceful, and their kamarbands generally consist of English shawls. They laugh at a person, and think him a poor, cowardly fellow, if he is not loaded with weapons. They stick two or three pistols round their waists, besides a couple of daggers and swords; they bear beautiful shields upon their backs, and leave the border of their turbans hanging upon them. Under the turban they put on a thin cap, covered with gold embroidery, called *araqchin*, which is open on the occipital part of the head; this is considered to be a mark of foppery, as well as of a great man. The dresses were different from those we saw in other parts of Afghanistan, and indicate that the Afghans are bold and careless, with a mixture of rudeness. They are accustomed to shoot on horseback, and a good marksman is always respected, although he may be of a low family. They speak Pashtu, and also Persian; quarrel for an insignificant thing, and kill each other for a trifling offence. They boast of their heroism, and think themselves the most incomparable warriors of the age. Their heart is the seat of revenge and jealousy, and humanity never touches their breasts. They cut off a man's head with as much indifference as we cut a radish.

Oct. 3 *to* 7.—In the company of Mirza Yahya,* a good-tempered man, in the service of the Sardar, I had the satisfaction of feasting my eyes with the sight of Babavali fair, or Melah. It takes place once a year, and people of every caste, with their families, after returning from the fair of Shah Maqsud, halt a day at the above spot, and enjoy the pleasures of the senses.

Babavali lived 400 years ago; he was a pious and respectable man in his time. His tomb is situated upon a high hill, and is visited weekly by pilgrims. He has performed, according to report, a great many miracles, and was not a bigoted man. The hills command a pretty country towards the north, on the left bank of the Arghandab river. We passed a whole day in a garden of delicious fruits, and Mirza anxiously inquired about the English laws, which excited his attention, as he expected to go to India.

The people of the fair sing love-ballads, and play upon guitars. Many of them had good countenances, and were finely dressed; but they were mounted upon asses and old ugly camels, which gave a bad effect to their showy dresses. This fair, which is not comparable with the fairs of India, was considered by the people as the most striking scene ever witnessed in Candahar.

Oct. 8 *to* 11.—I went to congratulate the Sardar,

* He lost his life through an accident in 1837.

on account of the birth of a child in his house. He received me respectfully, and did not allow me to go till the dance of an ugly woman was over. There were many jugglers, and also a set of Luti, who repeated very shameless words. We presented a shawl to the Sardar's man, according to the custom of the country, in consequence of his bringing us the good news of the birth.

Oct. 12 *to* 15.—At five o'clock in the morning we set off from Candahar to examine a celebrated grotto, known by the name of Ghar Jamshaid. It is situated sixteen miles south-west of the city, in the range of the Panj Bai hills, which overlook the left bank of the Arghandab river. We ascended about 300 feet, by an elevated gorge, which led us to the entrance of the cavern; at about ten paces we were obliged to stoop, till it opened into a large place, stretching on our left; while, on our right hand, we beheld a natural abyss, which was totally dark. The depth was very great; we threw down a stone, which, after stopping in many places, sounded at the bottom after three minutes. Our party now consisted of twelve men and two guides. We were accompanied by two large torches, or mashals, with two maunds of burning oil. Our entrance into the ghar was worthy of description. The roof was covered by numerous large bats, which, from the heat of the torches, took flight, and darted about so as to endanger the lights, and sometimes our own heads, making a humming noise with their wings. The

ground was covered with damp mould, from the filth of the bats. The heat was oppressive, and induced a violent perspiration, the thermometer being 85°. From the noxious and stagnant air, some of the party complained of headaches, and others found a difficulty of respiration. When we came to the large chamber, which the inhabitants call charsu, we were astonished to perceive the whole roof beautifully carved, as if it was artificial. In the winter season, when much rain falls, the water drops through the rock, and is converted into strange figures, which appear like icicles. When we broke several of them, they looked like fine shining marble. Our guides pointed out two masses of rock, which they call buts or idols, but they were evidently of natural formation, and not, as the people assert, productions of art. Tradition tells us that the famous Jamshaid, one of the kings of the Kinan dynasty, was the first to discover this cave, from whom it derives its name. Regarding its origin, the following story is told at Candahar :—

An enormous snake had been in the habit of devouring the people who passed by the above hills. Hazrat Ali, having heard of this, vowed vengeance against the monster, and arrived at the spot where it was. As soon as he cast his eyes upon it, the snake, being afraid of his godlike power, ran away, and appeared on the other side of the mountain, forcing a passage through it, and this was the formation of the cavern. The animal, as alleged, was

converted into stone, which still lies, in the same figure, upon the top of the rock. Some time after this, when Hazrat Ali was returning from the Khaibar country, he found that the people of this place were infidels, and having asked them whether they had not heard of the Mohammedan religion, they replied in the negative; upon which the saint was incensed, and told them they deserved to be changed into the sang, or stone, which happened accordingly.

We collected various specimens of the different rocks which composed the grotto and the mountain, some of which were like marble, and others had a greenish tinge, as if they contained some kind of metal, perhaps copper. The whole of the rock was limestone. The sides of the cave were bathed with damp, which, when tasted, had a salt and bitter flavour. After remaining more than two hours among the bats, in the unwholesome air of the cavern, we enjoyed daylight and the cool atmosphere outside, where the temperature was about ten degrees lower. We returned to our camp at the foot of the hill, and regaled our appetites upon kababs, in the Afghan style. We came to the city by a different route, that of Panj Bai, on purpose to see the famous gardens of pomegranates, which are much praised in Candahar.

We were on camels, the speed of which exceeded that of horses, and reached the city a little after dark. Near the gate, my camel, being blind of one

eye, fell down, and precipitated me from my seat, but without my sustaining any injury. The distance of our trip was nearly thirty-five miles, and the next day we found ourselves so much fatigued that we could scarcely move our limbs.

Oct. 15.—In company with the Sardar, we made an excursion to the ruins of the ancient city of Candahar, which is situated three miles west of the present one. Having passed through rich cultivations of clove, rice, and tobacco-fields, we crossed many small streams on wooden bridges, and emerged before the ruins of the city, which occupy a considerable extent of ground. We entered by the gateway, and observed the thickness of the wall, which appeared to be thirty feet. The western side is bordered by a high and steep cliff of bare rock, forming a natural wall. We were surprised to see many houses still standing, after the lapse of more than a hundred years. These habitations looked as solid as if they had been vacated a few years before. There are many wells in the city; one of them is said to contain great riches, for which we looked in vain. In this country we saw neither stone nor brick buildings, such as exist in India; and, consequently, there are no remains of antiquity visible; the whole is mouldering to dust.

Husain Shah Ghilzai was the founder of the city, about forty years anterior to Nadir Shah's invasion. The place was of such great strength, that it resisted

the conqueror for fourteen months, and was finally betrayed by the Vazir of Husain Shah, who pointed out a road for Nadir's guns. They were dragged up by means of raisins put under the wheels. The arduous nature of this undertaking may be judged of from the fact that, when upon the top of the hill, I was unable to look down without a sense of giddiness, it appearing nearly perpendicular.

The Sardar, like a bold Afghan, shewed us the way to the summit of this high mountain, and we followed him with fearful steps. We passed two hauzes, or cisterns, one about half-way up, the other nearly at the top. These were made for a supply of water to the garrison who were stationed for the defence of the hill.

We rode up the first part of the way, and walked on foot till we came to the steep cliff, upon which was no vegetation. Here we were obliged to creep on all fours, and even then we had a difficulty in keeping our hold. We succeeded, after much exertion, in reaching the top, where the wind blew so furiously as to endanger our footsteps. The Sardar went on in advance, and Mr. Gerard followed him; but I had not nerve to go any further. The Sardar pursuing another road, I retreated by the same way, and joined the Sardar at the bottom, who was quite amused at my inexperience in the hills.

From thence we visited a curious well, cut into the solid rock to the depth of fifty-six feet. On Nadir's invasion, Husain Shah, it is said, deposited

all his wealth in this well, and, to secure it, caused a quantity of melted lead to be poured over it.

On returning from the well, we paid a visit to the old ruined arg, or citadel, which is called Naranj, from its resemblance to an orange. Here we went in search of a well, where, it is related, Husain Shah, to preserve his jewels from Nadir, suspended them by a chain, which, on the invasion of the city, was cut, and the whole disappeared under the water, and none have to this day been discovered. So the natives' account informs us, but whether it be true or false, we have no means of ascertaining.

We proceeded now to visit the famous building named Chihal Zinah, or Forty Steps, erected by the noble king called Mohammed Zahir Uddin Babar Badshah, whose bones rest in a beautiful garden near Kabul. This structure makes me feel the want of words to describe its magnificent appearance: however, I will pen a few lines about it.

The same range of rock which forms the barrier of the old city of Candahar springs very high in a north direction; the summit of the rock, where it terminates, appears in the shape of a head, or projecting point. It commands an extensive view on all sides, and the arch, which stands above forty steps almost perpendicular, attracts the sight of passengers from a long distance. It is cut in the solid hard rock, which is composed of black stone, with white veins and moles. I found great difficulty in climbing the steps, or Chihal Zinah, the stone being slippery.

The Sardar had made great preparations for our entertainment under the arch. Fruits were brought in abundance, and a kabab of a fat sheep was prepared in the Afghan fashion.

The inside of the arch, as well as its outer wings, was completely covered with Persian inscriptions, some of which were illegible. They express that Babar Badshah, after taking Candahar, built this conspicuous edifice, which is so high as to converse with the sky. He had also ordered to be engraved the names of all the Indian cities in his possession, and the kind Sardar insisted upon my copying them in my journal, which I did agreeably to his wishes.

Translation of the Persian Inscription.

"On the 13th of Shawal, A. H. 928, the emperor Babar conquered Candahar, and in the same year ordered his son, Mohammed Kamran Bahadur, to construct this lofty and splendid building. The skilful workmen, of high station, under the charge of Shahzadah Ferozbakht, finished this edifice in the year 953, and when this prince delivered the government of Candahar into his youngest brother's hands, named Mohammed Askari, the emperor possessed himself at the same time of Delhi. His conquests extended so far on each side of the globe, that no one could pass from one boundary to another, if he were to travel for two years." [Here follow the names of the towns, namely, "Adesah, Jaganath, Chatganv, Bardwan, Sulaimanabad, Sanargam, Koragat, Sherpur Hirchah, Pirniz Hajipur, Patnah, Rohtas, Sihram, Chausa, Ghazi Pur, Chinar, Banaras, Jonpur, Gara, Malikpur, Kalpi, Kanjar Atawah, Kalach, Lakhnau, Kirarch, Sambal, Amroyah, Bahraun, Geljalali, Shamsabad, Agrah, Gwaliyar, Saraunj, Chanderi, Raesain, Saharanpur, Ujjain, Malwah, Mando, Hindiyah, Borar, Ashero, Burhanpur, Nazar Baz, Bandar Surat,

Hanatabdew, Janagar, Nawanagar, Kaj, Kankar, Ahmadabad, Andar, Pattan, Nahrmalah, Jaipur, Sarohi, Merath, Judpur, Narnaul, Jasalmer, Nagaur, Ajmer, Rantayor, Nilmir, Chitaur, Bayotah, Fatahpur, Mathra, Delhi, Paniput, Maham, Hisar, Firozabad, Nesar, Sarhind, Tijarah, Sultanpur, Jalandar, Lahor, Kalanpur, Haidarkot, Nagarkot, Rotas, Atak, Jamu, Jalalabad, Derah, Ghaznin, Sehorbin, Sehaikh, Farid, Multan, Dudaija, Acha, Bakar, Sehwan, Umarkot, Thatah."] "Great hopes are entertained that some more of the rich countries will fall into the emperor's hand, on account of the good fortune of the princes named Shah Salem, Shah Murad, Danial Shah, Khairu Shah, and Parvez Shah. When Shah Beg Khan Kabuli was made the ruler of Candahar, I held also a public situation in that country. My name is Mohammad Masum, the descendant of Hasan Abdal."

Sardar Kohan Dil Khan, a man of liberal heart, is not so popular as Sardar Raham Dil Khan, who has more agreeable manners. He has much treasure and many jewels, which were bequeathed to him by the valiant Sardar, named Sher Dil Khan. This enterprising nobleman, a few years before his death, proceeded to Kabul, to quell some insurrection, where he imprisoned Habibullah Khan, the chief of that metropolis, and the son of Mohammed Azim Khan, Sardar, an opulent chief of the Barakzai family: he was the ruler of Kashmir for a long time, and oppressed his subjects, nay deprived them of their privileges and property, which made him powerful, and master of greater riches than any one in the whole country. He loaded his wives with precious stones, but when he was dying, he thought it best to get back all the jewels

from them, and give them to his son, Habibullah Khan. So he sent for his wives, and told them that he was approaching the grave, and was anxious to see them once more ornamented with jewels and gold. When they came with their beautiful attire before him, he asked them to take off the jewels, &c. and put them on the ground before his sight, in a heap, as he wished to know how much they were worth. When they had done so, he called his son, Habibullah Khan, and desired him to take them all. But this man was always intoxicated, and never applied himself to make his power strong, till Sher Dil Khan came from Candahar, who reduced him to poverty, by extorting all the wealth from him, which he gave to his brother, Sardar Raham Dil Khan, who possesses them now at Candahar. He is a good-looking man, and has 2,000 horsemen under his command. He has four sons; his wife rules him, though she is not a miracle of beauty.

Kohan Dil Khan has five wives, besides three slave-girls, and several sons; the eldest of them is a promising youth. Mehr Dil Khan, the youngest brother of the present chief at Candahar, pursues pleasure. He dresses beautifully, and lives very high. He has four or five wives. He passes much of his time in study, and is a good poet. He has no prejudices of religion like his other brothers. Pur Dil Khan, who was the eldest, is remembered with

gratitude by his relations. Though the administration of these chiefs is much better than that of the Saduzais, they are still unpopular.

In Candahar, the winter is not cold, nor the summer hot; the air is very pleasant, and makes those who live there strong and healthy. There are four seasons. Winter, which continues for three months, seldom causes the falling of snow, and when it does fall, it melts away quickly. Spring, which lasts also for three months, is very pleasant; the hills are dressed in red and yellow flowers; the earth clothes itself with verdure, and the trees are decked with blossoms. Summer, which is not more than three months, supplies the natives with good fruits; and Autumn makes the fruits much sweeter and more delicious.

The eastward of Candahar, which reaches to Makur, sixty miles' distance, is divided into five districts, called Vatak, Tukhi, Andar, Nasri, and Jalalzai, which yield 500,000 rupees yearly. They are mutinous, and pay nothing to the Barakzais; nay, the people rob the caravans.

The western boundary joins Bavashir, 160 miles' distance. It contains nine districts, as Panjbai, Kishk, Nakhud, Garmsail, Nauzad, Nad Ali, Girishk, Tamiri, and Zamin Darvar. They are all ruled by Sardar Kohan Dil Khan, who gains 400,000 rupees annually.

Raham Dil Khan rules as far as Tezin, eighty miles distant; towards the north are Bagna, Jaghari,

Gharaq, Dalak, Vambish, Deravat, Charjoyah, Bagni, and Jarli; the amount of their yearly revenue is 500,000 rupees.

Mastang, Shoravak, Savi, Rabet Reg Maruf, Qalachi, Batizai, Pashing, Biloch, situated on this side of Savi, are 140 miles towards the south. This part of the country is governed by Mehr Dil Khan Sardar, who raises 300,000 rupees yearly from the ground.

In a word, the whole country of Candahar is extremely fertile, producing all sorts of fruits, principally pomegranates and grapes, for which it is famous.

Maranjan, which extends to the skirt of the northern hills, is a most flourishing country, celebrated for beautiful gardens, which amount to 300 in number. The base of each tree is washed by the water of Arghandab. From the top of the hills the country has a very striking view, and the meadows look refreshing.

The grave of Ahmad Shah, which is situated in the bosom of the city of Candahar, is not remarkable for beauty. A small meadow which encircles it is almost destroyed. The inside of the cupola is painted and gilt, but very roughly. The circumference of the building is 125 paces, and the whole expense of building it was not more than 90,000 rupees. There are a few Korans lying on the shelves, upon the heads of the buried. The corners are full of inscriptions in the Arabic character, which contain nothing but numerous blessings upon

the soul of Shah Durran, or Ahmad Shah. The following inscription (which is in Persian) gives us the date of the deceased's death.

"Ahmad Shah Durrani was a great king. The fear of his justice was so great, that the lion and deer were fed in one place. The ears of his enemies were always filled by the rumours of his conquests. When he died, the Hejra year was 1186."

Oct. 16 *to* 19.—The commerce of Candahar owes much to the supplies which it receives from Bombay. When the Saduzais were reigning in Afghanistan, the shawls of Kashmir were dispersed over the whole country; the duties were then less, and there was no danger of extortion. Goods worth 100 rupees, brought from Bombay by the route of the Gulph of Catch, through the Biloch country, ruled by Meh Rab Khan, after paying the whole expenses of road and town duty in Candahar, gave the merchants a profit of 30 per cent., and passed on to Herat, subject to great imposts, and often to Kabul; but the route of the Luhanis, who provide the largest proportion of merchandise to Kabul and Turkistan, is the only one by which the commercial intercourse is conducted. It leaves Candahar on the west, and proceeds straight to Ghaznin, by a good and well-frequented road, and from that spot to Kabul it is like travelling over plains.

From Bombay to the seaport town called Miya-ni is fourteen days' voyage, and thence to Candahar, the marches by camels are twenty-eight. The navigation of the Indus will be an important advantage to

the merchants, who spend large sums upon land-carriage, and often meet with robbers in Biluchistan.

Shikarpur, which may be reached from Bombay by water, is a journey of fourteen days from Candahar. The road is even, but in some places destitute of provisions.

List of the Names of English Fabrics, including Duty and Expense of the Road.

		Bought in Bombay. Rs.	As.	Sold in Candahar. Rs.	As.
1.	Fine book mal-mal, or muslin, each piece	3	0	6	8
2.	Abrah or jamavar	2	12	10	0
3.	A pair of fine shawls, or razai ..	20	0	40	0
4.	Sahan, or long cloth, 35 yards, each piece	12	0	27	0
5.	Figured chintz, called Guli, ditto	13	0	28	0
6.	Common chintz, called rahdar	10	0	18	0
7.	Jamdani	3	8	7	0
8.	Fine alvan, made of wool ..	18	0	30	0
9.	One piece of velvet	27	0	66	0
10.	Velvet chintz, called Makhmali ..	60	0	120	0

Six and a half rupees of Candahar are equal to five rupees of Bombay.

All these articles are sold in Herat, which is twenty marches beyond Candahar, at quadruple their price in Bombay; but the merchants, notwithstanding their profit, do not carry the trade through the inhabited road, in consequence of mal-government. In the time of Prince Haji Firoz, who reigned sixteen years ago, and is remembered with praise by

his posterity, Herat was the richest and best market in Khorasan. The caravans of Bokhara then came twice or thrice in a year, but now they come very seldom. It is one hundred and ten farsangs from Herat, each farsang being calculated at nearly four English miles.

The road through Maimanah to Bokhara is the best, and more inhabited than the one which follows, but the duties are very heavy.

ROUTE FROM HERAT TO BOKHARA.

Names of the places.	Farsangs.	Duty taken on the road.
1. Parvanah	3	
2. Khush Rabat ..	3	
3. Bad Ghais ..	3	A duty of 10 Rs. on each camel. The rulers are of the Jamshadi tribe, dependent on Herat.
4. Sir Chashmah ..	4	Ditto, 5 Rs. on each camel-load.
5. Cha Mun Bait ..	3	
6. Fatmah Qidak ..	3	A small inhabited village.
7. Panjdeh	3	On each camel-load 7 rupees. Formerly it belonged to Herat, and now to Khiva.
8. Ditto, called Wall	2	
9. Pulpukhtah ..	3	
10. Bala Murghaab ..	6	
11. Qilah Bu Ran ..	6	Caravans leave Sarakhs on the left hand.
12. Youla un	6	Duty on each camel-load, one ducat and one rupee.
13. Talkhu Tun, inhabited place	6	

14.	Gundchah	6	The water of this well is saline.
15.	Nazah Shikan ..	9	
16.	Euf Atak	6	
17.	Qaraval	6	
18.	Kelah Mo Ran ..	6	
19.	Charju	6	
20.	Paruk	6	
21.	Qara Kol	6	Famous place for fir, on the other side of the Oxus.
22.	Shair Islam ..	6	
23.	Bokhara	3	Duty is here taken according to the order of the Shariat, on 40 Rs. goods is 1 R. duty; but the infidels (not the Mohammedans) pay double.

From Astrabad, a seaport town on the shore of the Caspian, it is eighteen days' journey to Herat, and from thence, passing through the hilly country of the Hazara people, you arrive at Kabul on the eleventh day.

Shah Zaman, and also Mahmud Shah, with both infantry and cavalry, started from Herat on the first of the new moon, and reached Kabul on the 12th. The Hazaras are independent and Shias. They possess large herds of cattle, and great numbers of fine shawls.

The following are the names of the duties taken at Candahar upon Herat and Bombay goods. 1, Kharch Chehalyak; 2, Kharch Milyak; 3, Kharch Abdulrahman; 4, Kharch Sar Sanduqi; 5, Kharch Yazdah Ropaiya; 6, Kharch Mangat; 7, Kharch

Abdullah Khan; 8, Faiz Talab Khan; 9, Saduzai; 10, Kharch Sohbat Khan; 11, Kharch Rasam Chabutarh; 12, Kharch Sarkar; 13, Kharch Ghulamanah; 14, Kharch Darvazah; 15, Kharch Piyadah; 16, Sadu Khan; 17, Kharch Sugamal; 18, Kharch Vazankash; 19, Kharch Valdah Shah Pasand Khan; 20, Kharch Taalleiqat. When the amount of such multiplied duties is added up, it is a tenth part of the value of the merchandise. The merchants complain much of the heavy tax of ten per cent., but the Government is deaf to their entreaties.

CHAPTER V.

ROUTE FROM CANDAHAR TO KABUL.

Oct. 20.—Before we started from Candahar, under charge of a respectable man, in the service of Sardar Raham Dil Khan, Jan Mohammed Khan came with us out of the city, and, when he left us, said, that our separation grieved him very much.

We encamped at Dih Khojah, a distance of one mile. We were very cautious at night, on account of thieves; and our kind Sardar did not forget to send us a party of soldiers.

This village, in the vicinity of the city, has been ever the residence of thieves, who steal the nose-bags, and even the strings, of the horses. Our guard surrounded the qafilah, and some of them concealed themselves in hollow places, to peep at the thieves. After midnight, a body of six men, covering their faces with dirty cloth, came to steal. They saw our guard lying against a ruined structure, with their guns under their heads. They thought that they were sleeping, and, to be sure of it, cast stones at them, upon which the guard fired. This continued about half an hour, when the thieves ran away.

Oct. 21.—After sunrise we took our departure

for Qilah Azam Khan, a distance of fifteen miles. Our road lay in an extensive plain, which was quite parched. This country, we hear, was covered with villages, before the invasion of Nadir Shah ; it has since gradually fallen into ruin.

The Ghiljais are the original inhabitants of the country which lies between Candahar and Ghaznin. The extreme coldness of the latter place obliges the poor residents to leave their native country, and stop in the districts of Candahar, 2,800 feet above the level of the sea.

The Ghiljais cannot boast of beauty, which they strive to supply by ornament. The girls, from the age of eight to twenty, are not much veiled, but they twist their hair, and tie it like a cake, which hangs over their forehead, and a little below their eyebrows. The centre of the lock (or hairy cake) is adorned by a gold or silver coin, which, in black hair, shines very beautifully, like the moon springing suddenly from black clouds. This is the sign of virginity amongst the Ghiljais. The women allow their twisted locks to hang upon their ears, and even as far as their arms. The men are tall, and have very marked features.

Our camp was neatly walled, and had a small fountain, abounding with fishes; but the people are very poor Durranis.

Oct. 22.—A march of thirty-five miles brought us into a village called Potah Sadu Zai. After passing through a plain, we crossed a small pass or hill,

which joins that of Kabul. Our road lay now on the right bank of a beautiful river, called Turnak. Both banks of the stream were richly cultivated. At noon we came to a small hamlet, named Khail-i-Akhund. I saw a Hindu making his bread, and said to him, "*Ram, Ram,*" which is a compliment. He was quite astonished to hear this, and at the same time to see me in the Afghan dress.

The tomb of the Akhund is a beautiful structure. He left this world thirty-five years ago: respect and esteem accompany him even beyond the grave. The following inscription was written on the tomb:—

"When Mulla Nur Mohammed knew that this world is not everlasting, he left this for an eternal one, and the earth appeared dark by his loss. I asked Wisdom the date of his death?—She sighed, and said such a year."

Our camp was colder than yesterday. A tank of water contained fine fishes, but the people are prevented from catching them, by some religious cause.

Oct. 23.—A march of thirty-five miles brought us to Jaldak, a very small village. The people, who are handsome, were civil. They came and kissed our hands, as they do those of their priests, saying that, though we were not Sayads, yet we were travellers from India, where their religious father was residing. In the vicinity of the hamlet, a range of high mountains overlook a hot fountain of beautiful water, in which we bathed, and found ourselves quite refreshed.

Oct. 24.—At six o'clock in the morning we departed towards Divalak, and our route was full of cultivation, but there were very few people in the country. The productions are sent to Candahar. We are now among the Ghiljai tribe, and are greatly indebted to the Chevalier Allard, who sent us a quantity of newspapers from India. We lodged in the house of the Katkhuda, who treated us very civilly, and presented us with pomegranates, which were very delicious. On the road we passed the fertile villages called Ilmi and Tirwaz, which pay nothing to government.

Oct. 25.—We remained in Divalak, in consequence of being obliged to wait for our guide, who joined us the second morning. This village lies under the base of a beautiful mountain, which runs towards the north-east. Our guide, Saddu Khan, told us that 2,000 kharvars of almonds are procured in the skirt of this hill, which is a boundary between the Tukhi and Hutaki countries. The other side of the hill is the rich country, inhabited by Hutakis, the best tribe among the Ghiljais. They are 6,000 families, and their head, who was our guide, was the grandson of Husain Shah, the late king of Candahar, who was defeated by Nadir Shah. Our guide was a beautiful and delicate youth, and possessed a good temper.

In the Hutak country flows a fine river, called Arghistan, which makes it fertile, and falls into the Arghandab.

Oct. 26.—We came to a large village, called

Qilah Jumah, a distance of twenty-five miles. Here I met a Sikh believer of Baba Nanak, who was in great doubt whether I was a Kashmerian or an Indian, because my dress was like that of the Patans; but my conversation on religious topics fully convinced him that I was not one of the latter.

Having left our last camp, we crossed a small hill, and entered the territory of Shahabuddin, who was the head of the Tukhis. He was independent whilst he lived, and his sons are so at present. He never troubled the caravans, which paid him willingly the duty for passing through his country; but his twenty-two descendants harass the travellers, violating humanity and justice. The whole party of passengers was in great fear, and besought us to liberate them from the ill-treatment of their rulers. Such was the influence of our guide, that none of them touched our caravan; but we were summoned by Sultan Mohammed Khan, one of Shahabuddin's sons.

He was sitting against a stone, and had on very mean and dirty clothes. His face was black, and of brutal expression. His small eyes and frowning countenance denoted that he was naturally a robber. He did not shew us any sort of respect, and told us that the recommendations of the Candahar chiefs were useless, had we not been protected by Saddu Khan, his friend, on whose account he would be happy to present us with a fat gosfand for dinner, which we refused civilly.

On our leaving his place, a beggar of our caravan, with a small bag on his back, remained behind, and was seized by Sultan Mohammed's people, for the purpose of robbing him of his ragged clothes; but he called out for help, and we turned our horses, which made the robbers release him.

Oct. 27.—A march of fifteen miles brought us to Gari, a village on the right bank of the Turnak, under the government of Kabul. On the road we saw many robbers waiting for the travellers, but we passed safely under our guide.

Having crossed a small range of hills, which were richly cultivated, we came into an extensive plain. Our companion shewed us a red cave and an old city, on the right bank of the Turnak, a distance of eight miles. We were informed that the foundation of this city was laid by an ancient king, named Daqyanus. By that place goes the straight and shortest road to Candahar, which has lately been closed by the robbers of Shahabuddin Khan. No caravan can go by that road, except those which are accompanied by 300 or 400 horsemen. In the old city, we hear that ancient coins and many other valuable things are found by the natives after the rains. We used great exertions to obtain one of them, but did not succeed.

After fording the bed of the Turnak, we ascended a very high bank, and saw a quantity of bones lying on the ground. When inquiry was made, we heard that Nadir Shah fought with the

Ghiljais, who were all made prisoners, and 10,000 of them were put to the sword. Their heads were not destroyed, and many limbs remain perfect to the present time.

Oct. 28.—We bent our course to the village called Turnak, a distance of sixteen miles. West of the place, under the base of the mountain, are four fountains, which contain plenty of fishes. This is the source of the Turnak river, which waters the whole country of the Ghiljais.

The houses of Turnak are very clean, and the people civil. Its revenue, besides corn, is said to amount to 12,000 rupees yearly.

On our left hand, beyond the road, was a dry hill, named Navard, and on our right, a beautiful, rich country, which put me in mind of India. The productions are exuberant, and are exported to Kabul. We crossed many deep streams conducted from the river, and in many places were water-mills. In this part of Dost Mohammed Khan's country there is no fear of robbers and thieves; towards Pashavar, twelve miles from Kabul, the travellers are often plundered.

Oct. 29.—We reached Qaraa Bagh, twenty-eight miles distant. The village is peopled by the Hazara tribe, and is surrounded by extensive cultivation. Before the government of Dost Mohammed Khan, the Hazaras and Afghans of their neighbourhood were always fighting against each other, but now remain quiet.

We travelled for a long time over a barren plain, in which there was a scarcity of water. Towards the west we perceived the snowy hill called Gulkah, behind which the Hazara tribe reside. Our companion, Mulla Jalal, gives us information that the city of Balk lies across this hill, and is only twelve marches from hence.

Oct. 30.—A march of thirty miles brought us to Ghaznin. The east of our road was covered with villages; the west was bare. Travellers are prevented halting in the city, and we put up in a cold and wet ravine.

Before we reached the camp, we crossed a river of beautiful water, and entered then the ruins of the old city. Our road was over the plain, great part of which was cultivated. Towards the north-east we beheld a snowy range of hills, which stands out far from Kabul.

Oct. 31.—The officers of the Ghaznin customhouse came, and searched our baggage. Nothing was found in it liable to duty; however, incited by avarice, they levied taxes upon our caps, cloaks, teacups, &c. &c., and asked for fifty rupees, which we were obliged to pay.

Nov. 1, 2.—We continued at Ghaznin, and had the pleasure of examining the city. It is ancient, and has undergone many alterations. In former days the extent of the city was ten miles; at present it is only one mile. The walls are irregularly built, having a great many unequal sides and angles.

The ditch is not deep; there are three gates, and four bazars, which are very thinly covered with mats and wood. The houses are two stories high, and the Bala Hisar, or citadel, commands the whole city, and also the neighbouring villages. No man is allowed to go with arms into the town.

Ghaznin is 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; its winters are severe: it was once destroyed by snow. The suburbs are monopolized for 20,000 rupees, or 30,000 kharvars of corn. The yearly income of the custom-house, an officer told me, is one lack of rupees. The caravan of Luhanis is in the highest degree advantageous to Ghaznin.

There are no good fruits, on account of the cold. The grapes are very small and withered, and without taste; but the almonds are good, having a soft skin.

The inhabitants of Ghaznin are mostly Tajiks, whose features are by no means good; they are poor, and oppressed by the Barakzai rulers.

Having passed through two high doors, we came into a small, decayed square, which led us to a large room, where the body of the Sultan reposes. The doors of the room are thought to be of a fine-scented wood, named sandal. They were taken from the Hindu temple called Sumnath, in India, and brought to Ghaznin, by the promoter of Islam, the Sultan, for the purpose of placing them by his tomb. The grave is covered with marble; it is twelve spans long, and six broad. There are many Arabic and

Cufic inscriptions on the tomb, which I could neither read nor copy, except the date of the Sultan's death (421 Hijri, or 1005 A.D.). The rafters of the roof are all rotten, and the silken canopy is reduced to pieces.

Tradition says that the introducer of the Mohammedan faith into India, levelled a great many Hindu idols to the ground. When he reached the temple of Sumnath, he continued his bigoted operations in that place; but the wing of one of the idols flew to the sky, and dropt in some distant and unknown country. He searched diligently for it, but could not find it, at which he exceedingly lamented. At night, he was told in a dream, that one of the believers would get hold of the wing of the idol, and fix it to the tomb of Sultan Mahmud.

Towards the feet of the grave is a small hole dug in the ground, the earth of which the sick people eat, and recover from their disorders. On the arch of the door of the room were three muddy bunches, hanging down in a singular shape; their durability is considered a miracle by the natives. Between the city and the grave stand two high menars, which are beautifully carved and pointed. One of them is towards the east, and the other towards the west.

The people of Constantinople highly respect the man who has paid a visit to the tomb of Sultan Mahmud, as he is called, the promoter of the Mohammedan faith; but, at the same time, as a test of his veracity, they ask him, what are the famous

signs of the city of Ghaznin, and when he gives them a satisfactory answer in the Persian verses, of which the following is a translation, he is treated with honour, and considered a true Mohammedan:—

"There are four signs of the city of Ghaznin, which are known only to a clever man: first, the gate of the religious king, in which hang down the side three objects in mortar, in the shape of a bunch of grapes; second, the arch in the roof of the menar, which has a view of the sun from every side; third, the stone basin of water, placed in the jamah masjid; fourth, the mosque of Arbab, which, though it has a crooked arch, yet points to the Qiblah (or Mecca)."

Near the tomb is a small, old mosque, the foot of which is washed by a beautiful stream, flowing from the mouth of a marble lion. It is exquisitely cut, and handsomely figured.

Nov. 3.—We set out from Ghaznin before the sun was up, and passed through a valley called Sher Dahan (or the 'Mouth of the Lion'). Then we ascended a small pass, and had a fine view of the Haft Asiya country. On our right hand were barren rocks, and on our left, fields covered with green.

On our road we met a qasid, sent to us by our man at Kabul, with a package of newspapers, and a letter from Mr. Sterling.

Our camp was in the village named Takyah, twenty miles distant.

Nov. 4.—We reached Qilah Sher Mohammed, a distance of thirty miles. The village was bare of inhabitants, and filled with mud and filth.

On the left of our road, we gazed at the hills sheeted with snow, which we scarcely imagined was cold. We crossed the noisy current of a fine river called Daryaelogar, running to Kabul. Our road lay all day in an extensive plain, which was destitute of water.

Nov. 5.—We journeyed through a valley, and ascended a small pass, which shewed us the beautiful and rich country of Maidan. It is commanded by a lofty mountain, which runs as far as the eye could reach, and passes through the Koh Daman country. It is known by its handsome gardens of delicious fruits. The emperor Babar praises this valley for the fertility of its soil, and its fine orchards. On the road we passed near the fort of Mir Ghazab, where the Nawab came to receive us, and wished us to stop there all night. We civilly refused, to avoid losing a day. In the evening we reached the renowned city of Kabul, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

At dinner we were highly delighted to see Mr. Masson, a famous traveller, of whom we had heard from Mr. Macneill at Mashad. He has made curious discoveries about the Bactrian dynasty in Kabul, and possessed himself of numerous old Grecian coins, from the ancient ruined city of Bag Ram, situated two days' journey north of Kabul. He is young, wise, and as good a poet as I ever saw.*

* It has given me great pain to read in the writings of this gentleman most unjust attacks upon official persons, who, for their talents, as well as their noble and amiable disposition, were

Nov. 6 *to* 20.—We continued in Kabul, and went to dine with Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, who

ornaments of their country, and esteemed by all the people with whom they came into contact; I refer to the late Sir William Macnaghten, Sir Alexander Burnes, and Lieutenant Loveday. I had a very high regard for Mr. Masson, on account of his scientific discoveries. Before he was taken into the service of the Indian Government, in 1835, he had rendered himself amenable to the military law, as a deserter from the East-India Company's army, and he was wandering in distress, in foreign countries. Dr. Gerard gave him money in Kabul, and Sir A. Burnes, when in England, in conjunction with Sir John Macneill, obtained Mr. Masson's pardon from the king, and then Sir Claude Wade procured for him, from Lord William Bentinck, an appointment as newswriter at Kabul, at 250 rupees per month, which salary, in 1838, was increased by Lord Auckland, at the solicitation of Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes, to 500 rupees. He has made an ill return for these services by the groundless charges which he has brought against Sir William and Sir Alexander, as well as Lieut. Loveday, at a time when neither was alive to reply to them. I saw no dogs with Lieut. Loveday at Khelat, which Mr. Masson says that officer let loose upon the Biloches. He may be justified in stating that the Biloches mentioned Lieut. Loveday's name with abuse in his (Masson's) presence, which is the practice of the people beyond the Indus, who will flatter you to your face, and vilify you behind your back, if they expect thereby to please the person they speak to. I heard myself many of the Afghans and Biloches abuse Lord Keane before the political authorities, and vilify the political before the military functionaries: would it be just, upon such evidence, to cast a stigma upon either? When the army of the Indus reached Kabul, many persons in the Bala Hisar, even the Armenians, amongst whom Mr. Masson lived, as well as Nawab Jubbar Khan, on his return from Toorkistan, made many accusations against the public and private character

talked with us a long time. He inquired about the progress of Abbas Mirza in the territory of Khorasan, and how he behaved to the conquered people. We gave him very satisfactory answers, which pleased him highly. He asked us to stop with him at Kabul, and shew him how to drill and dress soldiers. He spoke unfavourably of Mir Murad Beg, the chief of Qunduz, because he has no partiality for European travellers, and especially the English, who always experience difficulty in Murad Beg's country. Mr. Gerard asked him, why he did not raise an army, and take the country of Murad Beg? The Sardar answered, that he was anxious to do so; but the reason why he had been delayed he would be happy to explain, when they were alone. He asked Mr. Gerard, when Abbas Mirza, who was a friend to Russia, came to invade Kabul, what the English Government in India would do? Mr. Gerard replied, that he would also tell him, when he found an opportunity of seeing the Sardar alone.

of Mr. Masson before Sir A. Burnes; and Jubbar Khan went so far as to say, that the failure of his mission was owing to the extraordinary intercourse of Mr. Masson with the Amir. Was Sir Alexander to have believed these stories, and proclaimed them in his work on Kabul, which he afterwards published? Surely not. He and Sir William had a reliance upon the integrity of Mr. Masson, and treated them, as slanders, with contempt. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Masson, I hope it may make him repent the injury he has done to the characters of those falsely-accused officers, and expunge the passages from his valuable work.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM KABUL TO PESHAWER.

Nov. 21.—After noon, we quitted Kabul, under the charge of Nawab Jubbar Khan's men, who were acquainted with the chief of every village, from the city till we came to a small pass. Our route lay along a straight causeway, which was made in Taimur Shah's reign.

Having crossed the Logar river, over a decayed bridge, we arrived at But Khak, a distance of twelve miles. The depth of water had been increased by a sudden junction of the Shekhbad and Saadabad streams. A great quantity of water is taken from them into the fields, which seemed very rich.

But Khak is a small fort, overlooked by the Gharib Ghandah hill, which, on account of its perpendicularity, never retains the snow. In the same range, about one mile towards the north-east, the snow remains till the close of August, which is considered a miracle by the villagers.

Nov. 22.—A march of twenty-eight miles brought us to Tezin, which stands in a rich and beautiful valley. Towards the south-east of the village, we had a fine view of the Kharkacha hill, which was buried under the snow. All this range is hidden

by trees, which produce chil ghozab (a kind of nut), which is exported to Kabul, Candahar, Herat, &c. The wood is used for fuel, as well as for building. At the door of the village flows a fine stream, which fertilizes the whole valley. The inhabitants are few, and their houses dirty.

Our road to the pass, or kotal, of Sokhtah Reg continued through deep hollows, many of which were finely cultivated. We descended then to a fountain of clear water, which, tradition says, dries up every three years. After this we entered a romantic valley, called Sokhtah Chinar, in which the air was very wholesome and refreshing. It contained a fine green rock, which we had never seen in our journey. On our left hand we visited an open, handsome arch, which we considered to be a natural curiosity. It was near the top of the hill. The valley extends nearly four miles, and is watered by a canal.

Nov. 23.—We shaped our course to Jagdalak, ten miles distant, travelling for a long time at the mouth of a stratified valley. The colour of the rock was black, with a red vein; it most likely contained a mine of some metal. Our guide says, that the whole country of Afghanistan abounds in metals, gold, silver, copper, &c., but they are little known.

We began now to ascend a very high pass buried under the snow, which in some places was up to the knees of the horses. We walked a long time, on account of the dreadful height, and could hardly

breathe. The thermometer, when looked at by Mr. Gerard, at the end of the pass, was 30 degrees. After descending, we arrived at the pebbly bed of a dry stream. On the bank we saw three black tents, occupied by wandering Afghans. Their females possessed beautiful features, which seemed to be spoiled by cold and dust. Their hair was very clean, and twisted in a strange way. The males are not handsome, but stout. They put on a large cap projecting to a point, and their trowsers are tight to the ankle, and broad above the knees. We were quite surprised to see their children naked in the snow. We were told that they are made to endure the cold by their parents, and even to bathe in the snow, when they are under three years of age. They feed large flocks of gosfands, and live upon milk and meat. Their tents are very low, and made of blankets of gosfands' hair. They are not sewn, but fastened with large needles.

Our ground was formerly a large village, now unpeopled. The houses have all gone to ruin; but, fortunately for us, we were provided with plenty of dry wood to warm ourselves.

Nov. 24.—We started before sunrise, and passed over a small sandy hill. The morning was hazy, and the wind cold. We now entered upon the same road which we traversed on our late journey to Kabul.

Our route lay along the bed of a dry stream, called Kimichauki, and we ascended to the crest of

the pass. Here we turned back our horses, and bade adieu to the grand range of the Hindu Kush, which appeared uniformly capped with snow. On our right hand was the White Mountain, or Sufaid Koh, famed for its fruits, and especially for those delicious pomegranates which are exported to India. We were told by our guide that the mountain has snow upon it all the year; but we can scarcely believe this, when we compare its height with that of the Hindu Kush, where, Mr. Masson told us, very small patches of snow were seen during the month of September. The Sufaid Koh, we imagine, is nearly 16,000 feet above the sea.

We continued to travel in deep dells, generally cultivated. The husbandmen plough before the winter, and, sowing the seed corn, they depart to a warmer place, and return when the snow is over, and their labours of cultivation thrive under it. Near Hindu Kush the Hazara people begin their cultivation when the snow is melted away; here they commence before it begins to fall.

We forded the Surkhab river near the bridge, which is 200 yards in length and 8 in breadth, supported by the rock, and has only one arch. It was erected by Ali Mardan Khan, and the following inscription, which is engraved on a black stone of the rock by the bridge, shews us the date of its foundation:—

"In the reign of the impartial Shah Jahan, the founder of this bridge was Ali Mardan Khan. I asked Wisdom the date of its

erection; it answered, 'The builder of the bridge is Ali Mardan Khan.'"

The source of this water is in the Sufaid Koh, which divides it into two rivers. One goes through the hills to Peshawer, waters the rice-fields, and is called Barah; the other is named Surkhab, which joins three rivers near Darauntah, thirty miles north-west of this bridge; two of them come from the Luqman country, and a passage for them was cut through the mountain by a single man, Farhad, the famous lover in old days; and the third river is that of Logar, which passes by Kabul. These four rivers run to that of Jalalabad, and fall into the bed of the Indus.

We reached Gandu Mak, twenty-four miles distant, and put up in a small house of a villager. This place stands in a rich spot, and has a fine view of the Sufaid Koh. The people have a bad character. Between one of our escort and a person of the village, a quarrel took place for a piece of tobacco, and suddenly grew high. A woman climbed to the roof, and called for help. The people of the neighbouring village ran with guns, swords, and daggers in their hands, and were desirous of bloodshed; but the interference of our servant quelled the insurrection.

Nov. 25.—On our road we passed through the beautiful garden of Nimlah, which refreshed our sight. The fine scented nargis (narcissus) abounded in this orchard. The flower in the centre is yellow,

and open, like a lovely eye. The Persian poets, Hafiz, Jami, &c., have likened an eye to this flower. A Persian verse (a translation of which follows) suddenly came into my mind, to confirm the above explanation :—

> "The nargis in the garden, as well as the deer in the plain, have become senseless at the sight of your lovely eyes."

We traversed many hollows and dry stony hills, and reached the bank of a rapid and pebbly stream. Here we breakfasted. We resumed our journey, and on our arrival in Bala Bagh, a small town, we were sent for by the chief, named Mohammed Usman Khan, who repeatedly asked us to stay the night, and dine with him. We civilly refused, and came to the fort of our Nawab, called Tatang, a distance of twenty miles.

Nov. 26.—We continued in Tatang, in search of ancient Roman coins, and to make inquiries about the "topes," or old monuments, which are situated under the base of an adjoining hill, which runs towards Luqman and Kanur. We regretted very much not being able to open their valuable remains, as Mr. Gerard was anxiously making hasty marches towards India.

This fort has lately been bought by the Nawab, who rebuilt it at a great expense. The productions of the country are wheat, barley, rice, and sugar-cane, and he has also planted two small, beautiful orchards, in which are trees of different fruits. The people of this country are ignorant of the arts; they

cannot make the fine sugar, or khand, and manufacture only bad shakur and gur. A man of India could easily make his fortune by monopolizing the whole sugar-canes of Jalalabad, which is a fertile country in Afghanistan. His supplies of sugar in Turkistan and other countries would put him in possession of great riches. The people of the village are Afghans and Tajiks; but the language of the latter is Persian.

The country of Siah Posh, of which we know very little, lies beyond the snowy mountain called Karanj, sixty miles north of this village. The Afghans, who know their language, go there for trade, and make bargains with the people of Nimchah, or half-caste. They live under the foot of the high mountain, the top of which is occupied by the real Kafar Siah Posh. No man is allowed to ascend the hill except the beggars of India. The Mohammedans attack their villages, and bring away a great many slaves. The highest price of a slave is 200 rupees, and the lowest fifty. The whole of Afghanistan is full of Siah Posh and Hazara slaves; but the former, we hear, are the most beautiful creatures, and sold at a higher price than the latter.

Nov. 27.—Having left Tatang in the morning, we came into Jalalabad, a distance of fifteen miles. Our road was highly pleasant, fine green villages appearing, encircled by beautiful canals. We passed not one foot of dry or uncultivated land till we got to our ground. The husbandmen looked comfort-

able, and richer than those of the other parts of Afghanistan. The houses are built in the Indian fashion, two or three stories high. We crossed two rapid streams, running over pebbly beds, on our road; the dashing of water and the notes of birds upon the lofty green cypress-trees were a delightful recreation to the heart of a fatigued traveller like myself.

Sultanpur, a beautiful large village, which we passed on our way, has numerous fountains of crystal, well-tasted water.

Nov. 28 *to* 30.—We halted at Jalalabad, which is in a rich country between Peshawer and Kabul. It is bounded by Dakka, a village on the east, one hundred miles, and on the west by the Surkhab river, eighty miles. The northern boundary of it is Kanur, fifty miles, a place famous for excellent rice; and the south barrier is Shanvari, fifty miles. The climate is like that of India, except in summer. The inhabitants are mostly descendants of Indian people. They speak also the Hindusthani language, besides Persian and Afghani. Their features do not boast much beauty. The ruler of the country is Nawab Mohammed Zaman Khan, a cousin of the Barakzai chiefs. He is stingy in his domestic concerns, but otherwise liberal, and is considered half-mad by the people. The productions of Jalalabad are like those of India. The rice is exported to Kabul, Candahar, Herat, &c. The wheat, barley, javar, bajri, and makai, are abundant, and sugar-cane

is produced in great quantity. The sugar, however, is not good, as the natives are unskilful. The bazar, which is one continued straight line, is thickly occupied by various merchants. The fruits come from Kabul, and are sold at a high price. The houses within the walls of the city are two stories high; they are neatly built of mud and unburnt bricks. Wood is abundant. The annual income of the country of Jalalabad is nine lacs of rupees; five lacs are collected by the different chiefs for their subsistence, and four come into the Nawab's treasury, who has 1,000 horsemen and 200 infantry.

The gunners throughout the whole of Afghanistan are deserters from the Hon. East-India Company.

The Mufti, who often came to see Mr. Gerard, and has lately travelled into the country of the Siah Posh, or, as he called them, Kafars, kindly gave us the following brief, but very accurate, account of the above tribe:— From Jalalabad he went to Kanur, and from thence to Chaghul Sarae. Having passed through the valleys called Darrah Nur, Damanj, and Vakul, he arrived the third day at the village named Katar, occupied by the Siah Posh. The inhabitants, whom he called masters of beauty, came to see him, and were surprised at some feats of his horse, an animal which is hardly known in the country of the Siah Posh. Their dress is of goats' skin, and their hair hangs down to their shoulders. They drink wine as well as

water, and never sit upon the ground, but only in chairs. This shews, perhaps, that they are descendants of Alexander the Great. As to their religion, they worship idols, made either of stone or wood, which they call *Baruk*, or *Maha Dev.* They wear an iron ring in their ears, and a string ornamented with shells round their necks. This seems to resemble the custom of the Hindu jogis, or red-dressed beggars, in India. They sacrifice cows on their holidays, as the Mohammedans do in the day of Iduzzuha. If a stranger happens to ask them, where is God? they point with their fingers towards the west, or Mecca. They read the Mohammedan *Kalimah* to please the Musalmans, and at the same time confess themselves to be Kafars; in short, their religion is not known. They never intermarry with their relations, as some tribes of the Hindus do. The wedding ceremonies are very singular. They bring their wives unveiled on their shoulders, dance, run, and jump in the streets ("like a jackass," as the Mufti said), accompanied by crowds of men and women, who play upon drums and flutes, and make a great noise. The parents of the girl are exceedingly pleased to see the husband using his utmost exertions in jumping, as they think him in consequence the more devoted lover of his wife. They have erected a public receptacle, where they send the pregnant women before their accouchement, and keep them forty days there. No man is allowed to enter the room, or pass by the

house, but only females. This custom, I believe, prevails among the Jews. The funerals of the Siah Posh people are solemnized in a joyful manner. The corpse is attended by young men, who sing, skip, dance, and play upon drums; unwashed, it is carried upon the shoulders of men, in a large box, to the top of a high mountain, and laid open in the sun. They sacrifice a cow and give a feast to the attendants of the funeral, and return home, not weeping at all. After sixty days, when the body is putrefied, or eaten by the birds, the women of the family go in a body upon the mountain, where they pick up the bones, and, after washing them in a stream, bring them home, sit round them, and then mourn for a short time; after this the men come and convey the bones to a large cave, excavated in the ground. They throw them in it, and, turning to the bones, say, "This is your heaven."

The language of the Siah Posh is mixed with Hindusthani, Persian, and Afghani. They use the word "*istri*," which means, either in Hindi or Sanscrit, 'a wife;' they say "*rawre*," which signifies, in Afghani, 'to bring.' They also use the word "*khub*," which imports, in Persian, 'good.' From the instruments of war of the Siah Posh people, it is imagined that they are formed after those of the Macedonian soldiery. They use spears, and are good archers. They fasten scimitars round their waists, and carry shields upon their backs. They fight with great ferocity, gnashing their teeth, and roaring like a

lion. The victors are crowned with chaplets, made of the leaves of the mulberry-tree.

The women, who possess great beauty, manage all the out-door business, while their stout and handsome husbands remain in the house, feeding the children in their arms. The females negotiate bargains, and rove about to procure a livelihood. The men follow no employment, except that of occasional warfare. The labours of the women in tillage produce fine rice, wheat, and barley. Fruits are abundant. From the fine grapes they make good wine, and they use the syrup of water-melons instead of sugar. They eat the flesh of every animal, except dogs and jackals.

If any stranger is found guilty of adultery with anybody's wife or daughter, the Siah Posh never sentence him to death, like the Mohammedans, but exact from him a small sum of money, amounting to twelve or thirteen rupees. The Siah Posh Kafars (according to the Mufti), in lieu of feeling jealousy or anger at such acts, commend the liberality of their females towards every man, who is the best of God's creatures in the world.

Kambir, Save, and Kalman are the largest towns in the country of the Kafars. They are well built, having long and broad streets, without a single shop. The Siah Posh have very few she-goats in their country.

The Siah Posh claim a descent from the Arabs, but some of them acknowledge that they are de-

scended from the Macedonian soldiers. For my part, the names of the Siah Posh males seem to be quite different from all nations in the world, except the Europeans, namely *Shantlah* and *Jankhen.* The artists in that country are called Bari. They are not civilly treated by other Siah Posh, who are known by the name of Sahu, and they are not even allowed to sit before them.

Many of the Siah Posh call themselves maliks, or princes, who use force to sell the children of the Baris to the neighbouring Mohammedans. They call them the descendants of those slaves which their lion-figured fathers brought at the invasion of India; but, the Mufti says, they do not mention particularly the name of Sikandar (Alexander).

I could not extend my inquiries much farther about the Kafars, as the Mufti left us soon, on his route to Kabul.

In our late journey to Bokhara, we had one Badakhshani pilgrim in the caravan, to whom we were highly indebted for valuable information. He mentioned, that the rulers of his neighbouring regions, besides the chiefs of Darvaz, Kator Shah, Sulaiman Shah, and Ghazab Shah, being Mohammedans, derive their origin from the heroic son of the Macedonian Philip. He adds, also, that the soldiers under them, whose origin is derived from the Siah Posh, trace their genealogy from the warriors of that great conqueror. In my opinion, the Siah Posh soldiers, who claim also the same descent, were the country-

men of those of Badakhshan; but when the invasion of Mohammed conquered the rich valley of the Oxus, many of the Macedonian descendants were converted to Islam, and many, to avoid persecution, left the valley, and chose to dwell upon the mountains, near the Hindu Kush, where they live now independently, adhering to their former worship of idols, and calling themselves the heroic descendants of Alexander's soldiers. They wear the black skin of the goat, and do not believe in Mohammed; and, therefore, they are called Kafar Siah Posh, or 'black-dressed infidels.' I shall remain in great anxiety till I can examine, with my own eyes, the customs and manners, and the features, of this curious and little-known nation of Siah Posh, or till we receive more authentic information from an European traveller in that country.

Dec. 1 *to* 3.—We continued at Jalalabad, waiting for an escort to take us to Peshawer, and employed our time in searching for ancient remains. We opened a tope, in which we operated for five days. The workmen hired by Mr. Gerard were very expert in excavating. They dug seven paces at the base of the tope, and then were checked by a wall, through which they broke, and found themselves in a fine, small room. It appeared as if only to-day plastered with lime; but our labours met with disappointment.

Between Jalalabad and Bala Bagh, on both banks of the river Surkhab, stand numerous topes, like

that of Manakyala, but not quite so high. Mr. Martin Honigberger, a German gentleman, lately in Ranjit Singh's service, continued his operations for five months, in the villages of Darauntah and Kanur, near Jalalabad, on the left bank of the above river. He spoiled nearly thirty topes in Kabul and in these places. In one of the topes of Darauntah, he found some liquid, inclosed in a small golden box, accompanied with sixty Roman copper coins. In another, he got some ashes, containing gold earrings and two small pearls, which shews that some lady was interred there; and in a third, he possessed himself of a stone box, filled with bones, and a gold coin, mentioning the name of Cytra Gas, which I could not find in Quintus Curtius.

South-east of the city of Kabul, a distance of six miles, we opened one of the monuments, nearly fifty feet high. It was built of lime and large heavy stones. Our operations lasted for seven days. General Ventura began to dig the tope of Manakyala, first from the bottom, and then from the top, where he found numerous copper coins; but not having time, we commenced the work from the bottom, and on the sixth day we discovered another complete burj, encircled by the outer one. We put on ten men, who, in a day, got through the centre of it, and found a small stone frame-work, containing five lamps filled with small pieces of bones. I think if we had worked the tope from the top, perhaps we should have found some coins also, but the want

of time obliged Mr. Gerard to leave all these valuable relics. Mr. Honigberger told us, that he had dug many topes from the top, but found nothing.

From Kabul to Jalalabad, which was one of the capitals of the Bactrian dynasty, there are numerous topes or burjs scattered over the country. Many of them are ruined by the rains, and many still stand in their complete figure. It surprised me very much that the English power, being so near to Jalalabad, never thinks of such valuable discoveries respecting the old Grecian provinces, which, history tells us, existed in these very tracts.

South of Kabul, two miles distant, we dug heaps of earth, the remains of the ancient city. After five days' work, we found an idol cut in black stone. The figure is singular and beautiful, having two small figures carrying an umbrella on both shoulders. I think the Hindus, on the invasion of Mohammed, destroyed their lodgings, under which they buried their property, along with their idols, in the hope of recovering their country. In rainy days, the people of the neighbouring villages find rubies, and even decayed clothes, in the earth. The idol, Mr. Gerard says, represents the figure of a Buddha. It has curling locks, which flow on its shoulders, and both his hands are placed on his knees, while he frowningly looks over them. His forehead is mutilated. The waist of the umbrella-bearers is thin, like that of Hanuman, while their breasts are broad. The figure of the idol puts me in mind of that Salag

Ram, which is generally worshipped by those Hindus who never eat meat. Through the favour of Mr. Gerard, I hope to shew the idol to the committee of the Delhi college.

Near Bala Bagh is a ruined place called Behar, where the Mohammedans dig, and find gold, and also idols, which are afterwards broken into pieces, in the excitement of their foolish prejudices. During their labours at the spot, they are often rewarded by obtaining large stone vessels, containing dead bodies, looking, a man tells me, like those of people who do penance. Their locks and eye-brows are not worn out by age, and what is astonishing, under their feet they find numerous copper coins, inclosed in small brass boxes.

Dec. 4.—We left the old town of Jalalabad in the afternoon, and arrived at Batti Kot a little before dark. The distance of the march was twenty miles; when we reached the plain of Surkh Divar, which is a place of danger. Many caravans have often been robbed in this place. On the left of this is another safe road, called Gidikash, but it is hilly. We saw six robbers sitting in hollows; but our guides, being men of power, purposely went to them, and asked for tobacco, which they humbly refused, telling them that they were poor travellers of the hills.

Dec. 5.—A march of twelve miles brought us to the large village of Hazara Nau, where we lodged in the house of our old friend, a late harkarah in Ranjit Singh's service. On our road, we passed

through the beautiful and rich hamlet of Ambar Khanah. We saw many black tents of the wandering Ghiljais, who, an hour before our arrival, were violently deprived of their land, and 1,000 sheep, by the people of Shinvari. They are independent, and also mutinous. They always rob on the road to Surkh Divar, though they are called the subjects of Jalalabad.

Dec. 6.—Having passed through the valley of Little Khaibar, we travelled over an uneven road. On our right hand was the range of Sufaid Koh, capped with snow, and on our left the large and thickly-peopled town of Lalpur. It is the residence of Sadat Khan, the ruler of the Dakka country, who is under Jalalabad, and can levy 20,000 infantry from the neighbouring hills. He takes a duty of three rupees on each loaded pony, and four rupees on each norseman. Having walked over a difficult pass for nearly a mile, we came to Little Dakka, twelve miles distant. It is situated on the right bank of the Kabul river.

Dec. 7.—At five o'clock in the morning we took our departure for Haidur Khan, a distance of fifteen miles. When we crossed a high and troublesome pass, we came to the right bank of the Kabul river, which is navigated by means of inflated skins, or jalahs. It abounds with small girdabs, or whirlpools, where the jalahs go round, and get out of them after great difficulty. We now ascended a very high pass, where we walked for nearly two miles. The men,

and even the horses, find great difficulty in breathing when they reach the top. We were quite wet with perspiration. In the ravines on the top we were overtaken by darkness. I accompanied Mr. Gerard, a little in advance, and lost sight of our baggage. One of our ponies, loaded with two bags, and being also lame, was always in the rear, and his driver, one of our servants, was surrounded by robbers, who took one of the bags, which contained sugar and tea, and a few of my clothes. They would have taken the other bag, but the firing of our servant made us gallop to the spot, where we saw the robbers running over the hills.

We burnt bushes on this hill, and their flame enabled us to distinguish the road. When we obtained sight of the village, we found many people firing, which terrified us; but it appeared that this firing was on account of the birth of a child in some Mulla's house.

Dec. 8.—Having descended nearly four miles, we arrived on the left bank of the Kabul river. We recrossed the river on skins, which were tied to each other. Here we were again on our guard against robbers, who have plundered the caravan on the right bank of the stream. We entered now the boundary of Peshawer, and encamped in the Qilah Arbab, ten miles distant. The villagers did not allow us to go inside of the fort, and we were dreadfully wetted by ram at night, our clothes and beds being swimming in water. The people

were here all dressed in blue, and their tribe was the Khalili.

Dec. 9.—It rained very hard, and we continued our march through channels of water and deep mud. The sky was covered with clouds, and looked awfully dark. We were surrounded by rich villages, almost concealed by green corn.

We met Nazir Morad Ali, sent by the Sardar to receive us, who talked in a very friendly manner with us all the way. At night the Sardar came, and took us into his fine room of glass, where we dined with him.

Dec. 10 *to* 21. Peshawer.—We are now among crowds of people who speak nothing but the praise of the English. The Sardars often came to see us, and treated us very civilly. Among them was a kind man, Pir Mohammed Khan, the Sardar of Kohat, who behaved well to Mr. Moorcroft, and also to us. He often said that his country abounds with mines of different metals, which he would be happy to resign to the English Government for a small sum of money. He gave us a very rich dinner, and for me he sent also for sweetmeats.

Dec. 22.—In charge of Sardar Said Mohammed Khan's son and Gholam Qadir Khan, we quitted Peshawer on our road to Hasht Nagar, a place famous for the ruins of the old city of Bag Ram. Having forded the Shah Alam river, we crossed the Naguman and Hasht Nagar. This last water comes from Little Kasghar, and passes through the

mountains of Sohat. There were two strong boats irregularly made. The manner of rowing the boats was singular, and new to our eyes. They were drawn by a rope tied on both banks of the river. We travelled all day in green fields of corn, which were surrounded by numerous canals conducted from the above river. We put up in a village fourteen miles distant. The house was well built.

Dec. 23.—It was a very foggy morning. About half a mile from the village, we crossed the Hasht Nagar river, and came to the fort of that name. It is very high, without a ditch, and strong, with no bastion. The walls are of stone and not very thick, but, owing to the high situation of the fort, it could stand the siege of a month.

We re-crossed the river, and came to the ruined heaps of the city of Bag Ram, called Shahar Napursan. The people often get old coins from these ruins. There are no perfect remains of the city, only heaps covered with red pebbles, which extend nearly eight miles. Tradition says that, in old days, there were three forts in the whole country of Peshawer, ruled by three brothers. Two of them were on the spot of the ruins, and the third near the present city of Peshawer. The brothers made a rule, that, upon the invasion of an enemy, they should inform each other by the light of a fire. The younger brother, to try his other brothers, fired three times, upon which they came, with a considerable army, to assist him; but, on their arrival, they

found it was a ridiculous joke. Sultan Mahmud, on his invasion of India, first besieged the fort of the younger brother, who made a fire, but none came to assist him till the place was taken. Afterwards, his other brothers met the same fate.

We arrived at a large village, called Mubarak, a distance of eight miles. The buildings in this place are of mud and decayed wood.

Dec. 24.—We returned to the city of Peshawer, twenty-two miles distant. On the road we fell into conversation with a traveller, who had been in Little Kashgar. He said, that the people of that country have a very singular custom of saying prayers in the mosque with dirty shoes on their feet. Fruits are abundant in that tract, but salt is unknown. If a traveller has salt, he is surrounded by men and women, who treat him civilly, to be allowed to suck the salt from his cooking-pot. They have considerable stores of butter, of 200 or 300 years old. Their dress is made of goats' hair, of which also they make fine shawls.

Dec. 25 *to* 30. Peshawer. — Gholam Khan,* a respectable man of the Durrani family, invited us to dine in his orchard, where we saw a few Indian soldiers. They all came on leave to him, expecting good service in Peshawer; but they were disappointed, and anxious to return.

Jan. 1 *to* 6.—Our host, Sardar Sultan Mohammed Khan, made great preparation to give us a dinner

* He died in 1843, of a broken heart, in exile, for serving the British, for which he received no reward.

in his private room, which was beautifully adorned with fine European pictures (gaudy, like those of the French), and entirely covered with glasses. There were English chandeliers, presented to our host by Mr. Moorcroft, whom he praised with great warmth of friendship. This feast had a very pompous appearance. The floor was laid with Kashmir shawls, loaded with lace, which put me in mind of the showy and rich court of Ranjit Singh. The fireworks were not so fine as those of India, and dangerous. A fair takes place once a year in Peshawer, and the Sardar asked us to accompany him out of the city to see it. We sat with him on an elephant, surrounded by 1,000 horsemen. The people, all in good dresses, commenced the race in a vast plain, completely covered with a countless crowd of spectators. The Sardar left Mr. Gerard and me on the elephant, and mounted on horseback. He said, he would shew us the exercise that he learned when very young. He ran his horse with a spear in his hand, and discharged it through an orange put on the palm of a footman, who received no wound. Two men were run over by horses, and killed. We were informed, that every year accidents happen like this. The Sardar got a letter from Jalalabad, which informed him, that Sardar Dost Mahomed Khan had arrived with his army near the above place, which he intended to take. The Sardar said, he would go to fight him. This fair is called Jhanda.

Kohat, one of the Peshawer districts, contains

numerous mines of different metals, including sonamakhi and pitalmakhi. A high range of neighbouring hills abounds with mines of coal. The Peshaweris bring it in great quantities, and often burn it for the purpose of melting iron, but do not succeed. I think this is owing to want of science and art. There is also found naphtha, which burns like oil. The villagers generally use it for lamps. Momyai, a most useful and valuable medicine in India, is dug out of the hills of Kohat; it is black, and like gum. When a bone in any part of the body is broken, the people eat this drug, and after three days they find their bone entirely joined. This gum is very dear in India, and seldom found.

Near Kohat is a country named Vaziri, famous for its breed of active horses. Mr. Moorcroft, as the people say, pretended to be in search of horses at Vaziri, but came to see a gold-mine, which undoubtedly exists in that region. The inhabitants, being ignorant, do not work it, and never shew it to strangers for fear of losing their country.

Jan. 7.—On the arrival of Ranjit Singh's letter, who kindly acceded to our solicitation to be allowed to visit Kashmir, we left Peshawer under charge of the Sardar's escort, and came to Chamkani, a distance of two miles. The village was very large, and had a small bazar, inhabited by Khatris. On the road we passed a stream called Barah, and visited the patches of snow over the adjacent hills, which the natives said had never fallen before. The Sardar

parted with us very sorrowfully. He squeezed my hand, and said that he should be very happy to see me again in Peshawer, and would give me a respectable service and a jagir (estate).

Jan. 9.—A march of fourteen miles brought us to a large village, thinly inhabited, called Per Pai. The people live in huts, and are plundered by the Sikhs. They are all Afghans, and understand only Pashto. The productions are wheat, javar, and makai: but barley is but little cultivated. We travelled on an extensive plain, all barren and dry. The earth is saltish. The caravans are here often attacked by robbers of the Afridi tribe, who are independent.

Jan. 10.—We reached the town of Akora, a distance of ten miles. The temple, of which Mr. Elphinstone speaks with great praise, is destroyed by the Sikh soldiers. The inhabitants are Khataks, one of the Afghan clans. Mr. Moorcroft had nearly gone to fight with these people, on account of his property, which they wished to plunder, by the secret sanction of Ranjit Singh. Sardar Sultan Mohammed Khan quelled the insurrection. We passed a very large village named Nau Shahrah, which is entirely ruined by the Sikhs. Our road was dry and pebbly. We met no travellers, except people of Kashmir, all distressed by famine.

Jan. 11.—We travelled along the right bank of the Kabul river, and saw from a distance the fort of Jahangiri, lately built by one of Ranjit Singh's officers.

The road was in a plain, but latterly we crossed a few steep cliffs. We left the road of Gidar Gali on our right, and passed through the town of Khairabad, which is well peopled, and has been repaired since our last visit. The bazar is very narrow, having nearly one hundred fine shops.

We crossed the Indus, and put up in the fort of Atak, where we were not allowed to enter before. The Sardars, well dressed, came to visit us, and offered a bag of money as a present. They seemed a great deal afraid of Abbas Mirza's conquests in Khorasan, and were thinking of his invasion of the Panjab.

Jan. 12.—We came to Haidru, a distance of twelve miles, over plains denuded of verdure. We passed through a thickly-inhabited hamlet, where the people were surprised to see the elephant on which we were mounted. The children assembled in a considerable number, calling the name "Hati, Hati," or, 'elephant, elephant.'

The fort of Atak stands on the left bank of the Indus. The western rampart commands the bed of the river. It is nearly seventy feet from the edge of the wall to the surface of the water. Notwithstanding that depth, the people say the river once rose so high that a boat, crossing the walls, floated into the fort in which the Abduzd is situated.

The circumference of the fort is two miles; the walls are of stone and lime. It has a very small bazar, with beautiful shops. The houses are two or

three stories high, having a clean appearance. The major part of the population are bigoted Hindus. Here are five guns, and one thousand soldiers; but the fort is so large, that it requires a garrison of ten thousand men. Akora and other Afghan villages supply the fort of Atak with boats of provisions, by the deep current of the Kabul river, which falls into the Indus. It is fordable in three places above the village of Haidru: twenty-five boats can make a fine bridge on the Indus near Atak.

Jan. 13.—A march of twelve miles brought us into the famous place named Hasan Abdal. It is gone to total decay. Our road, before we crossed the current of Haro, led into dreadful ravines, where passengers are often robbed. This water I heard comes from the Indus, and falls again into it. Having forded the Panjab stream, we passed by the large village called Burhan.

Jan. 14.—Having traversed a bushy road, we heard that there were two other topes in the vicinity of Usman Khatar, besides that which we visited before. On this we left the proper way on our right hand, and bent our course to the above village, a distance of eight miles. Our search regarding the topes met with disappointment; but we made another discovery, that, in the neighbouring hamlet, called Shahdab, is a ruined place, containing numerous idols beneath the ground, and plenty of coins are found above the surface. We purchased a few of them, obtained on the very spot, which had the figure of a

man standing, and of an elephant on the reverse side.

Jan. 15.—We arrived at a small village, called Janika Sang, a distance of fourteen miles. Having got fairly out of the valley of the Indus, we passed through the paved road of Margala in 21½ minutes. The ground was entirely concealed under high trees of the wild plum, which forms the only food of the animals.

Jan. 16.—A march of thirteen miles brought us into a small town, called Raval Pindi, famous for brass and copper articles. The bazar is not very large, but thickly and beautifully shopped. The dry fruits are plentiful, and cheaper than at Lahor. A high range of rock, which stands ten miles north of this place, divides the states of Rajas from this region. The people are Mohammedans, and their capital is Khanpur, which is now under the administration of the sovereign of the Panjab. A mine of sulphur exists in this hill; it was lately discovered, and is now worked.

The Indus is called, by some people, "*Aba Sin,*" and by others, "*Abo Sin.*" The derivation of the first is this: "*aba,*" in Arabic, means 'father,' and "*sin,*" in Afghani, imports, 'cold river,' because the water is colder than the other streams. The etymology of the other name is this: "*abo,*" in Afghani, signifies 'water,' and the letter *s* of the word "*sin*" is changed for that of *ch*, whereby the word is pronounced "*chin,*" because, as the people (who confess

their ignorance of its source) say, it comes from China. Before it arrives in the plain, and washes a few of the villages called Chatar Bai, it runs rapidly, with a noise which is heard at a distance of nearly two miles. The valley, which first receives it, is so narrow, that the natives have bridged the quick current by a single rafter, over which they cross easily. There are three fords between Chatar Bai and Haidru, which are fifty miles distant from each other.

Jan. 17.—We put up in Manikyala, after a journey of four hours and three-quarters. The distance is sixteen miles. On our road we saw nothing worthy of notice. When we left Raval Pindi four miles behind, we beheld, on our right hand, a tope, erected on the margin of a small stream. It is damaged in a great many parts, but no one has opened it. We collected numerous coins, for which we paid a double price. We forded a very beautiful and large stream, which comes from the Indus, and falls again into it.

Jan. 18.—Having traversed a barren and uninhabited plain, we came betwixt dreadful gorges. On our left we saw the snowy mountains of Panjtar, which form the valley of Kashmir.

When we came to Dah Mak, twenty miles distant, we saw the camp of General Ventura, who, accompanied by General Court, came to receive us. At night we had a talkative party of gentlemen.

Jan. 19, 20.—We continued at the camp, and

were invited to dine with General Court, who had encamped at a little distance. Our host shewed us numerous Grecian copper coins, which were beautifully drawn by him on paper. He has also made a very correct map of the Panjab, but says, that he is not allowed to visit Kashmir.

Jan. 21.—Having travelled amongst tedious and tremendous defiles, we arrived at the fort of Rotas, a distance of eighteen miles. The fort, which we are in now, appears very strong. There are four or five gates, some of which are blocked up. It contains a small bazar, of poor shops, and is a ruined place inside. The walls, which are in some places levelled to the ground, are very thick, built with burnt bricks and lime. It is a regular fort, having numerous angles. The inhabitants are all poorly dressed, and seemed starving. Here is a great scarcity of provisions, in consequence of the country being dry and hilly. About half a mile east of the fort flows a very small stream, which cannot refresh the fields. When we parted from General Ventura, he sent me the following letter in Persian :—

"Respected, &c. &c. Mohun Lal, send me a student from the Delhi College, who may know both the Persian and English languages, and has also a desire to travel. Whatever salary you think proper, I will give him. Ch. Ventura."

Jan. 22.—We reached the village of Jelum, on the bank of the Hydaspes, ten miles distant. The road was covered with fields of green wheat. The people of the village had regular features, and spoke

the sweet language of the Panjab. Tradition says, that near the village exists a ruined place, built by Alexander. Here are about one thousand inhabitants, artisans and cultivators. The houses are of mud and bricks; the vicinity of the river is favourable for irrigating the fields, which extend in a large tract of green plain.

Jan. 23.—Having crossed the beautiful river Hydaspes (or Jelum), we encountered dreadful gorges, which brought us into a jangal of wild trees. The road was all barren. We came to an old and ruined caravansarae, called Khavas Khan, a distance of eighteen miles. The river Jelum is never fordable; the northern hills, which are nearly thirty miles from the ferry, are covered with deodar-trees. Multan is 140 koss from the Jelum, between which are situated forty-five ferries.

Jan. 24.—We reached the large town of Gujrat, a distance of eleven miles. The bazar, through which we passed on the elephant, is very long, but narrow. The shops are generally clean, and inhabited by Hindus, whose dress was dirty, which is the character of the nation in this country. We were visited by the rulers of the place, and respectfully treated.

Jan. 25.—Having crossed the river Chenab, or Acesines, we arrived at the beautiful town of Vazirabad, a distance of ten miles. Our road was amongst green fields and fertile villages.

Here I went to see a temple situated on the right

bank of the Chenab, a distance of three miles. When I entered the temple, I saw some wood burning in the centre of the mausoleum. On my inquiry what it was, I was answered, "This is the holy place of Duh Ni, the holy man named Mansaram Razdan, or the secret knower." The head man of the place wished to rub a little ashes on my forehead, crying, "God pardon thee, by the grace of Duhah Sahab," which I declined.

On our route we had an interview with Sardar Hari Singh, who received us in a respectable way, and was quite surprised to see us in the Afghan dress.

Jan. 26.—We set out for the camp of Mons. C. G. Avitabili, who desired to see us, and he could not leave the camp alone. We travelled twenty miles through green fields of wheat. This gentleman lives a good deal in the fashion of the Sikhs, and therefore I think stands high in Ranjit Singh's favour. We passed all night agreeably in his company.

Jan. 27.—We came to Gujronvalah, eighteen miles distant, and took leave of our host half-way. This place is famous for thieves; it has a very long bazar, with poor shops. Sardar Hari Singh has built a magnificent house in a beautiful orchard. There were two large guns lying at the gate of the meadow.

Jan. 28.—A march of eight miles brought us into a large village, called Amnabad, the houses of which

were built of burnt bricks, cemented with lime. It belongs to Raja Dehyan Singh. The streets were exceedingly dirty. Near the village is a beautiful tank, shaded with high trees, and surrounded by handsome apartments, in which Baba Nanak resided.

Jan. 29.—Having journeyed through numerous villages encircled with green fields, we arrived at a small place called Mangal, fourteen miles distant. Here we met the servant of the Maharaja, sent by his highness to receive us. The people here are all Mohammedans, who suffer with patience the outrages of the Sikhs. We received every attention in the Maharaja's country, but our pleasures were spoiled by the cravings of the poor, embarrassed, hungry, exiled Kashmirians.

Jan. 30.—Having crossed the Ravi, or Hydraotes, we arrived at Lahor, and put up in the house of our old host, M. Allard, whose liberal attentions were extremely gratifying. He spoke with me a great deal about his own tour through Persia.

Jan. 31. Lahor.—After sunrise, Faqir Nuruddin came to see us, with a friendly salam from the Maharaja, and presented us with a large bag of money and sweetmeats. His conversation, seasoned with eloquent flattery, may deceive a foreigner very easily. He and his brothers possess a good deal of power in the government of the Panjab, and are covetous of wealth.

Feb. 1 *to* 28.—We continued in Lahor, and visited

the Maharaja at different times. He spoke very little with us, as he was labouring under dysentery. He often asked Mr. Gerard's advice, but did not take it. He was afraid of being poisoned, and never trusted any doctor. The Maharaja was very kind to me, and presented me with five hundred rupees, and seven pieces of cloth, including three Kashmir shawls. He told me to write to him of my safe arrival at Calcutta, and also made me the bearer of a friendly salam to the honourable the vice-president, Sir T. Metcalfe.

On the 7th of March, having passed through the famous city of Amritsar, we arrived at Lodiana, and were kindly received by Captain Wade, the political agent in that place, to whose friendly treatment I am highly indebted. He recommended the Government to place me under his orders. His polite and benevolent deportment has rendered him most popular in that part of the country, and especially in Ranjit Singh's court.

I was very coolly received by my countrymen at Delhi, who became jealous and unkind, in consequence of my fame and the treatment I received from Government. They mentioned my name unfavourably in my absence, but to my face conversed with me in a friendly manner. I did not take notice of them, and always thought of obtaining the patronage of Government by rendering good and faithful service. Although I had the happiness to meet with a very kind reception and treatment from the gen-

tlemen in authority at this place, yet my enjoyment was embittered by the calumny and ill-feeling towards me of my old friends. However, the kind interference of Mr. Neave preserved me from all their base designs, and to him I feel myself under deep obligations. I was greatly indebted to Mr. Blake, the assistant resident at Delhi (since assassinated), for the very friendly advice he gave me in regard to my future walk in life, and for the course he pointed out for my adoption in my studies; and for him I entertain a very high esteem and great regard.

Having heard from Mr. Trevelyan, I left Delhi, and took my route to Calcutta. After three marches, I reached the ferry of Garh Mukteshar. Here I was provided with a boat, in which we sailed down to Farukhabad, a town noted for its manufacture of chintz, situated on the right bank of the Ganges. The bathing-places, or ghats, which slope into the river, are very conspicuous. What struck me as most remarkable was, the Hindus of both sexes, after bathing themselves, worshipping the pictures of their deities, which were painted on walls, some of them being represented with four heads, and others with monkeys' heads, which they presented with offerings of flowers and fruits, and afterwards worshipped on their knees, with their heads bowed down to the ground, mumbling something in language that I could not understand. Here is a display of utter ignorance and prostitution of all sense —rational creatures turned fools, and deceived into

a belief in stones, water, and fire, all of which I am sure can do them no good.

On our passage to Alahabad, our boat often got upon shore. The weather was dreadfully hot. Mr. J. Carter, the magistrate of Alahabad, treated me very kindly, for which I feel very grateful to him. On being informed that Mr. Trevelyan (who has always been favourably disposed towards me) was about to leave Calcutta for Agra, I determined upon travelling by land, hoping I should meet him on his way to Agra. Through the kindness of Mr. Carter, I was provided with a common carriage, in which, after placing my baggage, I commenced my journey. Finding that the rain had made the road, after we left Benaras, so exceedingly muddy, that our carriage could not move along, we mounted the carriage-ponies, with our baggage, and pursued our journey. Before we reached Sherghati, we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, which made the road so exceedingly muddy, that I was obliged to dismount, and travel on foot for about twenty-six miles.

With a great deal of trouble, I reached Calcutta, where I had the happiness to find Mr. Trevelyan, who received me very kindly, and asked me to live with him in the Government House, where the secretary's office was kept; and introduced me to several of his friends, and also to Lady William Bentinck, and to Sir T. (now Lord) Metcalfe, the vice-president, who received me with much kindness and

attention. To the former I had a letter from General Allard, and to the latter, one from his brother, Mr. T. T. Metcalfe, of Delhi.

Among the gentlemen at Calcutta with whom I had frequent intercourse, Mr. Jackson and Captain Pemberton rendered me much assistance, in preparing my papers, to whom I feel greatly obliged. With the society of the gentlemen Mr. Trevelyan introduced me to I felt much gratified. The buildings in Calcutta appeared strange to my eyes. Commerce and manufactures have made this the richest place on the continent of India. English education has civilized the natives of Bengal so much, that many of them have adopted European customs and manners, and the Christian religion, but many yet continue in ignorance; these rub mustard-oil over their bodies, which makes them disagreeable to those whom they approach to converse with.

I was deeply indebted to the late Sir W. Macnaghten, then secretary to Government, for his favour and patronage, in obtaining for me the sanction of the Government for the payment of all my expenses on the road from Lodiana to this place, and for supplying me with surveying instruments of much value, in addition to the gift of an estate, in land, at Delhi. He was a gentleman of very high talent and benevolent disposition.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CALCUTTA, ON A MISSION TO KABUL.

THE journal which I had kept regularly in Calcutta, and on my departure from that place in January, 1835, was taken from me, with all my official letters, in the insurrection at Kabul. Fortunately, I got copies of some from Sir Claude Wade, under whose orders I was placed by the Supreme Government in that year. The geographical and commercial information, and the account of my travels in disguise in the Mazari Beloch country, on the western bank of the Indus, with the description of the old celebrated saints of Pak Patan and Uch Sharif, are the same which I forwarded to Government at the time through that officer. The rest, excepting some letters, is from my own recollection up to the 1st of November, 1841, and from the memorable morning of the 2nd of that month on which the outbreak took place at Kabul, though myself a prisoner, I tried still to keep my diary in Kabul, and thence up to the year 1845.

In January, 1835, I received my final instructions from the Supreme Government, and had an audience of leave from the Governor-General, the late Lord William Bentinck, and quitted Calcutta by dak

for Candahar, where I was appointed agent, a similar situation, with the same salary, as Mr. Masson's in Kabul. We were both placed under Sir Claude Wade, the political agent on the north-western frontier at Lodiana. He wrote to Mr. Masson thus:—

"SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that his Excellency the Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council has been pleased to appoint you our agent at Kabul, on a salary of 250 rupees *per mensem*.

"Mohan Lal has been also appointed to Candahar on a similar salary to your own, and I expect him here in progress to his destination.

"I have, &c. &c.

"C. M. WADE,

"Political Agent.

"LODIANA,

"5th March, 1835."

On my way from Calcutta to Lodiana, I passed through the large cities and cantonments of Benaras, Alahabad, Cawnpur, Farukhabad, and Delhi. In the latter place I was unavoidably detained by various circumstances, and had the honour to be introduced by the agent of the Governor-General, Mr. T. T. Metcalfe, to his late Majesty Akbar Shah, a descendant of the august family of the great Taimur. His majesty mentioned the name of my grandfather, and other late members of the family, who had held conspicuous appointments in that court when in power. He gave me a dress of honour, with some jewels on a turban, which his majesty tied with his own hands on my head.

When I reached Lodiana, Sir Claude Wade addressed me as follows:—

"SIR,—With reference to the date of your departure, as great delay has unavoidably occurred in joining your situation, I suppose that two or three days will be quite sufficient to complete the arrangements described in the first part of my letter, and that you may start on your journey on Monday the 26th instant.

"You will proceed by the route of Firozpur to Bahawalpur. On your arrival there, you will wait upon Major Mackeson, who will furnish you with particular instructions for your guidance hereafter, and I have to enjoin the strictest attention on your part to them in the regulation of your conduct in the office to which you are appointed.

"I have the honour, &c.

"C. M. WADE,

"Political Agent.

"LODIANA,

"21st October, 1835."

We proceeded on our way from Lodiana, along the left bank of the Satlej, and passing through Jirah on the Ghara, and Firozpur, we reached Mamdout, where the chief received us with consideration. His minister, Pir Ibrahim Khan, was directed to make my stay agreeable. Next day we went out for an airing on elephants with the chief, and witnessed their curious method of fishing.

Mamdout is a small fortified town, and commands a view of the Ghara river. The inhabitants are Mohammedans and Khatris.

We did not see much fertile land after leaving Mamdout; cultivation was only visible just on the

banks of the river, extending from one to two miles towards the east, or the Sandy Desert. Before we reached Khairpur, of the Daud Putra, we passed through Ramu, a village on the left bank of the united streams of the Hyphasis, or Bias, and the Hesudrus, or Satlej, about 150 miles south-west of Lodiana; and we heard, that between the two waters of the Hyphasis and Acesines, is a town called Pak Patan. It was built in ancient days, and is looked upon as a place of devotion, since the body of Shekh Farid reposes there. We crossed the river in a small boat, and bent our route in that direction. The road commenced in a fearful forest, and ended in an extensive hard clayey plain, which environs the above town. It is constructed on a precipice, which is seventy feet from the surface of the land. The houses are small, built of burnt and unburnt bricks, and the bazars are narrow, containing some poor shops.

In the year 600 of the Hegira, the town was celebrated under the name of Ajwaddhan, and was governed by a Jogi of that name, tributary to the neighbouring Mohammedan chiefs. When Shekh Farid (whose original name was Masud), after travelling in Asia and Arabia, fixed his residence in this town, by the influence of his piety he persuaded the Jogi to believe in the true faith of Mohammed, and changed the name of the town from Ajwaddhan to Pak Patan. *Pak*, in Persian, means 'holy,' and *Patan*, in Panjabi, signifies

'ferry.' It is added, that, after some time, the Shekh wished to undertake the Mujahedah, which, I think, imports 'to labour in defence of the faith,' and asked permission of his Murshid, or guide to salvation, who is buried, in a charming place, called Qutab, about nine miles south-west of Delhi. The Shekh Qutbuddin Bakhtyar, as he is called, in reply, desired his pupil to make a "*tai*," or fast, for three days. Farid accordingly ate nothing for that time. On the eve of the third day some person presented him with a few loaves, of which Farid ate, thinking that they were sent to him from the invisible world, or "Ghaib." Meanwhile, a crow, holding the intestines of some dead animal in his beak, came and sat on the bough of a tree. Farid, at seeing this, felt an abhorrence, and, ejecting the bread he had eaten a few minutes before, his stomach became quite empty. He told the circumstance to Qutbuddin Bakhtyar, his spiritual guide, who replied, that God had bestowed a great favour on him, otherwise this meal would have hurt him. "Go now, Masud," added he, "and fast three days more." When he had not eaten any thing for six days, he became very weak, and the heat of hunger began to burn his heart. He stretched his hand on the ground, and taking a bit of clay, put it into his mouth, and found that it tasted like sugar. This was the effect of his pure mouth. A verse says—

"Stone in his hand becomes pearl, and poison turns sugar in his mouth."

Farid attributed this favour of God to a trick of man, so he threw it out of his mouth, and fell again deeply into the contemplation of the Omnipresent. At midnight hunger rendered him still weaker, and he again got some pieces of earth, and after putting them in his mouth, discovered that they were as sweet as sugar. The same thought of deceit came again in his mind, and he ejected them once more out of his mouth, and engaged again in prayer as before. By the end of the night Farid reflected in himself, that the feebleness caused by hunger might render him unable to stir, so he plucked up again some bits of clay, and they became sugar in his mouth. He thought they might have been sent to him by God, ate them, and broke his fast in the manner he was directed by his guide Qutbuddin. When the sun rose he went to Qutbuddin, who said to him, "Farid, you did well to break your fast with the sustenance sent to you from the invisible world. Go, you will be sweeter than sugar." Hence he was called Farid Shakarganj Shakarbar, or 'Treasure of Sugar.'

Books have been written of the miracles wrought by Farid. Tughlaq, a man of obscure origin, and an inhabitant of Abur, seven miles from Pak Patan, presented him with a load of fuel, and asked nothing for its price. The only petition he made to Farid

was, to plant him on the throne of Delhi; and it happened so, by the intervention of Shakarbar. The reign of this person may be remarkable for other things, for aught I know, but the large and strong fort he constructed now presents nothing except a heap of ruins. It was called Tughlaqabad, and is situated six miles south of Delhi.

Farid Shakarganj had many followers; one of them was Nizamuddin. His body rests in a handsome building out of Delhi. He was the patron of the famous poet Amir Khusrau, who, by the Persians, was denominated "Totie Hind," or the 'Parrot of India,' and he also sleeps in the same charming spot.

The mausoleum of Farid Shakarganj is visited by pilgrims of different faith. The Hindus of this country believe him to be an inspired man, and pay respect to his monument, like the Musalmans. After descending a few steps we came into a square paved with bricks, and entered the cupola in which Farid is interred. It is floored with marble slabs, and opens by a door towards the east. On his left hand is the tomb of his son, Shekh Badruddin, differing from his neither in size nor in materials. Over them is a gorgeous canopy of green brocade, tied with strings against the roof of the monument. A small window, covered with oil and dust, is made in the direction of the south. It is called Darwazah Bihisht, or 'the Door of Paradise,' and is opened every year on the fifth of the month of Moharram,

which is the death-day of that holy man. The people flock thither on that day, and pushing each other forward, rush in at the Darwazah Bihisht, and come out by the next door. By doing this, they have been persuaded to believe they shall have the first place in heaven when they depart for the next world. The monument is twenty paces in circumference, and thirty feet high. It was erected by his disciple, Shekh Nizamuddin Auliya, or the saint. It is whitened with lime, and has a beautiful appearance when closely viewed. Farid was born in 569 of the Hegira (A.D. 1174), and died of colic in the year 664 (A.D. 1266), at the age of ninety-two. The following verse gives the above dates :

Rahm farma shud tawalleud abide azadah umr.
Shud Faridullah saleh rahlate Masud asr.

The words "*Rahm farma*" are taken for the date of his birth. The words "*Abide azadah*" stand for the year of his age; and "*Shud Faridullah*," the date of his death.

Next to this monument, in the same square, is another dome, built by Tughlaq Shah. It contains the tomb of the Shekh Alah-uddin, Moizzud-din, Shekh Fazl, &c. &c. descendants of Farid. The height of this dome is nearly fifty feet, and the circumference thirty-six paces. It is larger than the former, and has a door opening to the south. It looks older, because it has never been repaired. All the graves were covered with dust,

but a few flowers lying over them shewed that they are occasionally visited by the people.

On my arrival at Bahawalpur, the Nawab sent his agents with sweetmeats and necessaries to me, and offered his kind assistance in facilitating my future journey. This city is celebrated for its silk manufactures and indigo-plantations. The gardens are numerous, and filled with mangoe-trees. I stayed here a few days in the palace of the Nawab. On the 9th of December, I received the following instructions from the Governor-General's agent for my guidance, on which I prepared to start.

"Sir,

"In my letter of the 21st instant, to your address, I informed you that, on your arrival at Bahawalpur, you would be furnished with instructions for your future guidance by Major Mackeson.

"2nd. After the receipt of this letter, and of any instructions in addition to those contained in it which may be delivered to you by that officer, you will proceed, with his leave, to Multan, and remain there fifteen days, for the purpose of preparing and transmitting a journal of your route, and making yourself acquainted with the commercial resources of that place.

"3rd. There is no occasion for me to point out to you in what manner your journal ought to be kept, as the instructions which you received from Mr. Rowe in Calcutta, and lately, while here, from Mr. Hodges, as well as the experience which you have acquired during your journey with Sir Alexander Burnes to Bokhara, of the kind of information, both statistical and geographical, expected from you, ought to have given you every insight into that subject. I shall merely observe, that you are required to protract your route in a field-book, to be regularly

kept for that purpose, and to insert in your journal whatever information you may be able to collect regarding the statistics of the country you traverse.

"4th. In respect to your inquiries of a commercial nature, you will attend to the following points, viz.: the productions of the country, its principal marts, the different routes of trade, exports and imports to and from places with which it has a commercial intercourse, their probable annual amount, prices of both, usual means of transport, the system and rate of duties, the merchants by whom the trade is principally conducted, the names of the places where their agents are established, and general rates of insurance.

"5th. When you have completed the term of your visit to Multan, you will proceed to Dera Ghazi Khan, and remain there ten days; after which you will proceed by the route of Dajal, Harrand, Asni, and Rojanpur, to Mitankot.

"6th. In the course of this part of your journey, besides the inquiries to which I have drawn your attention above, you will make a special report on the routes which lead from the banks of the Indus between Dera Ghazi Khan and Shikarpur to Candahar, including every information relating to them.

"7th. After remaining at Mitankot five days, to despatch your second report, you will proceed by any route that may appear to you most safe and convenient to Shikarpur, where you will remain fifteen days, for the purpose of obtaining the same information which you have been ordered to collect at Multan, &c.

"8th. In making these inquiries, and generally in every other respect, you will be particularly careful so to regulate your conduct as to avoid exciting the least jealousy or suspicion on the part of the authorities of the place; and you will endeavour at the same time to give the merchants, and any one else who may evince curiosity on the subject, the knowledge which you possess of the measures taken by the British Government to open the

navigation of the Indus, the terms on which it is to be conducted, and the commercial advantages which are held out to those who may be disposed to engage in trade by that channel.

"9th. From Shikarpur you will return to Bahawalpur, where further instructions will await you.

"10th. As it is not intended that you should proceed at present to your ultimate destination, you will retain the letters and presents which you have received from Government for the chiefs and others in Afghanistan, by your leaving the presents in charge of Major Mackeson, or any one whom he may be pleased to appoint, at Bahawalpur, which will tend both to lessen your baggage, and enable you to perform the journey lightly equipped.

"11th. You will forward your reports through Major Mackeson.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed) "C. M. Wade,

"Political Agent.

"Lodiana,

"1st Nov., 1835."

Dec. 10.—At sunrise we left Bahawalpur. The thermometer was at 32°. Our route for a mile was shaded by high mangoe-trees. A garden on our right hand had many apple-trees, covered with mats as a protection against the cold. We travelled over the slime deposited by the river, which caused some trouble to our horses. As far as the eye reaches were seen tamarisk-trees extending along the banks. They are described by Mr. Elphinstone.

We crossed the river Ghara, as it is here called, which is formed by the united streams of the Hyphasis, or Bias, and the Hesudrus, or Satlej. The water is muddy, which surprised my companion,

Jugal Kishor, who said that the waters of these two rivers were quite clear when he crossed them separately, on his way to the court of Lahor. He observed that the Ghara is as muddy as the Jumna in the rainy season. The temperature of the water was 54°. The river was about three hundred yards wide, and twelve fathoms deep. The people of this country call any thing muddy *Ghara*, and hence the name given to this stream.

On the right bank of the river I was joined by Qazi Gul Mohammed, at the head of a small escort. He conducted me to Adamawhan, formerly a well-peopled village, where are about forty houses and twelve shops of grocers, which had a very poor supply. The whole distance of our journey was five miles and a quarter.

Dec. 11. — A march of seventeen miles and a quarter brought us to Mianpur, which is the head of fifteen hamlets. Land here and there sprinkled with the wild berry, and every well surrounded by two or three huts, take the name of a baste, or village, in this part of the country. The turnip is abundantly cultivated here, as well as the indigo plant, and Mianpur is celebrated for its cotton. The husbandmen are of all tribes, and praise the government of their ruler, Diwan Sawan Mal. Mianpur has fifty houses, and fifteen shops. The thermometer stood at 45° in the morning.

Dec. 12.—Our route was intersected by numberless water-courses, some of which were dry, and others

had deep water. These are all cut out from the Ghara, to irrigate the lands. The whole country is covered with tamarisk and jal trees; the latter produces a fruit called pilin in this country. We observed various sorts of game, especially deer. Mr. Elphinstone remarks that this country abounds with deer, in consequence of the forests. I mounted on the camel to take observations of the villages lying on each side of the road. The husbandmen generally live on boiled turnips, which they call gonglo. The thermometer was 48° after sunrise. We halted at Shijra, twelve miles and a half distant, and were scarcely provided even with fuel. This is a very poor village, having only one shop.

Dec. 13.—We reached Shujabad, after a tedious journey of nearly ten miles and three-quarters, and put up at Shalbagh, out of the town. Our route was through fields of cotton and indigo, which grow here abundantly. Hindus of the Khatri caste are cultivators in this country; their brethren carry on a considerable trade in Khorasan and Turkistan. On our right hand was the direct road to Multan, which is frequented by merchants.

Dec. 14.—All the people of our party were seized with a violent fever and dysentery, which obliged me to halt. My companion, Jugal Kishor, was the only man in good health, and he was of great assistance to me in this cheerless day, having half a dozen sick. He attended every patient, and provided such medicines as my Persian cook, Mo-

hammed Taher, prescribed. He is a sensible man, and I had employed him during my late journey to Candahar.

Shujabad is surrounded with a high wall of brick; the ditch is dry, and in some places filled up with dung, &c. &c. Huts, inhabited by people of low class, skirt the walls of Shujabad. It was built by Shuja-uddin Khan, the father of Muzaffar Khan, the late ruler of Multan. The people praise him much for his justice, and his taste for building.

In company with one of my servants, I wished to go inside the town, but was prevented by the Sikh soldiers, stationed at the gate. The Sikhs are very suspicious of Company's servants, and treat us as spies. My curiosity to see the town was stimulated by a traveller, who said there were beautiful buildings in it. So in the evening I put on poor clothes, and, as if I was one of the inhabitants of the country, I entered the gate, though trembling, without exciting the suspicion of the guards. The bazars are made in the Asiatic fashion, and intersect each other in the centre. They look like the Char Suq of Herat, excepting only in the cover. There are 360 shops, richly provided with articles for sale. The houses are of three or four stories. Amongst the edifices of the town is the celebrated Mahal, or palace of the late Nawab, which is known by a lofty cupola, called Samman Burj. On the whole, Shujabad surpasses the city of Bahawalpur, not only in beauty, but in

its cleanliness. There are three guns on the bulwark, opening their mouths towards the west. I came out of the town by another gate, and thanked God for not being discovered. The Hindus at the sarae form the chief part of the inhabitants of this place.

When I was going out upon the town wall, with a determination to examine the bastions, I was called to by a soldier. He was about sixty years of age, and commanded the artillery of the Maharaja, at Shujabad. He was formerly in the service of Vazir Alee, at Lucknow, whose accomplice he was in the murder of the English at Benaras. When Vazir Alee was imprisoned, he ran away from India, and since that period he has been in the Panjab. His name is Hindu Singh, and he was an inhabitant of Daghabad, near Lucknow. He is a Rajput by birth, and passes a very pleasant life.

Dec. 15.—Having hired two camels, each of which bore a couple of baskets, we made our sick men sit in them, and thus proceeded to Adhi Bagh. This is a village consisting of a few huts, situated halfway to Multan. Our route thence was through forests, and therefore I could not take any observations without climbing the gate of Sikandarabad. I should have been prevented by the Sikh soldiers from obtaining my object had I not personated the Baba Nanak, and drawn their favour by uttering the following speech: "*Khalsajee wah gurujiki*

Fatah," which is a religious compliment amongst the Sikhs. The whole distance was about eleven miles and a quarter.

Jannat, the mother-in-law of Baihram Khan, Beloch, the head of the Mazari tribe, was brought a prisoner by the Maharaja's army, who plundered many villages of the Mazaris, and massacred a great number of them. This combat happened about five months ago. The Mazaris are of the Beloch family. They inhabit the country which lies between Mitankot and Shikarpur, and are such notorious banditti, that neither caravans nor travellers dare pass through their region. They have pillaged numerous villages under the Government of Multan, and do not fear the Amirs of Sindh, whose subjects they are called. The embassy of Shah Kamran of Herat, in charge of Ibrahim Khan Hubshe, received ill treatment from these Mazaris, when he was returning from Lodiana to his master with presents from our Government. Jannat was a woman whose locks proclaimed that she was not under the age of fifty. With the permission of her guard, I conversed with her for a long time, and obtained some information of the danger of the country of her son-in-law Baihram Khan. As my object from Mitankot was to go to Shikarpur, through the country which borders the right bank of the Indus, and which is ruled by her son-in-law, I allowed her to partake of my dinner, and learning her distress in prison, I presented her with four

rupees, and a silk waistcoat, as she felt the cold very keenly. She revealed to me all her misfortunes and the troubles which she had met with since she was captured by the Sikh army. Baihram had sent twenty camels as a ransom for her, and the Sikh guards were conducting her down to Mitankot, where she was ordered to stay until Baihram Khan should send five camels more to the agent of the Maharaja at Multan.

Dec. 16.—A march of 11½ miles led us to Multan; but my conductor provided me with a house situated in a garden, nearly two miles from the city. He informed Diwan Sawan Mal of my arrival, and told him, that the authorities of the place would not allow us to have a house inside the city wall, until the orders of Sawan Mal should reach them on that subject. Sawan Mal was in his camp, about ten miles off, across the river Chenab.

We found no village on the road, except a few huts here and there, each occupied by a couple of men, and provided with a well. Everywhere the people inquired concerning Shah Shuja, and appeared discontented under the Sikh government.

Dec. 17 *to* 19.—We continued in the garden, and heard nothing from Sawan Mal. I was quite vexed to remain in such a solitary place, which, being far from the city, prevented me from meeting with the merchants, and obtaining information of the commerce, which was my principal object in coming to Multan. I urged the vakeel, or my con-

ductor, to send Major Mackeson's letter to his master in the camp.

Dec. 20.—On the arrival of orders from Diwan Sawan Mal, his agent, Dya Ram, at Multan, sent me twenty-one rupees, as a *zeafat*, and provided me with a house, situated by the gate of the city, called Daulat Darwazah. Ram Dass, a Shikarpuri merchant, paid me a visit, and promised to come to me next day, accompanied by the Lohanis, for the purpose of giving me some information respecting the trade of Multan.

Radha Kishan, the son of my late uncle, had accompanied me from Delhi, out of a desire to see foreign countries. He had the advantage of knowing the English and Persian languages, and had affectionate feelings towards me. I also loved him deeply. He was of great assistance to me, in copying letters, and keeping my papers. He had begun to write his journal in English, which he had resolved to present to Major Mackeson, on his return to Bahawalpur, and by such means to serve under him. Mankind seldom realize those objects with the anticipation of which they indulge their mind. He was attacked with sickness, as well as others of my party, and, on reaching Multan, died, not only from the effects of that disease, but also of cholera. He was quite sensible a minute before he died, and was speaking with me very affectionately. Suddenly he shut his eyes, and, with the name of God on his tongue, his soul fled to the eternal

world. I had never before seen a man die, and I was quite overwhelmed at the loss of one whom I loved so much, and I laid myself beside his dead body in a state of torpor, until the sun shone strongly upon my weary eyelids, and brought me to a sense of my situation.

I was myself attacked by the fever, under which we all lingered some time at Multan.

Before my arrival at Multan, Diwan Sawan Mal, the governor, was on his way to the camp of Shahzadah Nau Nehal Singh, and therefore the letter of introduction from the British Agent, in charge of his agent, Qazi Gul Mohammed, was sent to him by a messenger.

During my stay at Multan, I had frequent conversations with the merchants of Shikarpur, and especially with the Lohanis. The latter, who carry on a prosperous trade in Central Asia, were highly delighted at the prospect of the time when there would be a market established at Mitankot, which, they said, will be a good place for exchange on their frontier, and save them the trouble of going to Hindusthan.

On learning the advantages which the opening of the navigation of the Indus warrants them to expect, and the interest which the British Government takes in this affair, the merchants became desirous to know how they were to be protected against the robbers

when they sail up and down the river. I read to them from Mr. Prinsep's "Life of Ranjit Singh," the contents of the treaty concluded between our Government and that of Sindh, on the 20th and the 22nd of April, 1832; and assured them that the object of the British Government was merely to procure a free passage for vessels, and for trade, through the mouths and delta of this navigable river. I told them that the Governments and chiefs who occupy its banks are bound by the treaty to give protection to the merchants, and to diminish the irregular and heavy duties. When the merchants became satisfied that neither delay nor obstructions of any kind will be allowed to prevent their ready passage, and considered the advantages of conveying merchandise down to Haidarabad and Shikarpur, &c. by the Indus, two of them, namely, Ram Dass Shikarpuri and Darya Khan Lohani, asked me to give them a statement of the duties which the Government of Haidarabad had agreed to. The merchants intended, as soon as they were furnished with the statement of the duties at Haidarabad, &c. &c., to send two boats with articles of trade down the Indus to Shikarpur and Lama, or Sindh.

The country of Multan produces corn, oranges, palms, sugar, cotton, and indigo. Turkistan, and especially the city of Bokhara, supplies Multan with silk of three kinds, namely, Labeabi, Charkhi, and Hoshkari. These silks, according to their above names, are purchased in Bokhara from 7, 9, to 12 rupees per seer, and sold in Multan from 10, 12, to

15 rupees. One camel-load of the first kind of silk, which is equal to 6½ maunds in weight, costs at Bokhara 440 tilas, or 2837 rupees, 8 annas. Each tila makes 6 rupees and 6 or 7 annas Nanakshai.

The trade of Bokhara to Multan is generally conducted by Lohanis and Shikarpuris. They load their goods on camels at Bokhara, and after a journey of fifteen days, reach Kholum. No duties are paid on the road. In Kholum they generally change the camels for ponies, and for each load they pay 1½ tila, or 9 rupees, 10 annas, and 6 pice. On the second day the caravan arrives at Haibak, where the duty of 1 rupee, 6 annas per load is taken. From Haibak they leave Khurram, Saighan, and Bamian, on their right hand, and take their route to the left. In the village of Ghur they pay duties agreeably to the *Shariat*, called Chehal Yak, or upon 40 rupees' worth of goods, 1 rupee. From hence the river Surkhab flows on the right, and the kafila, passing through Dashi, crosses the river Andarab for Khinjan. They then pass the range of the Hindu Kush, get into Kanshan and Sokhtah Chinar. These are under the government of Kabul. In the former place the traders pay 2 rupees per load, and in the latter, 4 annas for a guard. After passing through Chankur, where 2 rupees are taken on a load, the caravan enters the city of Kabul. Here they sell Russian sugar-loaves, lace, tea, nankin, fir, &c. &c.

From Kabul, after paying the town duty, and that of Ghazni, which amounts to 260 rupees on a

camel-load of silk, and 11 rupees on one of fruits, the Lohanis come to Daud, where they halt until the whole of them are assembled. Thence, passing by Kotawaz or Naddi, where a duty of 1 rupee, 4 annas on a load of commercial articles is given to Sulaiman Khail, the caravan arrives at Kharoti. Now the road penetrates into the Sulaiman mountains, and the river Tarnak runs on the right. The kafila, following the bank of the Gomal, reaches Kotki, and here they are supplied with provisions by the mountaineers. After crossing the range of mountains called Ghoelara, they enter Majingrah. This place is ruled by Surwar Khan Lohani, to whom 2 rupees, 8 annas are paid on each of the loads, and sometimes he extorts large sums of money from the merchants. In Majingrah they buy provisions, and passing through Zaikhani come to Darband, where their families remain under the protection of Donaz Khan until the merchants return. From Darband the Lohanis divide into three companies: those who wish to go to Hindusthan pursue their route through Dera Ghazi Khan, Khangar, Bahawalpur, Bhatner, Hisar, &c. &c. To Multan they come through Kohari and Laya; and to Amritsar, by the way of Dera Ismail Khan, Darya Khan, and Asipur.

If no conflicts occur on the road with the Vaziri tribes, twenty marches from Ghazni bring the caravan to Deraband, and ten to Multan. Between Deraband and Multan the kafila pay 9 rupees on a camel-load, but when they go to Bahawalpur, leaving

the route to Multan on the left, the whole duty paid on the road amounts to 2 rupees, 8 annas.

If the city of Multan were not supplied with silk by Central Asia, it would not become the rival of the markets of Hindusthan, the Panjab, and Khorasan. The whole of the Panjab, and even the country of Sindh, wear cloths of silk and thread, which are fabricated only there. The undermentioned are the names of the kinds of cloth, which, with their length, breadth, and price, I obtained from a person dealing in those articles.

Name.	Breadth. Yards.	Breadth. Ghir.	Length. Yards.	Length. Ghir.	Price. Rs.
Khes	1 1	0 8	2 2	0 12	8 to 10
Gulbadan	0 0	10 12	4	1	5 to 12
Darai, five different ..	0 0	10 12	4	1	6 to 15
Do. of small breadth ..	0 0	10 12	per yard		1
Mashru	0	8	4	4	3 to 4
Lungi of various colours	1	12	3 2	0 8	3 to 80
Lamebah	1	12	3 2	0 8	10 to 40
Izarband	1	12	3 2	0 8	1 to 40
Band for swords ..	1	12	..	..	12
Taimur Shahi	0 0	10 12	4	0	6 to 12

Name.	Breadth. Yards.	Breadth. Ghir.	Length. Yards.	Length. Ghir.	Price. Rs.
Shuja Khani	0 0	10 12	4	0	6 to 12
Palang Posh	0 0	10 12	4	0	3 to 10
Chintzes called Nasir Khani, of many colours ..	0 0	8 12	7 8	0 0	1 to 12
Ditto Badal Khani ..	0 0	8 12	7 8	0 0	1 to 12
Ditto Lal guli	0	8	5	0	6 to 7
Jagam	..	..	..	..	1 to 20
Shalrangi	..	..	..	..	1 to 60
Lungi	..	..	..	..	3 to 8
Sangha or Gori ..	..	..	..	..	2 to 3

Qalin differs much in price.

The principal marts of the country of Multan are Amritsar, Bahawalpur, Khairpur, Dera Ghazi Khan, Dera Ismail Khan, Laiya, Shujabad, Mitankot, &c., which have a commercial communication with the merchants of Shikarpur, Candahar, Herat, Bokhara, Kabul, Peshawer, Sindh, Hindusthan, &c. The commerce of Multan is really carried on by Lohanis or Shikarpuris. The latter have their agents in the above places, and also in the towns which are in the vicinity of the mouths of the river Indus.

The trade of Multan to Amritsar, which consists chiefly of Sikh articles, goes through Talamba; to Shikarpur and Sindh, through Shujabad, Jalalpur,

and Khanpur; to Bahawalpur and Hindusthan, *viâ* Sialkot, Tagar, Buhar, Kalamulla, &c.; and to Bokhara by the route before described. Taimur shahi, shuja khani, chintzes, and indigo, are annually exported from Multan to Khorasan and Tùrkistan to the value of 5,50,000 rupees. To Lama or Sindh it sends many loads yearly of carpets, silks, &c., to the amount of 20,000 rupees; to Amritsar silk articles, as khes, lungis, &c., of 30,000 rupees' value; and to Hindusthan chintzes are transported worth 50,000 rupees. The imports of Multan, from and through Afghanistan, are silk, ishang, majit, buz, ghunj, qirmiz, Gulghuri fruits, assafœtida, zera, mastage, khazaban, and vinegar; from Amritsar, English cloth, huldi, ginger, khenid, and copper ware; from Hindusthan, English and Indian cloths, lakh, jast qalai, copper, brass pots, and kinari; from Shikarpur, pearls; from Dera Ghazi Khan, opium, chaes, snuff, hangu, butter; and from Dajal, oil. The value of the above imports is not more than 15,000 rupees in a year.

There is no limit to the charges and exorbitant duties taken in the custom-houses of the Panjab: all the merchants are displeased, and no encouragement for commerce is given to them. In the custom-house of Multan, whenever the merchants send the silk abroad, they pay 8 annas per seer, and 12 annas when sold in the city; on indigo, 6 rupees,

8 annas per maund; on English cloth, 7 rupees per cent.; on broad cloth, 10 annas per yard; on spices, 8 rupees per cent.; on cotton, 1 rupee, 5 annas per maund; on raisins and other fruits of Kabul, &c., from 5 to 6 rupees per camel-load; 5 rupees per horse, and 2 rupees per camel.

The commerce of Multan and most of the adjacent countries is carried on by means of camels; they are cheaper than mules, &c. No carts are used in these parts. There is no custom of insurance, called "*bema*," amongst the merchants of Multan, but they have another mode, not of the same kind, known by the name of "*hunda*." It is only conducted between the traders of Multan and Amritsar on silk cloth. The hunda from the first place to the latter is 50 rupees per maund, and on silk 17 rupees, the owner paying the town duty of both places. The persons with whom the merchants make hunda, or who take the charge of the goods, pay only the expenses of the roads, and of conveying the merchandise, for the sums above mentioned.

Jan. 31, 1836.—Having recovered from fever, and finished my public business from the 16th to the eve of the 30th, I quitted Multan, and halted in the garden of Lange Khan, about a mile from the city. Before sunset the agent of Diwan Sawan Mal sent me a message that there were no horse-

men to escort me to Dera Ghazi Khan, but he would be happy to order five soldiers to accompany me thither.

During my stay at Multan, the merchant Ram Dass Shikarpuri made preparations for giving me an entertainment, as well as a dance, which I observed was quite different from that of Delhi. The dancing-girls of the latter place, who possess an extreme delicacy, and adorn themselves with rich robes, cannot stand the toil which the women of Multan undergo in dancing. It resembles the wrestling of the Peshaweris, or heroes of Delhi, while only a third part of the sum given at Delhi is their reward for the labours of the whole night.

Feb. 1, 2.—In the morning of the 1st of February I felt a pain in my chest, which grew severe, and I was obliged to continue in the garden for two days. The Lohanis and other merchants of Multan, on hearing of my illness, came to visit me, and the former, not less than a dozen, lifted their hands to pray to God (like the Uzbegs of Bokhara) to restore me to health. This indisposition was the same I had last year at Delhi, and I was alarmed; so I made up my mind to hire a camel with panniers in which I might sit, rather than travel ill on horseback. Ram Dass Shikarpuri got the camel with a litter, and we resolved to set out in the morning.

Feb. 3.—Having placed myself in the pannier on the back of the camel, I commenced my journey, and reached Shah Sher Alee in six hours, a distance

of 10¾ miles. Our road was for some time overshadowed with palm-trees, and then we entered into a place where the weeds rose over our heads.

Shah Sher Alee was a holy man in ancient days, and his bones repose under a magnificent dome. His grave is visited by many pilgrims, and his descendants are highly respected. Sher Shah, the present heir, received me very civilly, and shewed me the pictures of the old kings, among which the face of Nadir Shah was beautifully painted; his features exhibited somewhat of pride, as well as a ferocious expression.

Feb. 4.—We were travelling in a jangal, though here and there it was cultivated. The road was intersected by many channels of torrents, which swell in rains so that travellers find it difficult to cross them. We passed the joint streams of the Hydraotes, Acesines, and Hydaspes, called here Chenab, in thirteen minutes. The boats were strongly made, though not large enough. The water was muddy; the current not rapid. The breadth of the river was about 350 yards, and the depth nearly 14 fathoms.

We reached Muzaffarnagar after a journey of ten miles, and put up for the night in an old hut; the Sardar giving us no place in the town. It was built of burnt bricks by the late Nawab of Multan, and I heard that it has a bazar like those of Shujabad. The ditch has been spoiled by the inundation of the Chenab.

Feb. 5.—After a tiresome journey of fourteen miles, we reached the camp of Diwan Sawan Mal, at Quraishi. The road was sandy, and covered with thorny bushes. This part of the country was formerly infested with robbers, but since this person has been appointed ruler of Multan, peace and tranquillity reign in the neighbouring districts. Sawan Mal pitched a tent for me, but being poorly furnished with requisites, I civilly refused to lodge in it, and went into a hut of the village.

Feb. 6.—When the sun rose, I paid a visit to Diwan Sawan Mal. He sat on a carpet, in a yellow dress, and received me in a very friendly manner. He told me that he was ardently desirous that the merchants of Multan should be the first to send their articles by the channel of the Indus, but as they are inexperienced in the nature of the voyage, they fear to convey their merchandise by a new water-course, until the other traders shew them an example, and let them know the benefit gained by it; however, he promised to use his best endeavours to encourage the merchants of Multan to despatch their boats down the Indus when he returned to that city, and asked me for another copy of the price-current of Bombay, which I agreed to forward him from Dera Ghazi Khan. He was very much pleased when I told him that the tranquillity he had established at Multan surpassed that of Hindusthan, which is governed by a body of law (that is Englishmen). He applauded my policy of treating

well the mother of Baihram Khan Mazari. He told me that the Beloches never forget their obligations to a person till their last breath; and he assured me that Baihram Khan will treat me kindly if I go through his country to Shikarpur. Sawan Mal sent orders to his Sardars from Dera to Mitankot, to treat me with consideration, and make me pass safe from their respective boundaries.

The road from Quraishi to the stream called Sardar, was in a jangal formed of weeds, and afterwards on the bed of the river Sindh. The sand covered the face of the country as far as the sight could reach, looking like an ocean. My companion, Jugal Kishor, was struck at beholding the breadth of that famous river; though low at this time, it was not less than five miles across. On the left bank of the Indus you will see nothing within the reach of the eye except sand, and in some places plants of tamarisk, and on the right bank palm-trees.

About three miles above Quraishi, and one mile on this side Gujrat, is a place called Zor, where a canal, called Lukh, is cut out of the bed of the Indus. It issues forth in four streams, namely, Jhakri, Thalwala, Sanwah, and Sardar. They are lost in the cultivation which extends plentifully in the neighbourhood of Quraishi. The Dinga, which we forded on our way, was formerly the principal bed of the Indus, but now it is separated from that river near Dandi, fifteen miles above Quraishi, and

falls again into its original source, four miles down, at Siri.

We crossed the Indus in twenty-five minutes; the boats, fifteen in number, are stronger than those we observed before in the ferries of the Panjab. On great occasions, an army is sent down to Mitankot by this channel, a distance of seventy miles. The boats reach that place in two days, and in the rains sooner. The water of the Indus is not so clear here as I have seen it above, by the fort of Atak. This might be in consequence of the clayey plain over which it flows down to that place. The current was also slow. We reached Dera Ghazi Khan, after a journey of about ten miles. Here we continued till the eve of the 16th.

The commerce of Dera Ghazi Khan has very much decreased since it was taken from the Afghans. The avidity and extortion of Bahawal Khan, who had monopolized all power in the country from the Sikh chief, for some time added to the losses of the traders; Odoh Dass, Dwarka Dass, and Sewak Ram, are the only merchants of Shirkarpur in this place, and they communicate on matters of traffic with those of Bahawalpur, Khangar, Dajal, Mitankot, Shikarpur, Candahar, Kabul, Sangar, and especially of Multan. They have agents, or artiyahs, in those places, which are all principal marts, or dissavars. The Shikarpur merchants of Kabul and Candahar, as well as the few Afghans of these places, who are not so rich as the

former, provide Dera Ghazi Khan with the productions and imports of the above countries.

The silver coin, or money, at Dera, is that of Shah Shuja, and it is one anna and four pice less than the Nanuk Shahee rupees.

The country of Dera Ghazi Khan produces wheat, jowar, bajrah, nakhud, moth, munglartha, china, kangni, til, mori, mata samak, rawan, makai, tobacco, bhang or cannabis, native cotton and indigo. The amount of this latter article annually collected is about 13,000 maunds, of which 25 maunds are used in the country. The lowest price some years ago was from twenty-five to thirty rupees per maund, and the highest one hundred and fifty rupees. In the last year the Lohanis and Shikarpuris sent to Khorasan fifteen hundred loads of indigo, produced in the country of Multan and Dera, which cost them seventy-five thousand rupees. The authorities of the country take from some cultivators a fourth part, and from others a fifth. They also prevent the husbandmen from disposing of their share until that of the Government is sold. The price of indigo in latter years has been highly increased thereby. It is purchased at fifty-five rupees per maund, and sold at Bokhara at sixty rupees, including expenses of the road. All the merchants, and especially the Lohanis, speak loudly of the oppression of the Multan ruler.

Shikarpuris at Dera are better treated than the Lohanis. When the former send silk to any quarter, the duty they pay is five rupees per maund, while the

latter pay ten rupees, ten annas. The impost levied on the Hindu merchants on the same articles, when sold in the city, is four annas per seer, and from the Afghans one rupee. The Lohanis, on passing through Dera on their route to India, pay the same tax on silk as is named above, and on fruits of all descriptions, ten annas per maund, besides three rupees and three annas on each camel-load. This is the duty of the ferries which are situated between Dera Ghazi Khan and Bahawalpur. Five maunds khan of Kabul are equal to 6½ maunds of India.

The commerce between Dera Ghazi and Multan goes through Quraishi to Bahawalpur and Khangar, by Khangar and Shahar Sutan, to Dajal, through Jainpur or Khairpur to Mitankot, by Mohammedpur and Rajanpur to Langar, *viâ* Puradil and Qilai Hamdani. Dera Ghazi Khan sends to Khorasan, &c., coarse cloths, chintzes, bafta, hindai, shahe, rezeh, alaichah, taimur shahi, shuja khani, darai, and gulbadan, and it is noted for the manufacture of the last two articles. The annual value of the above exports is about fifteen thousand rupees. English cloths, namely, cambrics, chintzes, long-cloths, book muslins, and nainsookh, of one thousand rupees' value, are annually brought from Bahawalpur to Dera, where, after paying the town duty of four rupees, merchants sell them at a profit of two hundred and fifty rupees. If the English cloth, which is two rupees per yard at Delhi, were sent to Dera Ghazi Khan, it would beat the silk pieces called darai (made here) out of the market. It is not so

glossy and beautiful as the former, though it is sold at three rupees per yard.

There are many roads from the places on the right bank of the Indus leading to Candahar. After a good deal of search they have been reported to me by the merchants and travellers who frequented them. A few months ago Jiwan, a merchant of Dera, took his departure from Dera Ismail Khan, with some merchandise, and after a journey of eighteen koss, he reached Deraband; here he bought provisions, and, passing through the Zama valley, came into Arghasan. The road was hilly, and inhabited by wandering Afghans. The entrance of the Zama valley is twenty koss from Deraband. The Vaziris, who are notorious banditti, frequently plunder this part of the country, which can be passed through by mules, camels, and bullocks. From Arghasan he arrived in eight days at Candahar. From Dera Ghazi Khan they generally reach Candahar after seven marches. Their route lay through Sakhi Sarwar, Jamkato, Biri, Leucha, Toba, and Dehai. Now I was informed, when Shah Zaman was at Candahar, a pony loaded with mangoes was sent to him from Dera Ghazi Khan, and entered that city after six days; but no traders go by that road.

Roads to Candahar.

1st. Dera Ghazi Khan, Yaru, Lund, Dost Mohammed, Ambar, Chinau, Dera Buzdar, Ketrini, Darwazi, Hurumbur, Qilai Rasul Khan,

Qilai Mirza Khan, Qilai Ghari Khan, Orioya, Munara. The aforegoing places are inhabited by the Usman Khail, or Usman Khail Lad. Chaman: this place is famous for the abundance of apricots. Chinae: here live the Lonalae, one of the Afghan tribes. Sara Qilai, Chal: here the road to Shikarpur separates from the other. Takku Tu, Pushen, Kunum Zae, Khujah Amran, Darah Runghie, Hauz Ahmad Khan, Tangi, Candahar. This line of road has been described to me by an Afghan of the Kakar family. He came by it to Dera when Shah Shuja was defeated at Candahar. Many places which my informers describe, and which are in these routes, have not been placed in the map of Sir Alexander Burnes.

2nd. Dera Ghazi Khan, Yaru, Had-i-Buzdar, Bori, Pushen, Shirawak, Candahar. Musa Khan (now at Dera) went to Candahar in nine days by this route. He told me to put down the above road which he took the second time, and reached Candahar in nineteen days. His route was frequented by caravans before, and became the haunt of robbers of the Beloch family.

3rd. Dera Ghazi Khan, Kot Chutta, Jam, Pin, Dajal, Harrand, Abi Siah; hence the traveller entered the hills. Pir Chutta, or Sang Surkh; this place is so narrow, that two loaded ponies can hardly pass abreast. Lari; hence he travelled in a plain. Dadar, Darrah Bolan; he here penetrated the mountains. Fungi, Khoga, Dasht Bedaulat,

Shal, Pushen, Kotal Runghie, Shirawak, Candahar.

The following road has been explained to me by Gul Mohammed, an Afghan merchant, who came with merchandise to Dera two months ago from the city of Candahar.

4th. Dera Ghazi Khan, Yaru, Anglor, Mokhtar, Bori, Zop, Thund, Gozar, Hauz Alla Mohammed, Vahum, Arghasan, Tagak, Momand, Candahar.

Sewa Ram, a Shikarpuri trader, now at Dera, went to Candahar with a qafila, by the following route:—

5th. Piradil, 7 koss; Alum Khan, 9 koss; Sungar, 16 koss; Bodiki Ghuk, 10 koss; Bahawal, or Vaha, 10 koss; here he crossed the river Kugi. Chamdwan, 20 koss; Dera Band, 10 koss; here he joined the Lohanis. Zaikari, 6 koss; Topi, 3 koss; water is brought four miles. Majin Darah, 5 koss; here he crossed the Gomal, and bought provisions. Chirg, 5 koss; the valley is so narrow, that two camels cannot pass abreast. Nili, 5 koss; Pass or Kotal Ghoclara, 6 koss; Kotki, 12 koss; Kanjin, 7 koss; Husaru Nika, 8 koss; the river Hurdun is crossed here. Anglesan, 40 koss; Maruf, 20 koss; Tugga, 7 koss; Turnak, 7 koss; Momand, 8 koss; Candahar, 10 koss.

On my arrival at Dajal, which is famous for its trade in oil, I was told by Kishanand, a Shikarpuri, of the following route, which leads from the above

place to Candahar. The river Indus flows at a distance of twenty-five miles :—

Harrand, 12 koss; Toba, 8 koss; Dagajal, 8 koss; Shamma, 10 koss; Kunde de Talai, 8 koss; Maran, 10 koss; Pir Chutta, 8 koss; Sang Lila, 10 koss; Dhangar, 8 koss; Ghori, 6 koss; Lari, 10 koss; hence the other road goes to Candahar, *viâ* Dadar and Darrah Bolan. Bhag, 15 koss; Ari, 8 koss; Dadar, 10 koss; Kirta, 8 koss; Bilhu Nari, 8 koss; Muckho, 10 koss; Koh Dazdar, 6 koss; Dasht, 10 koss; Suab, 6 koss; Kuch Lak, 6 koss; Pushen, 10 koss; Khoge ka Chari, 10 koss; Candahar, 15 koss.

There is another road from Asni to Candahar, which goes *viâ* Kharak, Chatti, Beroki Dera, Lari, Bhag, Levi, Kalat, Mastung, Shal, Kondi, Candahar.

I reached Dera Ghazi on the 5th of February, and left it on the 17th, for Mitankot, where I arrived on the 26th of that month.

Having mentioned the different routes which lead from the right bank of the Indus to Candahar, from the cities, towns, and villages lying between Dera Ismail Khan and Mitankot, I resume my narrative.

My journey lay through the countries of the Mazaris and Buldis, a part of Belochistan, in which I travelled on foot, except twenty-six miles, and which enabled me to find out the other roads. On the right bank of the Indus, there are nineteen ferries between Mitankot and Shikarpur, the names of which (except four) are as

follow: Mori Dafila, Ken, Miani, Shah Ali, Kishmor, Ghiaspur, Badhani, Gubla, Bait, Bhotur, and Sukhar.

From Rojhan, Badhani, Ghauspur, and Shikarpur, which are not far from the bank of that river, six roads go to Candahar, namely:

1st. Rojhan, 6 miles from the Indus; Bibrak ka Dara, 3 days' journey; Khav, 2 ditto; Lang Munai, 2 ditto; Kakar, 4 ditto; Shal, 4 ditto; Pushing, 3 ditto; Candahar, 9 ditto.

2nd. Rojhan; Bibrak ka Dara; Lairni, 1 day's journey; Pilau, 1 ditto; Kholu, 1 ditto; Tal Chulali, 1 ditto; Candahar, 11 ditto.

3rd. Badhani, 6 miles from the Indus; Thal, Pot, Chtai, Shahpur, Pholiji, Lari, Baj, Mashesur, Dadar, Dupasi, Kirta ka Adh, Kirta, Bibi Navi, Norati, Pat, Mustang, Sal, Pushing, Candahar.

4th. Ghauspur, 6 miles from the Indus; Thal, 1 day's journey; Ahriki, 1 ditto; Turnba, 2 ditto; Kanda, 1 ditto; Jhal, 1 ditto; Kota, 1 ditto; Mura, 1 ditto; Candahar, 10 ditto.

5th. Ghauspur, 6 miles from the Indus; Thal, Shahpur, Lari, Shiran, Bhaj, Dadar, Dar Gaudawa, Kalat, Munji Chan, Lanin Guli, Galistan Kahrez, Kindi, Chunki, Candahar.

6th. Shikarpur, 14 miles from the Indus; Jangan, 8 koss (tax per camel-load, 8 annas); Rojhan, 12 ditto; Barshori, 20 ditto (entered the Kalat country 4 miles); Sok Qasim Shah, 8 ditto; Ghialpur, 8 ditto; Bhag, 4 ditto; Shahanbaj, 8

ditto; Dadar, 12 ditto; Dribi, 4 ditto; Koh Dilan, 4 ditto; Kirta, 6 ditto; Bibi Nari, 6 ditto; Halimari, 6 ditto; Kok Daho, 6 ditto; Lan Khajan, 6 ditto; Darrah Duzdan, 6 ditto; Dasht Bedaulat Kelam, 6 ditto; Sarob, 6 ditto; Shal, 6 ditto (tax 7 rupees per camel); Karanga, 6 ditto (Candahar country); Qilai Abdulla Khan, 6 ditto (tax 2 rupees per camel); Chuuk, 6 ditto (tax 2 annas per camel); Buldak, 6 ditto (tax 2 annas per camel); Qilai Tullala, 6 ditto; Takht Pul, 6 ditto; Nanak, 6 ditto; Candahar, 4 ditto.

Shikarpur cannot rival Bahawalpur, Multan, and Dera Ghazi Khan in commerce, but it is inhabited by a race of people who conduct a prosperous trade in Afghanistan, Turkistan, Khorasan, and part of Persia. It has no manufacture of any description, but derives its distinction solely from its situation in the midst of the commercial routes; Herat, Candahar, Shal, and Kalat, are its western marts; Bombay and Hydrabad are its southern marts. Candahar supplies Shikarpur with the silk of Herat, Yazd, and Tun, which is sold at a profit of from five to three and four rupees per seer. It is only used by females in embroidery, and is not exported to any other quarter. It is called by three different names, chilla, daryai, and tuni. The following articles are also imported from that city, part of which, as fruits and asafœtida, are sent to Hydrabad and Bombay; namely, zafran, salib, hing, shirkhisht, alajit, reuseus, pistah, misuack, charmaghz, qirmiz,

kalabatun, and qanawaz. The merchants, after deducting all the expenses of the road and the tax, gain a profit of fifty rupees per cent. A very small quantity of the Multan gulbadan, khes, and chintzes arrives at Shikarpur.

Opium, tobacco, and post (poppy) are exported to Talpur, also shawl chintzes, namely, surmai, gulmar, rahdar, and butadar; long-cloth, muslin, phulcari, and naimi, which are brought from Bombay and sent to Candahar, to the value of 10,000 rupees yearly, besides what goes by Karachi. Bandar, pepper, ginger, amaltas, kumla, nausader, sohaga, and sugar, to the value of 8,000 rupees, which, after paying the whole expenses, yield the trader a profit of 25 per cent.

The agents of the Shikarpur merchants, as Ganga Ram, &c., are established in Haidarabad, Bombay, Jaipur, Bahawalpur, Multan, Dera Ghazi Khan, Dera Ismail Khan, Amritsar, Peshawer, Kabul, Qunduz, Khulum, Balk, Bokhara, Mashad, Herat, Sistan, Candahar, &c. &c., where they collect immense profits by trade, which is conducted by means of camels and ponies. There is no custom of insurance, in consequence of the unsettled condition of the country.

The productions of Shikarpur, besides corn of all kinds, are cotton and indigo, which are not produced so plentifully as to be sent to any other country. Before the rule of the Barakzais, the Lohanis and Hindu merchants, who now go by the road of

Dera Band, were supplied from Shikarpur with indigo, which is brought in abundance from Multan, Dera, Shujabad, Khanpur, &c.

Feb. 17.—It was nearly twelve o'clock when we left Dera Ghazi Khan, escorted by the servants of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. A road shaded with palm-trees, which continued for about six miles, brought us into a thick jangal. Fuel is plentiful in this country. We had a fine sight of the Sakhi Sarwar hills on the right hand, though situated at the distance of twenty-five koss. They seem to be commanded by a high range of mountains, named Kala Koh, or 'black mountain,' and they join with Kara Bagh. Beyond it live the Beloches, who have their own separate rulers. We put up in Kot Chutta, after a journey of fourteen miles. This village has about ten shops and seventy poor houses: 200 maunds of indigo are annually produced here.

Feb. 18.—We arrived at Janpur, a distance of seventeen miles; it is a large village, and has about 200 shops. The houses are very high, and are built both of burnt and unburnt bricks. The bazars, which are covered with mats, &c., reminded me of those of the villages in Turkistan. The country is covered with fields of indigo. General Ventura is much remembered in these parts. The roads, though in jangals, were intersected by the hamlets of Marsa and Kot Tahan. They had high houses, upon which I climbed to take

my observations. The country, in consequence of the vicinity of the Indus and Sindh, is called Sindh, as well as Kohi. The inhabitants are Khatri Jats and Beloches. There are many tribes amongst the latter, namely, Khosa, Lighari, Mazari, Gurchani, Lund, Ruid, Durkani, Pilafi, Dushak, Gopagand, Sangi.

Belu Dalanu, and Manj Gar, which are situated under the Sakhi Sarwar hills, have mines of Multani mata. This is a kind of clay, used in Hindusthan, &c. for washing the hair; it is both white and yellow, and is purchased in the mines at fifteen maunds per rupee, and disposed of at different markets, especially at Delhi, at two rupees per maund.

Feb. 19.—After a journey of three hours we arrived at Dandjal, or Dajal, thirteen miles distant. The road from our last resting-place to the Ghuri, or fort, of Sultan Shah, in which are about twenty souls, was through a jangal. The earth looked parched, and as if previously washed by water. When we had left the Ghuri a mile behind, the road opened into an extensive plain. It is bounded on the west by the range of Kala Koh, thirty miles distant, and on the east by the river Indus, which flows twenty-five miles off. Beyond the hills live the Berohi, &c., who, before and after the time of Ahmad Shah Abdal, were the masters of this country. They have heads or chiefs of their own family, and cross the hills here for plunder.

The original name of Dajal is Dandjal; it is an old town. *Dand* is a man's name, and *Jal* means 'the place.' The walls are of mud; they are ruined by age. The houses are high, and generally built of unburnt bricks. In passing through the bazar, which has about one hundred and twenty-five shops, I thought of Balk: they were covered with mats, &c. The summer is intensely hot here, which obliges the inhabitants to follow the example of the Khorasanis, in thatching their bazars. There was no water during the whole of our march, except the wells in the Ghuri. The country round Dajal is destitute of water, and the rains furnish the only irrigation to the cultivated grounds. Out of the town is the place of a beggar, where a few trees are to be seen, and under them he has dug some holes equal to his size. Their sides discharge the water, which is collected in a little while, and is taken by the inhabitants to drink. If the holes are dug deeper, the water is found to be salt. All kinds of corn are cultivated in this country, but no indigo.

Feb. 20.—Clouds concealed the sun, and the cold wind, which blew strongly against our faces, accompanied with dust, teased us extremely in the journey. The road was in a plain, towards the west, and from the village of Mohammedpur, turned south-west. This village contained about ten poor creatures, all complaining of the devastation made among them by the Beloches. The country here is dry, but about two miles before we reached Harrand, a distance of

fourteen miles, we crossed the Miankewah. The water was pure, and is supposed to come either from the hills of K'abul or Candahar. The valley, or Darrah Kalia, six miles from Harrand, is the place whence this water flows into the plains.

The only account of Harrand I obtained by tradition is, that it was built by Hari, in the days of Alexander the Great. It was formerly a very large place, and visited by the caravan of Candahar; 1½ seer of gold was the daily tax gained from the merchants. The Beloches, who occupy the summits and sides of the neighbouring hills, and live on plunder, have been the cause of the ruin of this ancient and rich mart. It is seldom that the traders pass by this road, and when they do, the officers of the Maharaja accompany them to the valley of Lami, where they are delivered over to the Mari tribe (who are of the Beloch family, and number about four thousand people), who convey the caravan safe to the boundary of Candahar, and charge the merchants for their services. These people, though independent, acknowledge subjection to the Maharaja, which created an animosity between them and the Bugti tribe, which numbers two thousand men.

About ten months ago, the Gurchanis and Beloches of Fibbi and Lalgar came to plunder Harrand, and massacred the garrison of the Maharaja, which caused the Sikh Government to build a fort on the spot where the town of Harrand lately stood; it has cost the Maharaja 1,00,000 rupees, and it

might be finished at the expense of 30,000 rupees. There are a very few poor houses and shops. The summer is very hot and destructive to the people.

Feb. 21.—We travelled in a jangal, crossing the beds of the Dajliwah and of the Nurwah, to Lalgar. These rivers, though now dry, become very high in spring, and water the whole country. We stopped in a place inhabited by Beloches. Neither the men nor the women are remarkable for beauty; the former have long curling locks, anointed with oil, and paint their eyes with powder of antimony; the latter wear trowsers tight at the ancle, and a large open gown, which covers the whole of their body, and even conceals their form. They throw a piece of cloth over their heads, and bring water from long distances. We journeyed in a plain, passing through Kitatpur and Mianpur, before we arrived at Hajipur, where we put up for the night. The distance of our march was sixteen miles and a half. Hajipur has about fifty shops; it was given by the Maharaja to Shah Newaz Khan, as a jagir; his predecessors were the rulers of Sindh, and respected by the Mohammedans for their descent from Imam Abbas.

Feb. 22.—A march of eleven miles brought us to a small village called Jahanpur, belonging to the same personage. Here was no shop, and we sent a horseman to Rajanpur to buy provisions for us, according to the list I gave him. The ruler of the

place sent every thing we required by his vakeel, and desired me to accept them.

The road was barren, and the *mirage* appeared on every side. It was twelve o'clock when we met about fifteen persons, all armed. They lighted their matchlocks, and desired us to go off from the road; but when they saw that our escort outnumbered their whole body, they put their guns on their shoulders, and said they thought us, at first, the Beloch plunderers who had passed yesterday by the town of Rajanpur.

Feb. 23.—Though the town of Rajanpur was about four miles from our ground, I left it on my left hand, and bent my course towards Asni, a distance of ten miles. After a journey of a mile and a half, we reached a village, and thence penetrated a jangal, or *venare.* The road was dry, and looked as if impassable in the rains. The sun was very hot, and when it reached the meridian, one of my horsemen, who was ordered by Shah Newaz Khan to accompany me to Rajanpur, perceived some Beloches of the Mazari tribe following us on the right hand, and afterwards we also saw them. He told me to halt where we were, and, in company with two other horsemen, galloped to meet them on the road. The robbers, as well as our people, dismounted from their horses, according to their custom, and drew out their swords to fight. They were only eleven in number, and when they saw that five Sikh horsemen also

accompanied me, they immediately mounted their animals, and fled at full speed to Rojhan. I prevented my horsemen from following them, for fear of losing my time.

The Beloches generally fight with swords, and cannot use the musket on horseback, as the Sikhs do. They prefer mares for riding rather than horses, which are sold very cheap among them. On my inquiring the reason of this, a person told me that the horse is disliked by the Beloches for his neighing when they go to rob, while the mare remains mute, and better bears the heat of the plains in the summer. They dismount when they meet an enemy, and tying their animals' feet with a rope or cord, leave them about half a mile behind from the place where they make their attack. When either side is defeated, the conquerors possess their horses and property, and return home enriched with the booty.

Asni is a small village, containing about fifteen shops, covered with straw. The inhabitants are Beloches and Hindus; the country around is bushy and dry. It is not remarkable for any thing except that it is an ancient place, peopled by the late Rajah Ralhaur. It was formerly a very rich tract in consequence of its being situated in the road of trade from Candahar, &c. to Sindh, &c.

Feb. 24.—Firoz Khan, the chief of Asni, met me in the Kolta Gaimi, on my way to Rajanpur, and desired me to be his guest for the night. I civilly refused, but stayed with him half an hour. He sent

for his wandering musician, who sang various Mohammedan psalms, such as "God is one, and has no partner: he is powerful, strong, and master of the sky and of all things. Every thing is under the command of God: he is one tree, and has numberless branches."

We reached Rajanpur after a journey of seven miles. This is a remarkably fine town, and has about seventy shops. The bazars are covered, like those of Dajal. The houses are of mud, but not more than two stories high. This place is in the jagir of Shah Newaz Khan, with whose brother I remained the next day.

Feb. 26.—A march of about twelve miles brought us to Mitankot, and we crossed the channels of many streams, which were dry at this season. When we passed through the Kolta, Nasir Khan, the head man of the village, stopped me, and desired me to repose myself under the shade of a remarkably fine babool-tree, or mimosa. He is a man of sense as well as of influence, and he was accompanied by two dozen attendants, who sat with him in a circle. It is a neat village, and has about fifty shops. The Hindus are well treated here by the Beloches, and possess great influence among them. The road to Mitankot was dry till we crossed the Qaziwah. Nasir Khan spoke for a long time with me both in the Hindusthani and Beloch languages. I inquired about some Beloch words from him, which I write herewith:—*Phut,* 'hair;' *sarai,* 'head;' *anishak,*

'forehead;' *purwan*, 'eyebrows;' *chham*, 'eyes;' *phorz*, 'nose;' *gosh*, 'ear;' *dun*, 'cheek;' *brut*, 'mustaches;' *jon*, 'lip;' *dalton*, 'teeth;' *daf*, 'mouth;' *clyardan*, 'neck;' *kofak*, 'shoulders;' *rait*, 'hand;' *sinok*, 'chest;' *sarau*, 'waist;' *rau*, 'thigh;' *koud*, 'knee;' *khing*, 'leg;' *phazfatt murdan*, 'finger;' *nakhun*, 'nail.' The language of the Beloches resembles that of Persia, as in the words *gosh*, *nakhun*, &c. &c.

March 1 *to* 3.—We passed these days at Mitankot in extreme alarm, as all the inhabitants were fearing an attack of the Beloches of the Bugti tribe. They were 15,000 in number, all armed, as I heard. They plundered the villages of Omarkot, and carried away 7,000 cows and sheep, and on hearing this intelligence, the Sardar followed them with an army. The Sikhs were defeated, and lost about fifty men, while only two of the plunderers died in the field. They had brought with them about forty camels with panniers, according to their custom, in which they placed their plunder, as well as their dead companions. The Sardar was besieged in the fort of Omarkot, and the whole population of Kot Mitan passed sleepless nights watching. The Sardar of this place was absent with the army, except about ten Sikh soldiers; all the citizens sat on the roofs, their eyes directed towards Omarkot, and we did the same, bearing muskets in our hands.

March 4.—In consequence of the dangers of the road, and the cruelties of the Beloches of the

Mazari tribe towards travellers, we did not think it advisable to take any kind of baggage with us, and we left Mitankot in the dress of common beggars. I had first resolved to leave my horses, &c. in charge of the Maharaja's officers in that place, but, considering the unsettled condition of the country, I sent them to Amadpur, in charge of my servant, whom I authorized to put up in the residence of Lieut. (now Major) Mackeson, the British Agent in that quarter.

The route from our ground to Omarkot was in the direction of south-west, and continued along the right bank of a branch of the river Sindh, or Indus. We passed through the villages named Bangali, Bhai ka Dera, and Bhagsar, before we got to Omarkot, a distance of 13½ miles. Each of these places has a small bazar, and a numerous population. The country is covered with tamarisk, or gaz-trees. When we quitted Bhagsar, we were joined by a dozen Hindus, mounted on asses. They stayed beside the well, until they hired some matchlock-men, to accompany them to Omarkot. We were also with them. All the country lying between Bhagsar and Omarkot is dangerous. The Mazaris often conceal themselves in the jangals to plunder passengers. Our party here loaded their guns, and looked as if about to receive an attack.

When we reached Omarkot, the sun was nearly set, and, on account of the absence of the Sardars, we were not allowed to sleep inside the town. The

dust here concealed the face of the country, and I was uncertain where to put up, when Qadir Bakhsh, najib, or soldier, a native of Jalalabad, near Saharanpur, happened to pass, and, after inquiring who I was, and whence I came, and learning that I was lately from Delhi, took me into his house, situated in the camp, and assisted me with every thing for the night.

Omarkot is a small town, protected by a thick mud wall. Many of the inhabitants live in huts, out of the town, about 100 in number, made of reeds and straw. Bamboos are not used in thatching in this country. There are seven wells here, two of them saltish, one inside, and the other outside the town.

March 5.—Till noon we remained at Omarkot, in the hope of being joined by some other people. At last a body of twenty-two persons assembled, and we prosecuted our journey to Rojhan, a distance of eleven miles. The sun was extremely hot, and the road continued over a table-land, full of forage. The jangal was not very thick, as it was yesterday, but we had no water all the way, except in the villages of Badli and Dera Dildar. The former, as well as the other places situated between it and the latter, have been depopulated since General Ventura's return to Lahor. We passed the place of the battle, some days ago, with the Sikhs and Bugtis, when the former were defeated, and more than two dozen of their men were barbarously cut

to pieces. Their blood had flowed like a stream of water, and had dyed the earth red. Here and there lay fingers, &c., and turbans hung in small pieces on the branches of the tamarisks, which were cut by the swords of the Bugtis. The Bugtis are one of the Beloch tribes, and live on the other side of the hills called Roh, or Takkar, which were about thirty miles from our route, and run from north to south, rising about 2,000 feet above the level of the plains. The Bugtis are a barbarous tribe, devoid of humanity; their rudeness is beyond description. On investigating the case, we were informed, by one of the conquerors, that after the Sikh soldiers were cruelly murdered, the Bugtis cut their fingers for a trifling ring, and their necks for a poor necklace. They were all young, and the followers of the heroes of the Panjab and of Hindusthan.

Rojhan is the capital, or seat, of the Mazari chief. It is larger than Asni, and its bazars are broader than those of Mitankot. A weak and thin wall surrounds it, while the gate is destroyed. There are about 100 shops, occupied by Hindu merchants. They trade under the protection of the ruler. Dera Ghazi Khan and Shujabad are its principal marts. The former supplies it with common cloth, or gaze, and the latter with sugar, which is plentifully consumed in this country. On the day of my arrival, there came about twenty camels, loaded with the above-mentioned goods. The caravan, leaving Omarkot on the left hand, pro-

ceeded straight to Rojhan, passing through Qutbah Shah, where they are provided with a guard, or badarqah, for the road. I was quite surprised to observe the brisk trade going on in Rojhan. In the last year, the income of the custom-house was 2,700 rupees, notwithstanding the duties are very trifling. The tax is one anna and one pice per maund on sugar, and other articles, seven pice.

The country of the Mazaris lies S. W. of Mitankot. It is bounded by Badli on the north, and by Badhani on the south, making a length of about 46 miles. The river Indus is its eastern boundary, and divides it from the Bugtis on the west. This latter portion of the boundary is situate inside of the hill called Roh, or Giandri, which overlooks the plain on the right hand. The breadth of the country, according to the information I obtained, is nearly 100 miles.

The cultivation in this part, and especially towards the plain of Rojhan, depends upon rain. Wheat, jowar, bajrah, sarshaf, mung, mash, gram, barley, rice, bhang, and post, are annually reaped in abundance. One-fourth part of the corn produced in the country is taken by the chief, and the remainder is left in the hands of the tillers. The value of the former is 2,000 rupees per annum.

The present chief of the Mazaris is Mir Baihram Khan, a man noted for wisdom amongst the neighbouring Beloches; he is thin, and of moderate size; he appears as if deep in thought, and has not

such a wicked and low disposition as report attributes to him. He has three sons and four daughters; he does not dress like a chief, though I heard he has plenty of money.

Sir Henry Pottinger computes the number of the fighting men of the Mazaris at 2,500; but I was informed that there are 12,000 of that family, a third part of which can appear in the field of action. They are infamous as robbers and murderers of travellers; but I found them extremely civil and hospitable. Neither of the sexes is handsome. The dress of the women consists of trousers and a gown. The latter is made after the Kashmirian fashion, embroidered on the chest, and a piece of cloth covers the hand. The men put on an irregularly-shaped turban, and a loose coat buttoned over the front of the body and the neck. The turban is loosely tied, so that it conceals the whole of the forehead and ears, and makes their countenance appear awful. They are more dirty than the Afghans, and never change their clothes until they are worn to pieces. They have long locks, and large beards. When the hair becomes silvered by age, they dye it blue with indigo. None of the Mazaris indulge in polygamy, though they can marry at the expense of six rupees. Each family possesses a good many herds of cattle. They live in khirgahs, or small tents, made of reeds, and covered with coarse blankets. They excel in the use of the sword, and always have that instrument with them,

even when they go to the well for water. When they fight, the women run from the distant hamlets with jars of water, which they give to the enemy, as well as to their own warriors. The Mazaris are very neglectful of their religion, and drink much bhang.

When a person arrives, he goes straight to the Mehman khanah, or guests' house, of which there is usually one or two in every village. His arrival is immediately announced to the head of the place, who waits on the guest. They embrace each other, and then, pressing their hands like Europeans, they sit in a circle, keeping their knees up to their stomach, sitting on a piece of cloth, or lungi, which comes upon their backs. This custom prevails amongst the cultivators of Rotas, &c. After a minute's silence, the people gradually turn to the guest and say to him, "*Durah*," "*Mehar*," and "*Khan*," successively; meaning, "How do you do?" They inquire after the health of his relations, servants, horses, cows, &c., which questions he also puts to them afterwards. When these ceremonies are over, the host, or any other respectable man, asks the news of his guest; and the visitor recounts every thing he has heard, done, and seen on the road. The news is then circulated by the hearers throughout the whole country. The guest makes the same inquiries from his entertainers, wherewith to amuse his friends at home. The Beloches of the Drishak, Mazari, and Buldi tribes

are very simple in their diet. They breakfast on large and thick bread, which is dipped into butter, or ghee, mixed with raw sugar. At dinner they honour guests by adding a cup of broth and a few bits of meat.

March 6.—We reached Ken, after a journey of six miles and a half along a level road. It is a fine village, and has about twenty shops, and a well. On crossing a deep river, which is also the course of the Gadah Nalah, we passed by Shah Ali, and saw beautiful fields of wheat. Hence we descended the bed of the Shah Ali stream, and then bent our way to the left. From the beginning of our march to the distance of eleven miles, the country was green with fields of corn. We put up in Kishmor, twenty-five miles distant. The road was remarkably good. Kishmor has a small bazar of twenty shops, where the merchants of Rajputana are to be seen. They come to buy camels in this part of the country.

March 7.—A march of 9½ miles brought us to Badhani, a large village ruled by Karam Khan, younger brother of the Mazari chief. There are about twenty-five handsome shops; the people live in huts. We passed on our way through the villages named Ghialpur, Mirshab, and Naurka Kotela. The latter was depopulated.

March 8, 9.—We continued at Badhani on account of not getting any guides to Ghauspur. My feet were swollen, and this rest was beneficial to

me, as well as to my companions. There are eight ferries between Dera Dilvar and Badhani, or the country of the Mazaris: namely, Mori Dafila, Ken, Miani, Shah Ali, Kishmor, Ghialpur, and Badhani, and each of these has one or two boats. From these ferries there are three roads leading to Candahar, by which the caravans often travel under the protection of the Sayads, who appear to be the only people that possess any influence among the independent Beloches.

March 10.—Under the protection of Shah Bazali Shah Sayad, we took leave of the Mazari country, and travelled into that of the Buldis. Sir H. Pottinger, in his Travels in Belochistan (p. 56), in mentioning this tribe, estimates the number of the fighting men at only 900; but I was informed that, though they are unequal to the Mazàris, yet they are not fewer than 3,000. They are under two persons, Khaira Khan, and Shari Mohammed Khan. The former was taken by Mir Rustum Khan, of Khairpur, for his encouragement of robbery.

The whole of our route, though level, was dreadfully tiresome, in consequence of the closeness of the wild bushes and tamarisk-trees, which intercepted the view in every direction. In many places we traversed spots covered with red grass, which is only grazed by deer. We passed on our way through these villages, namely, Khai, Gubla, Port Bhanai, Rosulpur, Dreho, and Pir ka Dera;

except the last three, each had about 500 houses, and the others from 100 to 50. They were of mud, but the greater part of the people live in huts, rising about ten feet from the ground. They are supported by long thick pieces of wood, purposely made high, on account of the moistness of the country. The walls of Bhanai are washed by the Indus, which was here less in breadth than the Ganges at Calcutta. The water was extremely muddy.

We reached Ghauspur after a journey of 26¼ miles; it is smaller than Rojhan, and only deserves notice for having a population who are attached to their religion. They are Beloches, and are cleaner than the Mazaris, whom I never saw performing either prayers or ablutions. This was the first day we heard the *azan* (or call to prayer) since we left the territory of Bahawalpur. The Khatris in Ghauspur worship the well, as the water-bearers, or Saqqatis, of Hindusthan do. Here we observed the Sindhians, with long hats and rough features. The people speak in Ghauspur the language of Sindh, which we could hardly understand.

March 11.—A march of about 21¼ miles brought us to Khyrpur, a large village belonging to the Mirs of Khyrpur and of Haidarabad, twelve miles west of the Indus. Before we reached Sherpur, we forded a rivulet, called Sindh; it is a branch of the river Indus, and abounds with fish, from the tax of which the Government derives great profit.

It separates from the Indus a little above Kishmor, or Ghauspur, and falls into it again near Larkana, forty miles lower than the city of Shikarpur. It is not fordable in many places, and when its source swells, small boats are stationed on its bed, which, where we forded it, was not more than ten yards across. The water was clear. Our road was much better than yesterday, though not intersected by large villages. The country is fertile, and, if robbery were to cease, and a little encouragement were given to the inhabitants to till the land, would yield immense returns. For miles we passed through fields of wheat.

March 12.—Having left our ground by 8 A.M., we proceeded to Shikarpur, which we reached after a journey of 5¼ miles. The road was level and green, in consequence of the wild bushes. The country we travelled through is peopled by Buldis; it extends from Khabi to Shikarpur, and from the river Indus to the hills called Takkar. The Buldis are handsomer than the Mazaris, and dress cleaner. They attend to religion, and encourage their children to study the Koran, which I did not observe in the countries previously visited.

At Mitankot, all the people told me of the dangers which beset the road through the country of the Mazaris. They persuaded me strongly not to proceed from the right bank of the Indus; but the desire of examining the manners, as well as the cruelties, of that tribe towards travellers, had

excited so much curiosity in me, that I paid no regard to their statements.

I wrote to Mir Baihram Khan, the Mazari chief, that I was a native of Kashmir, and wished to proceed to Shikarpur, to bring my uncle's family through his country. This letter was despatched to him by a qasid, with whom I also sent one of my faithful servants, Qurban Ali, to find out the feelings of the chief. This man was deprived of his clothes by the Mazaris, on his way to Rojhan, and went entirely naked before the chief, Baihram Khan, who gave him some of his own dress to put on, and said to my servant that his country was occupied by dogs and not by men. The chief was highly pleased with the contents of my letter, and sent me a favourable answer, saying, that his house would be ever ready to receive me, and that he would do his best to serve me on my way to Shikarpur, and also on returning.

At first I had intended to leave my reduced baggage at Mitankot, but, on second thoughts, I sent it to Ahmadpur, in charge of one of my servants, named Shah Vali. I had nothing with me except the clothes I wore, and cooking-pots, which my servant bore on his back. I wrapped up some paper, a few pens, and an inkstand round my waist, and thus, in a beggarly guise, proceeded to the house of Husain Shah Sayad, who is highly respected by the Mazaris. Though I had full confidence in the promise of Baihram Khan, the

Mazari chief, still the reputed treachery of that nation induced me to ask the Sayad to accompany me to Shikarpur. I presented him with a piece of muslin, and gave him some part of the money which I had promised to give him in that city. He came to Omarkot, where Hari Singh, officer of Sawan Mal, though he had orders to serve me in every way, told the Sayad, that I was the vakil of the English Government, which would pay 10,000 rupees to any person I should name. This speech, with other foolish words, made the Sayad so avaricious, that, after a good many false excuses, he asked me 200 rupees more than what was previously settled. I told him that I was a poor man, going to Shikarpur to bring my relations, and could not give him such a large sum of money, which was my twenty months' salary. I wished him to return my money, which he did, but not the piece of muslin. I cannot say how much trouble I experienced through the ill-will of Hari Singh, who is as bigoted a Sikh as I ever saw in the Panjab.

From Omarkot, trusting to the protection of Almighty God, we came to Rojhan. It will be needless for me to treat in detail of the consideration and favour I experienced from the old lady, Bebee Jannat, of whom I have already spoken. Mir Baihram Khan came to pay me a visit, accompanied by nearly a hundred men, and assured me that I should not, at least, fear any thing as long as I was in his country, where

I might consider myself as safe as the tongue in his mouth. This conversation was extremely pleasing, and here I once more felt that I was a British servant. He sat with me for a long time, and inquired how the English ruled Hindusthan—how they married—how they buried—and how they received strangers? The answers which I gave him briefly in return highly satisfied the chief. He said that the wonders, arts, generosity, and civility of Englishmen in favour of travellers had excited so much desire in his heart, that he was sure to visit Hindusthan, if circumstances allowed him. I had a letter from Sawan Mal for him, which I did not think proper to offer the chief, as he appeared ill-disposed towards him. Baihram Khan asked me if I knew Sir C. Wade, and why I did not procure through him a letter from General Ventura in his name, which would remove all suspicions on his part against me. I had many letters of introduction from the people of Dera Ghazi Khan to his address, one of which, I was obliged to say, was sent to him from that officer. The contents of all the letters were, that I was going to bring my uncle's family.

In company with the son of Baihram Khan's brother-in-law, we came to Badhani, where we were delivered to Karam Khan, the younger brother of that chief. I gave him a piece of cambric, but he was not gratified with it. He said that the country of the Buldis begins from here, and he cannot escort me, as his brother wrote; therefore I should pay

something to a Sayad of reputation, and go with him to Shikarpur. I told him that I had nothing at present to give, but, on my return from that city, I would not forget the obligations I should receive. Instantly I sold one of my two cooking-pots to a shopkeeper, and the other, not worth four rupees, I left in the house of a Hindu. This plan succeeded remarkably well in convincing the whole family present there of my want of money, and of my intention to return to Badhani. He then told me that he neither wanted any thing from me, nor could he escort me to the country of the Buldis. At last I was pressed to apply to the Sayad of Chak for assistance, and, after a long discussion, I agreed to give him a present, and the avaricious Karam Khan gave me a memorandum of the articles which he told me to buy for him at Shikarpur. Amongst them were 400 ferozahs, or turquoises, which struck me with surprise. I sent him part of the things, merely not to break my promise.

Our guide, Mir Shah Bazalli Shah, a youth of good disposition, is the son of Lal Shah, son of Mir Shah, son of Dir Shah, who derives his origin from Hazrat Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed. The family of this young man is highly respected in this part of the country. They live in Chak, a village on the left bank of the Indus. He was accompanied by five followers of his house, four of whom rode on two camels, the fifth on horseback; and on the approach to any village or town, the

camel-men sung the praises of Mohammed, called Maulud. When the song was heard by the villagers, they ran to receive us, instead of robbing us, as they do strangers. They kissed the feet and stirrups of my guide, the Sayad, and those who were old, and could not get to him in consequence of the mob which surrounded us, bowed to him to the ground, and invoked blessings upon him. Such was the respect paid to our guide by the Buldis when we reached Shikarpur. They, as well as the Mazaris, often told us at the villages that we were under the protection of a zoravar, or powerful man, or else we should feel what it was to pass through the country of Shers (or tigers).

When we reached Shikarpur, I sent the letter of Khub Chand to his brother, Dharam Dass, and desired him to hire a house for me; but he was so much afraid of the authorities, that he immediately went to the hakim or agha, and informed him of my real character, though it was against my wishes. He then returned to me, and said he would seek a house for me in a day or two, but at present it would be better if I would lodge out of the city. In the mean time Vali Shah, who had heard of me from the people of Dera, came to me, and placed me in his Mehman khanah, which was a miserable cottage, exposed to the sun in the day and dew in the night. However, they treated me kindly, and provided me with clothes, bed, &c. &c. On the second day I found myself feverish, and my feet were

swollen, though I had travelled the last twenty-six miles on an ass. Vali Shah is a very good man, and has great power amongst the Beloches. He once brought Shah Shuja through the Mazari country to Shikarpur, and served him in the most dangerous circumstances. He also accompanied Sir Alexander Burnes up the Indus, until he reached the Bahawalpur territory.

March 13 *to* 25.—We continued in the house of Vali Shah, without the walls of Shikarpur. I had great difficulty in investigating the nature and extent of the commerce of this place, as the merchants were so jealous that none of them answered my questions on that subject. They were displeased by the opening of the navigation of the Indus, and had unanimously prevented their agents at Bombay from purchasing any of the English cloth. They do not like the cheapness of the things, and therefore they are ill-disposed towards the agents of Agha Ismail and Mirza Mal, who, on this account, have not been yet made acquainted with the rates, imports, and exports of the neighbouring markets of Shikarpur.

March 25.—The sun was intensely hot when we set out from Shikarpur, and we were obliged to ask Vali Shah to accompany us as far as the ferry of Bhatar, through fear of robbers, who spoil the country to the very gates of the city. Our fears were not groundless, since one Hindu merchant, coming from Rohri, was shot two days ago by a Beloch

robber, within two koss from Shikarpur. The robber was taken, and proved to be of a Sayad family. He was released immediately after his face had been blackened, and he was conducted through the bazar, on an ass. This was the only punishment he received.

Before I quitted my ground, I feasted my eyes with the beauty of the bazar at Shikarpur. After passing through lanes closely peopled, I stepped into the large bazar, and found it full. There was no shop in which I did not observe half a dozen Khatri merchants, who appeared to me to have no time to speak to the purchasers. Such was the briskness of trade going on in the bazar. It is not broader than the Candahar bazar, but it is longer and handsomer. It is shaded with bamboos and grass. The shopkeepers wore white dresses, and looked happy. It occurred to me that the reason why Shikarpur surpasses Amritsar in wealth is, that its inhabitants, who are for the most part Khatris, have spread themselves in almost all the regions of Central Asia, whence they return loaded with gains to their families at Shikarpur. There is not so much commerce carried on at Shikarpur, I believe, as in Multan and Amritsar, but you will see all the shopkeepers writing hoondees, or bills of exchange, which you can take in the name of their agents at Bombay, Sindh, the Panjab, Khorasan, Afghanistan, part of Persia, and Russia.

The road from Shikarpur, as far as Pirka Dera,

continued towards the south-east, and then it turned to the north-east, till we halted at Khai, a distance of ten miles. The country is fertile, but in some places so dry, that the easy pace of the horses we rode sent up heaps of salt earth to our faces. In the first few miles we journeyed in a jangal of gaz, which hid objects from our eyes, and at last we came into an open country, where we discerned wheat-fields waving like the ocean.

Khai is a large village, and has about 500 houses. The people are handsome, though not fair. There are about fifteen shops of Khatris, who have also their families with them.

March 26.—As we had to cross the Indus, we rose early. Before we came to the ferry of Bhatar, we passed two dry rivulets, called Dangas. The road was better, though in some places it had still parched features. Bhatar is a very small hamlet, where an officer of the custom-house resides. The bank of the Indus stands nearly ten feet from the surface of the water, which looked extremely muddy. The breadth and noise of the river terrified my Delhi companions, who had supposed that no river in the world could be compared with their river, the Jamna. While the ponies went into the boat, I took the bearing of Sakhar, Bakar, and Rohri; all these places were on my right hand, about three miles down the Indus; the second, which is encircled by the river, has a beautiful appearance from a distance. The walls looked as if

plastered with red, and the minarets of a mosque, erected by Mir Masum Shah, inside of the walls, attract observation. We crossed the Indus in fifteen minutes, in a small and light boat, of which there are here about six.

After swallowing a hasty breakfast on the left bank of the Indus, we journeyed in the country of Sindh, and were not a mile from the ferry, when we came into a jangal of gaz, so thick, that we could hardly make our way through it. We had no guide, and were afraid of losing the road. I took my compass in hand, and observed that we were not out of the line of the bearing, which I had taken from the other side of the river, to the village of Machhi; and it proved to be so, when we got out of the bushes, and saw the place standing very near before us. The country was here open on all sides, and richly cultivated. At Machhi I turned back, and saw above Rohri something like a range of hills running from east to south. Our route continued by the bank till we put up for the night at Kot Sheral, nearly fourteen miles distant. It is not a very large village, but the Khatri residents have built a Dharam Sala, in which strangers lodge, as we did.

March 27.—Before the sun rose, we commenced our march, and at two P.M., we reached Gotki, nearly twenty-one miles. Our route to Nauraja continued by the bank of the Indus. We passed through thickly-peopled villages, twelve in number,

and in each of them there were from 200 to 300 houses. During the whole of our march, I did not discover a piece of land bearing a parched appearance. All the country is rich, covered with fields of corn, which stretch to the limit of the sight; poppy, indigo, and cotton are abundantly produced in this part, which, as far as I can judge, surpasses the districts of India in fertility.

Gotki is much larger than Mitankot; it has a beautiful bazar, and the shops, which are covered with paintings, are well supplied with merchandise. In one of them I saw about four or five bundles of English cloth, and especially red broad cloth, six yards of which were sold while I stood there. You can buy the same kind of stuff at one rupee per yard at Calcutta; but here it was sold at five rupees.

The greater part of the population of Gotki consist of Hindu Khatris; they plough, trade, and carry on every kind of business. Their females rove about unveiled, and have handsome features; but they want that delicacy which is common in the women of India. They smoke and drink bhang, like their husbands; their smoking-pipe is not less than two yards in length, fixed in an earthen jar, which was new to me. Marriage is very cheap at Gotki; you can get a wife for 100 rupees. Fish is the favourite meal of the people here.

March 28.—We left our ground the same time as yesterday, and reached Khairpur, known by the

name of Dabar Wali. The whole distance of our march was about twenty-five miles, through continued cultivation, consisting of wheat and poppy; and here and there were high tamarisk-trees. Cattle were seen in all directions. We passed on our way through the villages named Mahula and Mirpur. The former stands on a steep hill of clay, and was in a dilapidated state; the latter is a handsome village, and has a small bazar.

Yesterday, before we arrived at a place called Malik, we beheld the husbandmen assembled in a green spot, which surrounded their hut. On approaching them, we found that there was a marriage of some cultivators, and the guests were dancing to the beat of a drum. The women, who were not so particular in concealing themselves as the Mazaris, danced, and received the plaudits of the standers-by. The dance was exactly in the form used by Europeans, only differing in one thing, that the men did not help the women when they were making the circle in the dance, as I had observed they did in the Governor-General's house at Calcutta.

Khairpur is larger and broader than Gotki, and some of the houses, constructed of burnt bricks, are two or three stories high. The shops exceeded one hundred, and the appearance of the bazar, as well as the number of the people, shewed that a brisk trade is carried on at this place. There are about seven hundred houses in Khairpur, which is unwalled, and stands nine miles from the left bank of the Indus.

March 29.—Previously to sunrise, we started from our halting-place, and kept moving for 9¾ hours. The morning was extremely pleasant, and the breezes were refreshing. We came to Miani, after traversing a cultivated country. Miani has no mud houses. At noon we arrived at Kot Sabzal, and saw a concourse of individuals moving here and there. This excited our surprise, and we wished to pass through the town. The people of the Musalman faith had come from the neighbouring villages to offer prayers in the mosque, in consequence of the festival day, or Id Qurban, which is looked on as very holy. They were embracing and congratulating each other, and my companion, Jugal Kishor, and other people who were with me, recollected with a sigh the civilized people of Delhi. Indeed I have seen, neither at Bokhara nor in Persia, those symptoms of solemnity which attend the equipage of the Delhi King, Akbar Shah, the shadow of the great Taimur.

Kot Sabzal is larger than either Gotki or Khairpur, and it is surrounded by a thin wall, which, however, in some places is levelled to the ground. There are four bazars facing each other in the centre. The shops, which are high and neatly made, contain every kind of commodities. The houses are both of burnt and unburnt bricks, and do not exceed two stories in height. The gates, four in number (as I heard), have perished through want of repair. The gate through which I came out was hastening to decay, but it has a gun, which is kept towards the Bahawalpur country.

It was about seven spans in length, and half of that in diameter.

On quitting Kot Sabzal we bid adieu to the fertile country of Sindh, and entered into that of Bahawalpur. We had not proceeded half a mile when every thing changed. Since we had crossed the Indus at Bhatar, our route had continued among fields of wheat, which did not cease for sixty miles; but in the country of the Daud Putra, the road was among barren lands, and the villages were in a miserable state, the people being poor. From Kot to Ahmadpur, where we put up for the night, after travelling nearly twenty-nine miles, the road all the way was dry and parched. The villages which we passed through cannot vie with the Sindhian hamlets, in respect to the houses or the population. Ahmadpur, though a large village, has about two hundred shops, but deserves no mention when compared with those which we left behind us.

March 30.—A march of nearly sixteen miles brought us to Naushaira, which is unwalled, and extremely poor. The bazar, containing about ten shops, has a miserable appearance. There is not much trade here. The road was parched, and intersected by small bastis, or hamlets, with only half a dozen cottages.

Whilst I was writing my journal, a soldier, in the service of the Nawab of Bahawalpur, came and informed me that there had lately arrived a Sayad, who, by the power of his piety, could provide me

with fresh grapes, raisins, figs, &c. &c., of Kabul, besides whatever I wanted from any quarter of the globe. I had previously heard of such people in India, and, to satisfy my curiosity, I paid him a visit. He received me kindly, and talked much of Ranjit Singh, who, he said, had great confidence in him. At our request he read some words, and immediately there came into his hands fine grapes, which were as fresh as if just from the tree. We ate them, and found them very delicious.

March 31.—We came to Khanpur, after a journey of $21\frac{1}{3}$ miles, in $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Our road was entirely barren; the canal we crossed was dry, and the hamlets we passed through contained a few wretched huts.

Khanpur is a small town, thirteen miles from the left bank of the Indus. The bazar is large and the houses high, but there is nothing to be admired in the bazar, and the people exhibited only filth and misery. It is only noted for being a route for trade. The banks of the river are cultivated, but every kind of necessaries is cheaper in the country of the Daud Putra than in that of Sindh, notwithstanding the former is far behind the latter in fertility. This difference may be accounted for by the extortions of the officers of Bahawalpur; and another reason is, that so much corn is not consumed in this country as in Sindh. No walls are round the town of Khanpur, and you will find every thing in disorder, and every place desolated

in the country of Bahawal Khan. The servants are insolent, and the inhabitants harassed and oppressed.

April 1.—At half-past four in the morning we continued our journey to Chaudri, where we arrived at one P.M.; the distance was upwards of twenty-one miles. The villages which were my stations, or from which I took my bearing, were thinly peopled. Some of them had two or three miserable huts, and the others not more than fifteen. On our right hand was an extensive desert, composed of sand, which joins the frontier of Jasalmer, and on the left we had a striking view of verdure and trees, which perhaps were situated around some villages. They were far from our road, which for the last six miles had been covered with saltpetre.

Chaudri is a poor place, and there are only a few huts of husbandmen, one well, and two shops, ill supplied with necessaries. We were now on the left bank of the Ghara river, which I was informed flowed sixteen miles north-west of our road.

April 2.—We marched at half-past three in the morning, and reached Ahmadpur before noon, after a journey of nearly nineteen miles. The road was barren, and without water, till we came within sight of the latter place. I put up in the residence of Major Mackeson, though at first the persons in waiting had refused to provide me with a room, as my mode of travelling in a poor dress, &c. made

them consider me not a respectable man, and as we had hired common ponies at Shirkarpur, with neither stirrups nor proper saddles.

Major Mackeson, the British agent, having been detained at Lodiana, from the 3rd of April to the 30th of November, in consequence of ill-health, I was ordered to act in his place. The first duty I performed at the court of the Daud Putra, was the delivery of a *Kharita*, or letter, from the Supreme Government to the Nawab of Bahawalpur, announcing the arrival of Lord (now the Earl of) Auckland, as Governor-General of India. The ceremony of reception was grand. On my entering the palace, a salute was fired, and the Nawab, taking the *Kharita* from my hands, kissed it, and placed it on his eyes before he read it. All the Daud Putra chiefs were summoned to witness the reception, and they were gorgeously attired.

Nawab Mohammed Bahawal Khan is of a dark complexion; he is of an amiable disposition, though not exempt from pride, and not popular. He is addicted to the excessive use of Asiatic luxuries. He is a most devoted and faithful ally of the British Government, and was extremely kind to me while I acted for Major Mackeson on the Indus.

I left the British residency soon after, for the purpose of settling some disputes between the sub-

jects of the Lahor and Bahawalpur governments, and continued for some time marching up and down along the left bank of the Ghara river. The disputes were mostly cases of theft of cattle. One case was, indeed, most extraordinary. It was a strict rule of the British agent not to interfere with domestic quarrels; however, the vakils insisted that I should decide this case, and I consented. Next day, a widow with two children under twenty years of age, and an old man, the brother of her deceased husband, were brought into my presence, and the nature of their disputes was, that the widow with the children wished to possess the property left by her husband, while his brother would not allow their claim. He stated and proved, that his late brother, before he was the father of these children, was, in consequence of the misconduct of his wife, forced to repeat to her the word "*Talak*," or divorce, which, according to their religious law, disunited them instantly. However, they both remained together as before, and then had these two children, which, in accordance with the law, were not their legitimate issue, and, consequently, had no claim of inheritance. The woman stated that her husband, although he repeated the form of divorce while in ill-humour, sent for the priest the same evening, and performed the marriage ceremony anew; and she produced a paper confirming her assertion. The brother of the deceased said that, agreeably to the Mohammedan law, if the husband

and wife are once divorced, or if either of them ever utter the word of divorce thrice in the presence of the other, they cannot be legally re-married, unless the divorced woman be married previously to a stranger, and divorced from him. I heard the arguments on both sides; but, by the rules of office, I could not authoritatively interfere and decide the case.

The heat was so excessive, and the attacks of fever were so frequent, that change of air and place little availed me, and at length I was laid up for nearly four months in Multan, and could hardly move from my bed.

The recovery of my health was a good deal owing to the constant attentions of many natives of Multan, who knew my father when he was proceeding with the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, on his mission to Afghanistan. Even their ladies came to see me, and used various sorts of whimsical arts of pretended magic, in order to restore me to health.

About the end of November, I received the following official letter, and in consequence I made hasty preparations to join Sir A. Burnes, in Sindh:—

"Sir,—I am desired by Captain Wade, in consequence of instructions from the Supreme Government, to direct you to repair without loss of time to Haidarabad in Sindh, there to place yourself under the orders of Captain Burnes,* assistant to the resident in Cutch.

* This will further shew that I was not the munshi employed

"You will direct the officers of the Nawab of Bahawalpur and the Nazim of Multan, who have been appointed to co-operate with you in the performance of your present duties, to return to their respective masters, who will be duly informed by me of the occasion of your departure, and of the arrangement necessary for supplying your place.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"F. Mackeson, British Agent.

"Camp on the Sutlej, Nov. 7, 1836."

When Sir A. Burnes was appointed on a mission to Kabul, the Governor-General attached me to the mission, considering that my knowledge of Afghanistan, in addition to that of Mr. Masson, news-writer at Kabul, would be of assistance to that officer; and Mr. Trevelyan, deputy secretary, authorized me to place myself at the disposal of Sir A. Burnes.

It was the 1st of December, or earlier, when I sailed down the Chenab.* In the journey which I made through the district of the Mazari Beloches I obtained the objects sought by my immediate superiors. Sir Claude Wade expresses his opinion in the following manner:—

"Continuing to fulfil my instructions on the occasion of your deputation to the banks of the Indus in 1835-6, to inquire into the commercial state of the principal places on that river, the various routes between the Dera jat and Candahar, and to explain the object of the British Government in the treaties which it had concluded with the Amirs of Sindh, Maharaja Ranjit Singh, and the Nawab of Bahawalpur, for opening the navigation

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by the late Sir Alexander Burnes, but I have always been the Company's servant, and attached to their missions.

of the Indus; the reports which you furnished in the course of these inquiries were submitted by me at the time to Government, and bore highly creditable testimony to the ability, zeal, and perseverance with which you fulfilled that mission, of which some idea may be formed from the copy you have transmitted of a portion of your reports. Their value, as well as the nature of your exertions, in collecting the information required, was shewn chiefly in the difficulty of travelling through those countries at a time when hostile collisions between the Sikh authorities in Mitan and the Mazaris, and other predatory tribes on the Sindh frontier, rendered the performance of such a journey, without exciting the jealousy and suspicions of the natives, extremely perilous."

It will be observed from the above extract from Sir Claude Wade's letter, that it was not an easy or a safe task to pass through the Mazari country during the continued skirmishes between the Sikhs and that tribe. However, I attained the objects in view, without involving the Government in any way whatever, and came down by the river from Multan, into a village a little above Chachar on the Indus, under the Bahawalpur Government. Here the Nawab expressed a wish that I should visit him at Khanpur, before I passed down to Sindh.

Having left my baggage and servants in the boat, I proceeded to the camp of his highness, who received and treated me with much consideration, and I passed many pleasant days with the Nawab. It was at this time that I received the sad intelligence, that the boat in which I had left all my private and public property, consisting of valuable

presents to and from the different chiefs, had taken fire, and every thing was consumed, and my friend Jugal Kishor lost his life. The Nawab heard this news with much concern, and sent me a large sum of money, to equip myself for the voyage to Haidarabad.

After an uninterrupted passage, I joined the party of Sir Alexander Burnes, consisting of Major Leech, Lieut. Wood, and Nourozjee Furdoonjee. He appeared delighted to see me.

On the 1st of March, we entered the territory of our good ally Mir Rustam Khan, of Khairpur. After visiting the town of Larkana, we were joined at the ferry of Keri by a deputation from Ali Morad, who had sent his brother-in-law, and an Armenian officer, to welcome us. These persons, as instructed by that arch intriguer their master, Ali Morad, urged us very much to stay and join some hunting excursions; but political considerations induced us to decline their invitation. We afterwards met the Khairpur minister, Fatah Mohammed Ghori, who escorted us to that place with every possible show of ceremony. On the 16th we had an interview with Mir Rustam Khan. His reception of us, and the cordiality of his conversation, promised fair for his being a steadfast friend of the British Government, in opposition to the wishes of his brothers, Mir Mobarak Khan and Mir Ali Morad Khan. Here we were joined by Dr. Lord, from Bombay, and we continued for some days in this place for the purpose of collecting com-

mercial and geographical information. The son of the minister was ordered to accompany us up the Indus as far as the limits of the Bahawalpur territory. Our boats were now dragged against the current of the Indus and of the Panjab river.

On our arrival at Ahmadpur, we were kindly treated by the Nawab of Bahawalpur, and thence we proceeded over-land to the city, to inquire respecting the trade of that famous market. After a sojourn of a few days, we went over in our boats, and came down by the Ghara to Uch Sharif, a place of great resort for devotion by people of distant parts of Sindh and of the Panjab, on account of the miracles wrought by the celebrated saint, Makhdum Jahaniyan Jahangasht, who is interred here.

Uch, surnamed Uch Sharif, or 'holy Uch' (which, being near the junction of the united streams of the Hesudrus, the Hyphasis, and the Hydraotes, with the Acesines and the Hydaspes, attracts the notice of geographers), contains numerous sepulchres of Mohammedan saints. The oldest is that of Shah Saif ul Haqqani; but a miserable wall, without roof, covers the dust of the saint. Shah Sayad Jalal, another saint, died 600 years ago, and is said to have lived to the age of 150. His tomb, which is inside a large gloomy room, is elevated about five spans from the surface of the ground. It is a very simple building, adorned with a frail and old canopy. On each side of the tomb are ten graves of his offspring, one rising above the other.

None of them had any inscription. Shah Sayad Jalal acquired great fame by defeating the Halassu, and converting his son, Bolaqu, to Islamism. He was the ruler of Betawahi, or Bahawalpur.

In company with my countryman and school-fellow, Kashinath, I proceeded to the town of Uch, and passed through a few narrow streets, on our way to the shrine of the Makhdum. On coming to the door, which we found in a most ruinous state, we descended towards the west, and turning to the south, entered the room where the body of the saint rests. The tomb is a very poor structure, raised about seven feet from the ground, which is covered with other graves. There is nothing admirable in the shrine of the Makhdum. Three small openings give light to the apartment.

The following inscription, in Persian, on the door, contains the date of the Makhdum's death, namely, A.H. 785, or A.D. 1384:—

"When the world was covered by darkness, without the countenance of the Shah (or Makhdum)."

It is remarkable, that the tombs of the saints of holy Uch, who possessed such reputation in days of old, should not exhibit any architectural beauty, except that of Bibi Jind Vadi (or the 'Lady of Long Life'), which is situated on the verge of a precipice, overlooking the old bed of the Panjab river. The southern part of this magnificent sepulchre has been swept away by a late inundation of the stream.

Besides this, it suffers by the neglect of the Musalmans, who do not repair it. The door, which is completely worm-eaten, opens towards the east, and discloses a sight of two other cupolas, which excel, in material and workmanship, all others in Uch, except that of Bibi Jind Vadi. The dome in which she lies is of burnt bricks, cemented with mortar. The whole of the edifice is ornamented with various colours, and with lapis lazuli from the mines of Badakhshan. The building is about fifty feet high, and twenty-five in circumference.

On leaving Uch we regained the Indus a little above Chachar, and came to Mitankot, on the right bank of the river. Here we were joined by the agents of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, and passing by the towns of Dera Ghazi Khan, and Dera Ismail Khan, we came to Kalahbagh. Dera Ismail Khan is a very poor town. From Dera Ghazi Khan, Dr. Lord, Major Leech, and myself went to Multan, where we remained for a few days, and then joined Sir Alexander Burnes, on the road to Kalahbagh. Major Mackeson also came from Lodiana, and set out with us to Peshawer. Kalahbagh is in a beautiful situation. The streets are, however, small, dark, and wretched-looking. We left our boats here, and crossing the river to the left bank, set out by land to Atak. On this road we passed through the most fearful ravines, and the dry beds of various streams. In the rainy season it must be impossible to march an army by this route, but at this time, we

met the Lahor forces, under Raja Suchait Singh,* proceeding to punish the chief of the Esakhail tribe, who made frequent inroads into the Sikh territory west of the Indus.

At Atak, we put up in the ruined sarae adjoining the fort, and next day we went to visit the interior of that stronghold. It is extremely large and of great strength, but requires a greater number of men than we found there for a garrison.

In three marches, we reached Peshawer, where General Avitabili treated us in a very friendly manner. Shahzadah Kharak Singh, and Jamadar Khushal Singh,† with many other Sikh chiefs, had come to Peshawer with 50,000 troops, to punish the outrages of Mohammed Akbar Khan, who had lately attacked the fort of Jamrod, and had fought with Sardar Hari Singh, who had fallen. Our mission to Kabul, which was commercial, required peace, and the Sikh authorities were advised to rest quiet, on a promise that the chief of Kabul should make some sufficient apology. We spent some pleasant days here in parties, and in reviewing the Sikh troops.

On the 30th of August, we quitted Peshawer, and came to Jamrod. Having waited a few days in this place for the escort despatched by Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, we entered the Khaibar pass, contrary to the advice of our friends. However,

* Since killed by Heera Singh's followers.

† Both are now dead.

some of the chiefs of that valley encouraged us, whilst others expressed their fears of offending the Amir, by allowing us a passage through the Khaibar without his permission. Nevertheless, we insisted on going, and on reaching Ali Masjid, we were saluted by a small party of infantry, under a Captain Leslie, *alias* Rattray, who, having become a Mohammedan, was now named Fida Mohammed Khan. He assured us that the people of Khaibar would be very civil, and the escort from Kabul would soon join us. Alah Dad Khan, of the Kokikhail, with his followers, shewed us every respect and aided us. We pitched our tent under the fort of Ali Masjid, and were suddenly overtaken by rain, which poured down in torrents from the surrounding high mountains, and made the valley the bed of a rapid stream. Many of our things were swept away, and we had no place of shelter but a small cave in the rock. In this confusion, the people in the Khaibar behaved very honestly; nothing was plundered or stolen by them. Next day, Mirza Aghajan, governor of Jalalabad, Sadat Khan, the Momand Chief of Daka, and Shahghazi Gul Mohammed, came with 500 men to escort us. The party shewed us much distinction by shouts expressive of their joy. At Daka, all the Khaibar chiefs took leave of us, and we bent our course towards Kaja, under the snowy mountains of Sufaid Koh. Here we saw a park of artillery of the Amir, kept to awe the restless spirit of the Afghans.

On the bridge of the Surkhab river, we met another deputation from Amir Dost Mohammed, headed by Nazir Ali Mohammed, who had brought an Afghan cook with him, and so furnished us with all kinds of Asiatic dishes. After passing through Jagdalak, Tezin, Sehbaba, and the Khurad Kabul pass, we encamped at Butkhak. Here Mr. Masson joined us, and had a long conversation with Sir Alexander Burnes. Mirza Imam Vardi, and other men of distinction, came to receive us. Next day we met Sardar Mohammed Akbar Khan, and being seated with him on elephants, we proceeded to the city of Kabul. Both sides of the road, as we passed along, were crowded with spectators of all ranks, who testified universal joy.

I will say nothing here of our negotiations, and the result of the political correspondence which took place between us and the Amir. They will be minutely mentioned in another work. He received us very kindly, and shewed us every respect and demonstration of civility, until the arrival of Captain Vicovitch, the Russian agent. He accommodated us in a new building which he had recently erected near his palace, and the Russian agent was lodged with Mirza Sami Khan, the prime minister.

The demands of the Amir, and also of the Candahar chiefs, immediately after the arrival of Sardar Mehar Dil Khan, one of these chiefs, were rendered exorbitant by the arrival of the Russian envoy; and Sir Alexander Burnes, having

no prospect of succeeding in his mission, was desired by the Indian Government to retire. In the mean time Major Leech was directed to fall back upon Shikarpur from Candahar, where he had also failed in his negotiations, and could not prevent the chiefs from corresponding with Count Simonitch, the Russian ambassador, with whom Mohammed Omar Khan, the son of the principal chief, was living in the Persian camp at Herat. Dr. Lord, who had been sent to Mir Morad Beg, the chief of Qunduz, in Turkistan, with Lieut. Wood, was ordered to retire to Peshawer. It was a curious change of circumstances, that the chief of Qunduz, who had behaved so ill to the late Mr. Moorcroft, and whom we dreaded so much on our recent journey to Bokhara, should be so very friendly to us, that he permitted the above-mentioned officers to see and survey all the places of note in his country, and treated them with great consideration. Dr. Lord had previously resolved to cross the Hindu Kush by Panj Sher; but the snow fell so heavily, accompanied with a piercing cold wind, that the party were in a perilous situation, and would have been frozen to death had they not been conducted back by the Panj-Sheris down the pass.

Before the arrival of the Russian agent, we went to Koh Daman, to see the gardens of that valley. Passing through Kahrez Mir, Kahdrah, Shakardrah, and Farezah, we came to Istalif, a most picturesque place, in Koh Daman, and the inhabitants illuminated the whole town on account

of our arrival. The houses of Istalif are erected along the skirt of the mountain. We went from this place to a beautiful village called Istarghich, on our way to Charkar. This latter place is larger than any other town in the valley, but is not handsome. From thence we went to see the *Reg Rawan*, or moving sand, not far from our camp. The Emperor Babar, in his Memoirs, describes this place thus: "Between the plains there is a small hill, in which there is a line of sandy ground, reaching from the top to the bottom. They call it Khwajah Reg Rawan; they say in the summer season the sound of drums and nugarets issues from the sand." This description is perfectly accurate, though it may appear extraordinary. At the junction of the two arid hills, there is a sheet of sand spread out, and visible at the slope of the termination of the rock. It is as pure as I ever saw sand on the sea-shore at Fresh-water, in the Isle of Wight, in England. It extends from the top to the bottom, and has a breadth of about ninety yards. We slided down, and heard a sound like drums. The natives of this valley state that the noise under the sand is distinctly heard on Friday nights, and is caused by the saint Reg Rawan, who is buried in the adjacent hamlet.

Our mission being unsuccessful, we quitted Kabul on the 26th of April, leaving Captain Vicovitch, the Russian agent, in that capital. The chiefs of Candahar had also received a mission from Mohammed Shah, the king of Persia, headed by Qambar Ali

Khan. On the morning of our departure, Sardar Haidar Khan escorted us out of the city, and the minister passed a night with me in the camp. We reached Jalalabad in safety, and were treated with kindness by Mohammed Akbar Khan. A report reached us, which we subsequently found to be correct, that some of the chiefs had advised Amir Dost Mohammed Khan to massacre every one of the mission; but he always rejected such proposals with indignation.

At Jalalabad we spent two days in the preparation of rafts, and then sailed down the Kabul river for Peshawer. Between Lalpura and Michni, the passage of the river was confined by lofty and perpendicular mountains, and in many places was very dangerous for rafts, having numerous vortices, or whirlpools, caused by the promontories projecting into the middle of the stream. At Peshawer we took up our residence in the garden of the Vazir, and were glad to meet General Avitabili again. After a few days we received instructions from the Government to repair to Lahor, and remain with Sir William Macnaghten,* who was on a mission to the court of Ranjit Singh.

On the 17th of June, we joined the mission at Shalahmar, near Lahor, and I was delighted to meet my long known patrons and friends, Sir William, Sir Claude Wade, Major Mackeson, and Shah-

* Murdered by Mohammed Akbar Khan.

amat Ali. We passed many days in splendid festivities and dancing-parties, given by the Maharaja; and when the objects of the mission were completed, we set out for Lodiana, and thence to wait upon Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, at Simla, in the Himalaya mountains.

An excellent and entertaining account of the mission of Sir William Macnaghten to the Lahor court, has been published by the Honourable Captain Osborne.

On the 20th of July we arrived at Simla, and paid our respects to the Governor-General.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM SINDH, WITH THE ARMY, TO KABUL AND FIROZPUR.

Political circumstances obliged the Government of India, in conjunction with the home authorities, to send an army across the Indus, and to place Shah Shuja-ul-moolk* on his hereditary throne of Kabul. The rendezvous for the British army (which was called the army of the Indus) was fixed at Firozpur. Here the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, and the Commander-in-Chief, the late Sir Henry Fane, had an interview with Maharaja Ranjit Singh. In Simla his lordship invited me to his residence, and, after a long conversation regarding the affairs of Afghanistan, and inquiries about the supplies of cattle and grain, made me the bearer of letters to the Lohani chiefs. I was directed to proceed to Multan, and his lordship treated me with kindness, and added, that my friend, Mr. Trevelyan, had often mentioned to him my humble merits and zeal in the public service, and, consequently, hoped that I should complete the object of my deputation to the satisfaction of his lordship.

* Murdered by Shuja-ul-doulat, son of Nawab Zaman Khan, uncle of Dost Mohammed Khan.

I came down by post from Simla to Lodiana, where I was joined by Sir Alexander Burnes, and we proceeded down the Satlej and Ghara to Bahawalpur. Here I separated from that officer, and after a day's stay in Multan, and inducing the bankers to send down money to Shikarpur for the public use, and making an agreement with the Lohanis to supply us with camels for the carriage of provisions for the army, I sailed down the Chenab and the Indus, to Khairpur, in Upper Sindh, where I rejoined Sir Alexander Burnes. He was engaged in negotiations with the Mirs, and directed me to proceed and facilitate the purchase of supplies from Captain Scott, the commissariat officer, who, by his energetic and able management, gained an influence with the dealers in Shikarpur in a very short time.

Sir Alexander Burnes failed in his attempt to form an offensive and defensive treaty with the Mirs of Khairpur, in consequence of the active intrigues of Mir Ali Morad. He came to Shikarpur, and suggested to me that, if I were to go with the treaty, and get Mir Rustam Khan to sign and seal it, I should perform a valuable service to the Government. I agreed, on the condition that he kept Fatah Mohammed Ghori, the minister of Kairpur, with him, that I should negotiate with the Mirs personally, and that he wrote to Mir Ali Morad that his coming to Khairpur from his fort of Deejee, during my visit to Mir Rustam Khan. would

not be allowed. All this was arranged accordingly, and I succeeded, after a few interviews and conferences, in getting the treaty sealed and signed by the good Mir Rustam, who also gave up the fort of Bakar for the stores of the army. Mir Ali Morad appeared at our latter conferences, but too late for his intrigues to induce Mir Rustam to reject the treaty.

After the treaty was completed, Sir Alexander Burnes proceeded with me to congratulate the Mir on his strengthening the bonds of friendship with the British Government.*

On the arrival of Shah Shuja and the Commander-in-Chief on the northern frontier of Sindh, we proceeded by rapid marches, and waited upon them at Subzalkot. The supplies collected by me met the demands of the commissariat officers, and I was again sent to Khairpur to induce Mir Rustam Khan to allow the British engineers to throw a bridge across the Indus at Rohri. This proposal was agreed to by Mir Rustam, in spite of the opposition of Ali Morad, in the presence of Major Leech.

The army of the Indus reached Rohri; and a large brigade, under Sir Willoughby Cotton, was sent towards Haidarabad, to awe the Mirs of that

* It is most lamentable that this old and faithful ally of the British became at last a victim to the intrigues of his cunning brother, Mir Ali Morad, who caused our new-appointed functionary to dethrone the innocent Mir Rustam, and give to the intriguer the chiefship.

place. I was attached to this part of the army politically, and Sir Alexander Burnes remained with the Commander-in-Chief, who preceded our column. Mir Ali Morad opposed our advance by Khairpur, and did all he could to persuade Mir Rustam to follow his advice; but the latter always shewed himself, in every way, our faithful ally. The treaty at Haidarabad was completed by the able negotiations of Colonel (now Sir Henry) Pottinger; and the different divisions of the Bengal and Bombay armies reached their rendezvous at Shikarpur.

Here Sir Alexander Burnes stated that he could not proceed with the army to Kabul, to dethrone Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, with whom we had dined, and who had treated us as private friends. He added, that his presence in that capital, while under Sir William Macnaghten, would cause a sort of difference in the opinion of the chiefs in that country. All these various considerations were deliberately weighed by Sir William, who agreed that Sir Alexander Burnes and myself should remain in Shikarpur, facilitating the progress of the army. This arrangement, however, proved to be of very short duration; the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Willoughby Cotton soon found that the army could not spare our services in a country where our names were familiar to the inhabitants; and consequently we were expressly ordered to join the camp forthwith. At this time the heat, even at night, was distressing, and the dust, caused by the

movement of the forces, clouded the air, making its way into the mouth, ears, and nose. Passing through Dadur and the Bolan pass, ahead of the army, we came to Quetta, from whence we proceeded on a mission to Kalat, where, after passing some days in fruitless negotiations, we returned to Quetta. The army and Sir A. Burnes were about six marches distant from us, on the other side of the Kojuk pass. The road between this and the camp was infested with robbers, who plundered and murdered all whom they found in the rear of the column. I hired an escort from the Kakrees, the tribe of robbers then molesting our troops, and set out from Quetta. Captain Nash, of the Bengal infantry, accompanied me; and after three tiresome marches, we reached the camp of Colonel Herring,* at Kojak, fighting with the Achakzais. On our road, we saw some camp-followers and sepoys lying on the ground, murdered and stripped by the Kakrees and Achakzais, as also horses and camels in hundreds, starved to death. About eight miles before we reached the camp, a body of robbers descended towards my party, and were informed by our escort that we did not belong to the Feringees, and that I was one of Shah Shuja's sons, who had been left behind, being unwell. They were satisfied, and we were glad to have escaped from the clutches of these plunderers.

* Afterwards murdered.

The Kojak pass was so much crowded with our heavy park of artillery, that I could not get through till the next day. In two marches I joined Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes, to whom I delivered the letters of Mehrab Khan, chief of Kalat, and introduced his agent. Here we suffered a good deal from want of water. The streams were stopped up by the Candahar chiefs, who were reported to be near, and planning a night attack. The Commander-in-Chief changed the position of the camp and of some of the regiments, to prevent any confusion in case of a night attack.

On the 20th of April, 1839, Haji Khan Kakur deserted the enemy and came over to us. I went to receive him beyond the lines of our piquets. The Candahar chiefs thought it best, for their own safety, to fly towards Persia, and we proceeded with the Shah to Candahar, where he was placed on the throne.

We continued longer at Candahar than we had anticipated. Provisions were scarce there, and rose very high in price. Through the extraordinary exertions of Colonel Parsons, and Captain Watt of the Commissariat, a sufficient quantity of supplies was collected, and on the 1st of March, 1839, the Commander-in-Chief marched from Candahar. The army advanced without opposition to Ghazni. Here the British troops gained a brilliant victory, and took that famous stronghold. Sardar Gholam Haidar was taken prisoner, and lodged in my tent, which was between those of Lord Keane, the commander-

in-chief, and Sir Alexander Burnes. Nawab Jabbar Khan came from Kabul with some proposals from Amir Dost Mohammed Khan; he, however, returned dissatisfied with his reception, though he was acknowledged as a steadfast adherent of the British Government. I accompanied him beyond our piquets, and at parting saw he was under deep clouds of disappointment.

On the 30th of July, 1839, the army moved towards Kabul, and at Shekhabad, on the 3rd of August, some of the chiefs came to my tent about 3 A. M., from the camp of Dost Mohammed Khan, bringing the news of the flight of the Amir, and of his leaving his artillery at Maidan. My informant was immediately introduced to Sir Alexander Burnes, and thence conducted to the Envoy and the Shah. Afterwards, my friend the Persian chief, Khan Shirin Khan, arrived in our camp. We prepared next day to start for Kabul, which we reached on the 7th, with H. M. Shah Shuja-ul-moolk.

I have avoided altogether relating the progress and operations of the army, and speaking of the line of policy we pursued after the expedition was resolved upon. Interesting accounts of the military movements are given in the able works already published, of different officers,* then with the army. As far as my humble knowledge will qualify me to say any thing either on the military operations or

* Colonel Outram, Majors Havelock and Hough, Drs. Atkinson and Kennedy.

the political negotiations of that expedition, I shall touch upon them, in their proper place, in a future work.

I was very glad to meet my friends, Sultan Mohammed Khan, and Khan Shirin Khan, the Persian chiefs, in their houses at dinner. Besides these personages, I was always well treated by many other Persian and Afghan chiefs, who, during the disasters of 1841 and 1842, were afraid to lend me any kind of assistance. But Sultan Mohammed Khan, Khan Shirin Khan, Nayab Mohammed Sharif Khan, and Mir Abu Talib, remained unshaken and resolute friends, even in the time of my adversity, and sacrificed their own interests to the British cause. None of these men ever received any reward from our Government, except the Nayab, who received some trifling acknowledgment through the repeated and urgent applications of that brave officer, Captain Lawrence.

The want of money was much felt on our arrival at Kabul. Major Macgregor, secretary to the Envoy, had gained popularity by his civil disposition, and when I succeeded on any occasion in raising money by order of the Envoy, and told the bankers that Major Macgregor was to settle the rate of exchange and premium, all were satisfied, and added, that if money were wanted, they would ask their wives to pledge their jewels to meet his demands. Such was the regard of the people towards him. I received great assistance from Mullah Rahim Shah,

Kashmiri, and Mohammed Sadiq, my old companions, who procured money for our expenses, and were rewarded with dresses of honour by the Envoy.

Lord Keane, the commander-in-chief, and Sir W. Macnaghten, suggested to Shah Shuja, that creating an order, named "The Order of the Durrani Empire," and conferring it upon the military and political officers with his majesty, would be highly appreciated, and the making of the decorations was intrusted to Sir A. Burnes, and a part of their cost was paid by Shah Shuja. Major Macgregor stated that, if the other political assistants received that distinction, he did not see why I should not get it also; and he kindly said that he would speak to the Envoy, which he did. However, I did not get the order for a long time. It was when the Government at home made Sir William Macnaghten a baronet, that Sir William desired Sir Alexander Burnes to confer upon me the Durrani order, as well as other political assistants. Sir William Macnaghten, moreover, pledged his word to report my services to the home authorities, when he came to Bombay, to induce them to confer upon me a mark of distinction, and to add a permanent increase to my pay.

While, deluded by a false picture of the affairs in Kabul, we were all busy planning negotiations, Amir Dost Mohammed Khan disturbed our repose by his appearance in the Kohistan of Kabul. Sir

Alexander Burnes and myself proceeded with the gallant General Sale in that direction, and on the 20th of September, 1840, besieged Ali Khan at Tootumdrah, who had embraced the cause of the Dost. Thence the brigade came to Julga, and thence to Parwan, where our force fought with him, and suffered much. After three days, we returned to Kabul, having heard the tidings of the surrender of the Amir to the Envoy.

Whatever duties I have been performing, I have been the constant correspondent of my friend, Mr. Trevelyan. Even when he retired from India, and entered the service of her Majesty, I always stated to him, without hesitation, my opinion of our proceedings in Afghanistan, and the calamity which I thought would befal us at last. I also expressed my desire to visit England repeatedly. He kindly shewed my letters always to the authorities in this country, and, upon one occasion, he wrote to me in the following manner :—

"My dear Mohun Lal,—The best answer I can return to your interesting letter is, the over-leaf note from Sir Richard Jenkins, the chairman of the Honourable the East-India Company. If you can obtain leave of absence for eighteen months, and come overland to England, I shall make your visit interesting and improving. But I have not much time to give.

"Yours very sincerely,

"C. E. Trevelyan.

"'My dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to return the most interesting letter of Mohun Lal. The information it contains is valuable, and highly creditable to him. I have taken the liberty

of shewing it to Mr. Bayley, who agrees with me in opinion. When Mohun Lal arrives in England, we shall be most happy to shake hands with him, and shew him all the civility in our power.

"'Yours truly,

"'R. Jenkins.'"

In the mean time, affairs in Kabul afforded no promise of an undisturbed peace, and this induced Sir W. Macnaghten and Sir A. Burnes to reply to my application for leave, that I could not be spared that year (1840). After the surrender of the Amir, Dost Mohammed Khan, there was much heavy business on my hands in translating the numerous documents which we discovered relating to the dreadful intrigues of the different chiefs against us. On the 2nd November, 1841, an outbreak took place in Kabul. My house, Captain Johnson's, and that of Sir A. Burnes, were attacked and plundered first of all, and Sir Alexander was murdered. I was taken by the rebels, and would have been cut to pieces, had the good Nawab Mohammed Zaman Khan not saved me, and conducted me himself to the Persian quarters, *Chamdaul*, where I remained unmolested for a long period. For the safety of my person, and the comforts I enjoyed in the house of my hospitable friends, Khan Shirin Khan and Sultan Mohammed Khan, I am deeply indebted to them, as well as to Nayab Shereef, and Mir Abu Talib Ali Reza Khan, Captain Johnson's gomashtah in the commissariat, called upon me several times, and

offered me his services, while the Envoy was alive. He lent me 5,000 rupees, for public expenses, which were repaid to him by Sir W. Macnaghten. While under the protection of my host, I was frequently in the greatest danger, when Aminullah Khan, and other rebel chiefs, came with armed men, and insisted upon the Persians delivering me to them; but as long as the chiefs were divided, and each of them considered himself to be the principal, I was secure, and I contrived to negotiate with the chiefs, and to correspond with Sir George Pollock.

On the 22nd of June, 1842, when Mohammed Akbar had subdued all the chiefs, he kept Khan Shirin Khan, and sent Mirza Imam Vardi to seize me at his house. The party rushed in, but having been forewarned of their intention, I wrote a line with a pencil on a piece of paper to convey information to the Government of my being apprehended, and begging Sir George Pollock to advance upon Kabul immediately. Mohammed Akbar tortured me, and extorted money from me, which was afterwards repaid to me by Lord Ellenborough. I suffered most dreadfully while I was in the charge of Mulla Jalal. However, encouraged by the approbation I received from the Governor-General's letters, as well as those of Sir George Pollock, Sir Richmond Shakespear, and Major Macgregor, after the assassination of the Envoy, I strove the more to carry on negotiations with the various chiefs for the release of the prisoners;

and for this purpose I continued my correspondence with them secretly. Through the favour of Divine Providence, I was never detected, though a prisoner and always suspected. While I was rendering these services to the State, none of the British prisoners, excepting poor Captain John Conolly, Captain Drummond, Captain Mackenzie, and Major Pottinger, had the slightest notion of my proceedings. In fact, I never boasted of what I was doing, nor stated a word of it to any of them, as it would have availed me nothing, while great secrecy was necessary on every point. My sole object was to render service to the British State, which has acknowledged and rewarded my services.

When I succeeded in my negotiations with Salah Mohammed Khan for the liberation of the English prisoners, I contrived my own escape from the prison of Mohammed Akbar Khan, and took up my quarters under the Afshar fort, supported by a large body of Persian cavalry. Akbar was routed, and compelled to fly into Turkistan by Ghorband.

On the 16th of September, 1842, Sir George Pollock planted the British flag on the top of the Bala Hisar, at Kabul. He was met on the road by the Durrani and Persian chiefs, with myself. I was introduced to Sir George by Major Macgregor, and he, kindly squeezing my hand, expressed his entire approbation of my services, adding, that they had been always communicated to, and appreciated by, the Governor-General. After I had paid with my

own hands the sum of money which I had agreed to pay to Salah Mohammed Khan, Sayad Moortza Shah, and other people, for the rescue of the prisoners, I was ordered by Sir George Pollock to take my friend, the Persian chief, with his followers, along with Prince Shahpur, to Kohistan, and place myself, with my friends, at the disposal of Captain Colin Mackenzie, who was directed to accompany the brigade of General McCaskill as a political officer. We destroyed Istalif and Charkar, and returned to join Sir George Pollock in Kabul. I was very unwell during this campaign; and having been of a different opinion from that of several of the functionaries, I should have felt very uncomfortable but for the civilities and attention of Captain Mackenzie.

On my return to Kabul, I found that Major Macgregor had succeeded in recovering about 3,000 rupees from the sellers of grain. The money which I had advanced for supplies was more than a lac of rupees, which was demanded of me by those from whom I had borrowed it, and who had been obliged to leave Kabul with us. I am still responsible for this debt, and cannot say when the Government will make up their mind to pay it.

The news of our retiring from Afghanistan had been universally circulated, and the poor chiefs who, at my instigation, and under the idea of enjoying our protection, had stood neutral during the contest, or supported our cause, and assisted in the

release of the British prisoners, were thus left to the mercy of Mohammed Akbar Khan I was so much ashamed at the recollection of the assurances I had given them, by the order of my superiors, that I was unable to shew my face to them. This was not honourable on our part.

On the 12th of October, 1842, we left Kabul, and I was horrified at the dreadful sight of the heaps of dead in the Khorad Kabul pass. These were the unfortunate soldiers, sepoys, and camp-followers of General Elphinstone's force, all burnt and frozen. This distressing scene continued as far as Ganda Mak. If these forces had been taken to the Bala Hisar of Kabul, a distance of one mile, instead of marching through the narrow defiles and passes occupied by the enemy, and covered with snow, the troops would not have been destroyed, nor the honour of the British nation have suffered.

We remained at Jalalabad for a few days, and thence came to Peshawer, through the Khaibar pass, after seven marches. We were welcomed by General Avitabili; and my old friend Churni Lal, the Postmaster-general of the Lahor Durbar, called upon me and offered his services.

After crossing the Indus, the Jelum, and the Chenab, we came into the vicinity of Lahor, where Rajah Suchait Singh came to congratulate Sir George Pollock on his victorious return from Afghanistan, and presented the General with Kashmir fruits and jars of sweetmeats. We crossed the

Ravi on the 10th of December, and came with Major Macgregor and Sir Robert Sale, in advance of Sir George Pollock, to Gainda Singhwala, opposite the ferry of Firozpur, on the 15th.

On the 17th of December, Sir Robert Sale, Major Macgregor, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded ahead of the brave garrison of Jalalabad, and crossed the Ghara to Firozpur on a beautiful bridge thrown across by the especial commands of the Governor-General, to shew honour to the heroes of Jalalabad. Just at the end of the bridge, towards the Firozpur side, Lord Ellenborough, with his secretaries, stood, under a magnificent canopy, and received the Jalalabad garrison and its brave leaders with marked distinction. Major Lawrence introduced me, or rather pointed me out, to the Governor-General, who kindly bowed to me in return. Hence, we passed amid a crowd of spectators, and the British troops, who formed a line on our left, and we encamped near the town of Firozpur.

Dec. 18 *to* 31.—I continued at the camp of the Governor-General, and while here I was very kindly treated by Mr. Secretary (now Sir Thomas) Maddock, and I had numerous visits from the officers of the Lahor court, who were old acquaintances.

I ought not to omit mentioning, in justice to a friend, that, while I was a prisoner in Kabul, amongst all my numerous relations and friends, Shahamat Ali alone volunteered to obtain my release

at his own expense! Not being present at Lodiana himself, he wrote from Indore, and authorized Surajbhan, a brave officer at the Lahor court, to expend as far as 10,C00 rupees, employing some influential emissary, to procure my escape from Kabul. This was, indeed, a generous and noble act of friendship. However, circumstances would not allow its successful execution: our liberation was accomplished through the manifest interposition of Divine Providence, which made my humble negotiation successful, and suddenly changed the disposition of the chief man of our guard in our favour.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM LODIANA TO ENGLAND.

Jan. 7, 1843.—I quitted Firozpur, and came to Lodiana. Before reaching the town, I passed by the camp of the Amir Dost Mohammed Khan, who was then crossing the Satlej to return to Afghanistan. The cunning Amir, hearing of my departure from Firozpur, had sent one of his companions to meet me, and requested me to see him as an old friend. I proceeded to his tent, and had a most amusing conversation with him on our proceedings in Afghanistan, which will be described in my other work. He was, of course, proud and happy at being restored to his government; but none of his followers, nor any of the members of his family, appeared pleased at this unexpected change of affairs, because the high allowances granted to the Amir by the British Government had secured a very comfortable maintenance for each of them; whereas hereafter the Amir will never dream of having three lacs of rupees annually for his private expenditure, which the British Government allowed him. All the party have gone back to Kabul loaded with wealth. In the evening I had a visit from my old friend, Sardar Haidar Khan, son of the Amir. We talked concerning the changes which had made

him formerly a state prisoner, living in my tent, after the capture of the fort of Ghazni, and had now liberated him.

At Lodiana I was surprised to meet my friend, Pandat Gourishankur. This young person had the good luck to escape from the disasters of Kabul, having left the city a short time before the outbreak. He was the confidential writer and accountant of Sir A. Burnes, and lived with him in the same house.

Jan. 18.—I quitted Lodiana, to join the Governor-General's court at Delhi; and in Panipat I was delighted to meet and embrace my dearest brother, Kidar Nath, after our long separation, and the fearful anxiety under which he laboured while I was at Kabul.

Previous to my departure from Karnal, I had the honour of paying my respects to Mr. George Clerk. This most shrewd, just, and kind-hearted gentleman knew all that I had done and suffered for the promotion of the British interests. He spoke frequently on my behalf to the Government, and when he was made lieutenant-governor of Agra, he kindly wrote and offered me a deputy-collectorship in Rohtuk. Mr. Clerk was so good as to introduce me to Mr. William Edwards, under-secretary to the Supreme Government of India, with the Governor-General. I have hardly words or ideas to express my gratitude to that kind and noble-hearted gentleman. While I was in the camp of the Governor-

General, at Agra, he treated me with courtesy, and after collecting all the public records from the office in Fort William, regarding my services, from 1831 to 1843, he submitted my case for the consideration of the Governor-General, and had me attached to the political agency on the north-western frontier, under the Envoy at the court of Lahor.

I remained about a year at Lodiana, doing nothing, and therefore I applied for leave of absence for eighteen months, on the expiration of which period, I got an extension of leave from the Honourable the Court of Directors.

I left Lodiana on the 2nd of April, 1844, and visited on my route Ambala, Delhi, Agra, and Gwalior. The fort of Gwalior, though strong, presents a most dreary and desolate appearance. The town is not remarkable for any thing, and the heat was killing when I passed through, on the 15th of May.

May 25.—I arrived at Dewas, where the Rav (prince) treated me with kindness, and stated that Mr. Hamilton had informed his highness of my coming, and that he would be very glad if I would pass a few days in his company. The appearance of his palace, and even the mode of receiving visitors at his court, were strange to me, but very simple, and far from displaying any grandeur. There were dancing and singing in our presence; but I was so overpowered by the heat, that I left the Rav very soon, which disappointed him much. He has a good disposition, and a fine countenance.

Next day I came to Indore, and on the road I found my friend the Persian secretary to the Resident, Shahamat Ali, waiting to receive me. I enjoyed many agreeable days in his company.

Mr. Hamilton, the resident, who has been my friend since 1835, treated me with great kindness. He gave me letters of introduction to many noblemen in this country.

I continued at Indore till the 6th of June, and on the 7th I came to the Mhow cantonment. Here I experienced a very kind reception from Brigadier Hughes, and he favoured me by giving me letters of introduction to his friends. The climate of Indore and Mhow is delightful. The shops in the latter place are very amply supplied with commodities.

June 8.—I had the pleasure of again meeting Colonel Outram, after a period of nearly five years. He kindly took me in his small boat to have an evening airing on the Nurbada river, and we talked together over the changes which had passed since his quitting Afghanistan. It was his activity, sound judgment, intrepidity, and influence which kept the Beloches in awe in Sindh, while misfortunes were impending over us in Kalat, Shal, Candahar, Ghuzni, Kabul, Jalalabad, and Khairbar. He obtained the objects of his Government, and yet preserved the dignity of the rulers of Sindh. Colonel Outram was kind enough to give me a letter for Lord Jocelyn, and wrote to many of his influential friends regarding my humble services to the British

State, which he said were regularly communicated to him by Mr. Clerk, the agent of the Governor-General in the Panjab.

June 16.—I reached Nasak, the seat of the late ex-peshwa. Here Mr. and Mrs. Malet treated me with the greatest kindness and hospitality. I was introduced here, by Major Fitzgerald, to her highness the Baja Bai of Gwalior, and received from her attentions, when she remembered the name of my grandfather, the Rajah Mani Ram.

June 25.—I arrived at Thana on the 24th, and after a night's march, I came to Bombay, and put up in the house provided by my friend Nourozjee Furdonjee. Dr. James Burnes, brother of the late Sir Alexander Burnes, asked me to stay with him, and I passed some pleasant days in his beautiful house. The Honourable Messrs. Crawford and Reid, members of the council, were exceedingly civil, and the former was so good as to favour me with introductory letters.

July 7.—I went to Panwell, and thence to Poona, where the Honourable Sir George Arthur, governor of Bombay, invited me to breakfast, as I could not stay for dinner. He gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Baring, the secretary to the Board of Control; and his son, Captain Arthur, favoured me with a similar one to Lord Altamont, afterwards Marquis of Sligo. His Excellency Sir T. Macmahon, commander-in-chief, was very kind, and sent me a letter to Sir P. Stuart, governor of

Malta. I can hardly express my thankfulness to these gentlemen for their taking so much interest in my behalf. I stopped at Poona for four days. The governor gave me permission to see my old acquaintance, Mir Rustum Khan, the ex-chief of Khairpur, in Upper Sindh. I felt so ashamed to shew my face to him, remembering the good services which, as a faithful ally, he had rendered to the British Government, and the promises I gave him, pledging the British honour and name, to secure his perpetual dignity and territorial emoluments, that I did not go to see that unfortunate and unjustly ruined monarch. The road between Panwell and Poona is very fatiguing, and in the rainy season is often subject to inundation.

July 14.—I returned to Bombay, where I remained till the 18th. I made numerous acquaintances amongst my Masonic brothers, both Persians and Parsees, including Agha Jafur and Manakjee Cursetjee.

The climate and air of Bombay are much better than those of Calcutta. In the evening, all the white-dressed and white-faced Parsees, the followers of Zurdusht, or fire-worshippers, come out of town, riding, driving, walking, and sitting on the grass or on the sea-shore, and thus presented a picturesque spectacle to a stranger, accustomed to see only the dark and oily people of Bengal. The Parsees, being free from prejudices, and more familiar with

and attached to the English mode of living, have improved their polished old Persian habits.

July 19.—At 5 P. M. I went on board the *Semiramis,* a steam-frigate of the Honourable the East-India Company. The open space of the sea, extending as far as the eyes could reach, was a novel, strange, and wonderful sight to me. This was the first time I had seen the ocean, and had been a passenger on board a steamer. The winds this month are contrary, and often blow a regular hurricane; but I was not sea-sick at all during the whole of the voyage to England. The waves rose up sometimes so high, and came down so furiously towards us, that I thought the vessel was going to fill with water, and sink. I felt a little giddy at night; but the captain of the vessel, Captain Sanders, prepared a glass of water, in which he mixed a little brandy, which I drank, and found a great relief from it. I was the only person to breakfast and dine with the captain, the rest being sick. On the 25th of July, after we had got rid of the fearful and powerful winds and waves of the Indian Ocean, the main shaft of the engine of the steamer was unfortunately broken. I thought we were all, myself and my fellow-passengers, going to a watery grave, when I saw the captain with a most melancholy countenance. I found that we could not proceed any further, and we were obliged to sail back to Bombay. This was a great disappointment to me, on my first sea-voyage.

July 30.—We returned to Bombay, and next day the Government ordered another steamer, the *Sesostris*, under Captain Young, to start with the mail and passengers for Suez.

After a voyage of twenty days we reached Aden on the 19th of August, and went on board another steamer, called the *Cleopatra*. Aden is very irregularly occupied by the houses of the English officers. The appearance of the hillocks over the shore is miserable, and the heat was unbearable. Here I saw the people riding on asses, and heard them speaking Arabic.

On the 20th, the steamer passed safe through the straits of Babulmandel, meaning 'Gates of Sorrows.' If great precautions are not taken in this place, vessels are often lost. We ourselves saw three that had been wrecked, and an English ship had arrived to save the passengers. The wrecked vessels belonged to the American Government, and that of the Shereef of Mecca.

On the 28th of August we reached Suez. This is a very miserable and hot place; yet all the passengers stopped here, thinking that the steamer, having waited for the Bombay mail, now with us, for two weeks, must have left Alexandria, without the Indian mail, for England. But I resolved to come on to Alexandria, and the Reverend Mr. Mellon came with me. After eighteen hours' journey through the desert, we reached Cairo. Travelling here is not so uncomfortable as the people in

England imagine. Cairo has fine bazars, and shops, and roads, but the suburbs have a dry and sad appearance.

Aug. 29.—I went on board a very small steamer for Alexandria, by the river Nile. Both banks are covered with beautiful villages.

Aug. 30.—We reached Alexandria. Before entering the fortified town, we passed through a vast, dry, and parched suburb. In the town, the houses occupied by the European ambassadors and merchants, and the carriages, were a novel sight to a native of the East.

Aug. 31.—Having joined the passengers from Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon, who had been delayed by the late arrival of the Bombay mail, I went on board the *Oriental*. We were about 100, consisting of ladies, men, and children.

After a voyage of five days in the Mediterranean, the steamer anchored at Malta, to take in coals and provisions. Sir P. Stuart, the governor, whom I could not see, through my being in quarantine, was very kind. He desired me to see him on my return from England. He also kindly sent me a letter of introduction to Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

On the 9th of September we entered the straits of Gibraltar, a strong and impregnable military post. The houses of the English officers and merchants are built in most picturesque sites. Some, being placed on the skirt of the rock, reminded me of the houses in Simla. At night the steamer proceeded

on her voyage, and we met many ships in the Atlantic Ocean. We passed the Spanish coast, and gazed with admiration at the place where the immortal Nelson gained his last victory.

Sept. 15, 1844.—After a somewhat rough passage through the Bay of Biscay, and passing the Needles, we anchored near the Motherbank, by the Isle of Wight. The morning was cloudy and showery. The gardens and houses on the island, and especially those situated close by the sea-shore, presented a charming appearance. When there is no plague or any other kind of disease in the steamer, it is cruel to keep the passengers in quarantine, after an absence and separation of many years from their relations, and in sight of their mother-land.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND GERMANY.

Sept. 16, 17.—We were released from quarantine earlier than was anticipated, through the surgeon of the vessel, who produced a clean bill of health.

It was very gratifying to me, being far from my country, to find friends in England, desirous to shew me every attention, whose continued civilities and interest in my behalf made me feel as comfortable as if I were among my own kindred, and in my native land. Sir Claude Wade, under whom I had served in 1835, addressed to me the following note, and sent it by his nephew, Mr. Singleton, and a carriage to conduct me to his residence.

"My dear Sir,—My nephew will tell you what I have before written, that I shall be very happy to see you. I hope the little basket of English fruit and a few newspapers, which he will convey, will be acceptable to you. Let me know on what day your quarantine terminates. I saw Mr. Trevelyan when I was in London; he has to attend a very laborious office, but will, I have no doubt, be a kind friend to you in England. You have had a very tedious and vexatious voyage, for which I hope you may be repaid by the kindness of the people, and the enjoyment of the wonderful sights and inventions of this country.

"I remain yours, &c. &c.,

"C. M. Wade."

At the same time I had the pleasure to receive a note from Mr. Trevelyan, saying that he hoped to meet me at Southampton; but, as I had previously made a promise to go to Sir Claude Wade, I left the *Oriental* steam-vessel, and went on shore, sending my baggage and servant to Southampton. The pier at Ryde is a beautiful place to walk on when one seeks the fresh air. Men and women are generally seen there walking; and when the steamers arrive, the multitude of spectators affords a picturesque sight. Having passed a fine, broad street, I reached the house, and found Sir Claude Wade waiting for me. He introduced me to his old, good mother, and to his amiable sister, Mrs. Singleton. In the evening I was invited with Sir Claude to dinner, by the Reverend Mr. Orde, who introduced me to his family and guests. It was a very agreeable party.

Sept. 18.—I was invited to dinner by Lord Ashley, and introduced to his lady, as well as to his beautiful children. They are kind-hearted, and have always been attentive and obliging to me. His lordship, being a member of Parliament, has done much good to those who were in want of his assistance. We had a long conversation about the trade in opium, and the indigo plantations in India, as well as upon the sad affairs of Afghanistan.

I took a great fancy to the natural beauties of the Isle of Wight, and I think it is rightly called the garden of England. I made several excursions to

all parts of the island, stopping at the different places which commanded an extensive view of the sea, in which I bathed every morning, and felt myself refreshed to a degree quite impossible to express. I generally breakfasted in one place, lunched in another, and dined at a third, and thus kept myself moving sometimes for fourteen hours every day. I was invited again by Sir Claude Wade, after his marriage, and introduced to his bride, whose conversation and courtesy to her guests and in society would make one suppose that she had passed many years in acquiring those ornaments of the female sex, and yet Lady Wade is under the age of twenty years.

Sept. 19.—Sir Claude kindly ordered his English servant to accompany me to Southampton, and thence see me off to London; and I crossed in a steamer from Ryde to Portsmouth.

Here I found the streets dirty, and the people not so neat as in the Isle of Wight. The dockyards, and the constant activity there, strike a foreigner with a kind of awful surprise. As long as Great Britain has such resources in her naval power, which is daily increasing, it will be vain for any nation to rival her. I saw a large block of wood cut, sawed, planed, and reduced to pieces to suit the purposes intended, and likewise the iron melted, made into pegs, and used instantly. All this was done by a steam-machine, attended by one man, in half an hour, which, by other means, would employ at least a dozen men for a

week. The naval provisions are stored in one large separate building, and biscuits, sufficient for 25,000 men for three months, were packed up in sacks. In my presence some maunds of wheat were thrown into large basins, cleaned, ground, sifted into flour, made into dough, cut into the shape of cakes, placed in and taken out of ovens, as finely-baked biscuits. This was all the wonderful result of steam-power, and I was told that they make 25,000 lbs. of these cakes in the space of one hour. I was then conducted to a small room in the galvanic telegraph office. It is a most wonderful thing, and no description can convey a proper idea of its extraordinary effect. I am, in fact, lost in wonder, and perplexed how to detail its formation. The only thing I can say, and it will astonish every one, is this: that Portsmouth is about one hundred miles from London; I asked the gentleman of the office to get for me information from London what kind of weather it was there, or whether the Indian mail had arrived. By moving the needle gradually over the different letters, which appeared exactly like a clock, the question was made on my part, and the answer returned in the same manner, and all this was completed in the course of five seconds!

At Portsmouth I was very kindly received, and invited to dinner, by the governor, Sir Hercules, and Lady Pakenham, who has a very obliging disposition. General, Mrs. and the Misses Baumgardt, who had just returned from Bombay, shewed me all the

curiosities of the place. Dr. Moore took me in his carriage on a steep hill at some distance, and I had a beautiful view of the town and of the sea. He and Mrs. Moore were also good enough to invite me to dinner, and introduce me to some other persons.

From Portsmouth I proceeded to the railroad station, and after paying £1 (or about 11 rupees), I was placed in a beautifully fitted up large carriage, and dragged, with many other carriages, by a steam-engine. This was the first time I had travelled by a railroad. I can hardly express the astonishment which overpowered my senses, and especially when I was deliberating how to describe it, and make it understood to my friends, who have never seen it.

As soon as I reached Southampton, Mr. Hill delivered me another letter from my friend, and the deliverer of it kindly got my baggage cleared in the custom-house immediately.

I remained two days in Southampton, and found it a very interesting place. The streets and people appear neater than those of Portsmouth. I sent my Kabul servant to the theatre. He was not the only person astonished, seeing himself placed amongst elegantly dressed persons, but every one in the house was gazing at his dress and features, which were quite different from those of the people of Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, or of any other place from which people come to this country.

Sept. 23.—I was again on a railroad, and in three hours arrived in London, a distance of eighty miles.

At the railroad station I found a gentleman with a message from my kind friend Mr. Trevelyan. He procured a carriage, and despatched me with my servants and baggage to the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. Immediately afterwards I went to see Mr. Trevelyan at the Treasury. The pleasure and gratification I heartily felt at meeting him, after a separation of ten years, combined with the recollections of his unceasing good offices, and his deep interest in my behalf from my childhood, overpowered my feelings. Tears filled my eyes. I therefore left him that day very soon.

Next day the Chairman of the Honourable East-India Company was informed of my arrival, and at the same time a wish was expressed to know what time it would be suitable to introduce me to him. The following answer was received from the India House:—

"East-India House,
"23rd September, 1844.

"My dear Sir,—We have a Court of Directors to-morrow, and a General Court on Wednesday, and will therefore postpone the pleasure of seeing Mohan Lal till Thursday, at 3 P.M. (three o'clock), when the Deputy and I will have much pleasure in seeing you and him here.

"I shall be as anxious as you are to shew Mohan Lal some attention during his sojourn in England."

Sept. 26.—In company with my friend, I proceeded to the India House and was introduced to the Chairman, the Deputy Chairman, and Mr. J. C.

Melvill, Secretary. The kindness they shewed me on that occasion was a source of pride and encouragement to me. They invited me to dinner repeatedly at their houses, and I received most obliging attentions from their respective ladies, and Mr. Shepherd, the Chairman, after some days, honoured me with a visit. I was surprised to hear from him the detailed occurrences and the names of the chiefs of Afghanistan, in such a manner as if he had himself been present there. It is wonderful to think how this august body, the Directors of the Honourable East-India Company, manage so wisely, economically, and honourably the duties of their very important office—I may even say, the first post in the world. They rule India, collect the revenue, encourage trade, raise and discipline armies, preserve peace and administer the laws, in the rich and extensive empire in the East, in Leadenhall-street, London! On my part, I am totally lost, and cannot conceive how the Chairman and Secretary find time and powers of mind to learn and settle even the minute affairs of the three Presidencies of India, beside other numerous political, commercial, and colonial concerns. Mr. Melvill, the Secretary, of course, has the most laborious office. His indefatigable exertions to discharge the functions of his post are beyond conception, as well as his kind disposition. My thanks are due and most sincerely offered to him.

Mr. Hogg, M.P., the Director, also called upon me. He was good enough to ask me to dinner, and to several of his parties, where he introduced me to Sir Walter James, the son of the lady of Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General of India, and many other gentlemen. I was also introduced by him to Lord John Russell, who was very polite and kind to me. Sir Walter and Lady James were good enough to ask me to dinner with them, and afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Major and Mrs. Cunningham, the daughter of Sir Henry Hardinge.

Sir James Law Lushington, the Director, met me first at the dinner of Sir Henry Pottinger, at the Oriental Club, where he told me that he knew all regarding my services in Afghanistan. General Galloway, Colonel Sykes, and Mr. Warden, the Directors, favoured me with invitations. Sir Richard Jenkins was so good as to introduce himself to me at her Majesty's ball, at Buckingham Palace, and expressed his approbation of my conduct in discharging the difficult task I had in Afghanistan, and added, that he always read with deep interest all my letters and observations on the passing events in that country. It was very gratifying to me to receive these private marks of kindness from the authorities at the East-India House.

Sir Charles Forbes, from his good and benevolent disposition, was particularly interested in my welfare, and he invited many people of influence to meet me at dinner in his house. He is a real and

just friend to all the people of the East, and his loss, which I hope never to see myself, will be seriously injurious to them in this country.

The day I arrived in London I was rather puzzled to see the crowds of people, with carriages, carts, and cabs, which cover the face of the wide, long, and clean streets, all illuminated, and presenting to the spectators a rich exhibition of articles in the shops. It is a busy scene, day and night, and it is a matter of great difficulty to find what time the tradesmen have for rest. The scenes, and the gaudy attire of the actors and actresses, in the theatre, will at once bring into the mind of an Asiatic the fabulous tales of the gardens of the fairies. I could not say much in commendation of the beauty or modesty of the females who appear on the stage. However, they attract the attention and respect of the spectators; and some of them have made conquests, and have become wives of noblemen, and associate with ladies of the highest birth. The Diorama, Polytechnic Institution, and above all, the Colosseum, and the sudden changes in the scenes by the weather, and from day to night, surpass all the Persian, Arabian, and Indian accounts of the ancient Plato and Hatim Tai. The houses are regularly built, but very small, and hot, by keeping the windows always shut. I never allowed the windows of my bedroom to be altogether shut, and the curtains were never drawn. England is not so cold as the people pretend. I

always wore a thin shirt and white trousers. The rooms where dancing is kept up in private balls are awfully heated. I once fainted in one of these rooms, in the month of February, while I was sitting and enjoying a dance. I like the climate very much, and it has improved my health. When I was in India, at Ambala, or Lodiana, I had generally attacks of fever, and was always suffering by the appearance of red large spots over my body, causing it to itch and swell, but in England they all disappeared, as it was in Afghanistan, &c. The fogs and smoke of London are the only things which deserve to be complained of. In the country, the air is pure and always delightful, and I prefer living there rather than in the city, which, by its wonderful extent and multitude of inhabitants, may be considered a collection of all the cities on the face of the earth. The ships thickly cover the river Thames; their masts look like a forest. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the new Houses of Parliament, and the bridges thrown across the river, speak of the wonderful effects of English architecture and engineering talents.

Oct. 7.—I was this day honoured and delighted to receive a very kind letter from one whose talents and benevolence of mind I had heard of while an infant from my father, and subsequently from Asiatics, who respect him, and call him "Hatim-i-Angrezan;" *

* 'The Hatim of Englishmen.'

I mean the Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone. I feel overpowered by gratitude for the obliging and cordial reception he gave me, and I could not look at his venerable and noble countenance without sensations of astonishment, when I remembered his acquaintance with my father before he had married my mother. On my arrival at Oakley I found him waiting to welcome me at the door of his residence, and the luncheon ready on the table. It is impossible to describe how very kindly and affectionately I was treated by this amiable gentleman. I also feel pride, as well as satisfaction, in giving insertion to his letter.

"*To Mohan Lal, Esq.*

"Oakley, by Dorking,
"5th October, 1844.

"My dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and regret that I was not in London, to answer it in person. I should be happy to make your acquaintance, on account of your father; but I am entitled to regard it as mine already, on account of our former correspondence. You were so kind as to send me a copy of your journal to Kabul, which I read with the greatest interest, and for which, several years afterwards, I made an inadequate return, by requesting your acceptance of a copy of a book which I had published on the history of India, which I sent through poor Captain Conolly. You have since acted too prominent a part not to have attracted attention in all who were interested in the astonishing events at Kabul. I look with great pleasure to meeting you, and hearing from yourself an account of the adventures you have gone through, and the transactions you have forwarded. I shall be very happy to see you, if you take the trouble of such a journey, and you will see a good specimen

of English scenery, both here and on the way; but I must prepare you for bad quarters, as this is a single cottage, with no decent inn for miles around. I hope, however, that you are too old a traveller to mind inconvenience, and that you will accept a hearty welcome in lieu of all other requisites.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"M. Elphinstone."

On my return to London, I was favoured by the following letter from Mr. Burnes, the father of the late Sir Alexander Burnes, at Montrose, in Scotland, on which I immediately prepared to set off to Edinburgh. It was very disagreeable that my English servant foolishly stepped into the wrong carriage on the railroad, and instead of accompanying me to Lancaster, was carried off to Birmingham with the keys of my boxes. I had no clothes to change till I reached Edinburgh. From Lancaster, the journey by the mail-coach was very tiresome, and I was without a meal for eighteen hours.

"My dear Sir,—I am glad to find that you have arrived safely in Britain, and shall welcome you with all my heart to my humble dwelling.

"I trust your health will soon enable you to proceed to Montrose, and I think your best course is to proceed by one of the Dundee steam-ships, which sail from London every Monday, and arrive at Dundee on Friday.

"My son, Dr. David Burnes, is not yet come to Scotland. He is with his father-in-law, Dr. Anderson, near Hampton Court; but if you will inquire at Mr. Alfred Canton's, No. 104, St. Martin's-lane, they will inform you particularly of his movements.

"As the cold season of the country is fast approaching, I

think the sooner you come down the better, and if you will write to me on Monday by what vessel you are to sail on the Wednesday, I shall come to Dundee (which is thirty miles from Montrose) to receive you, and bring you to my house.

"I forbear to say any thing in relation to my dearest sons; but we shall have much to communicate on that painful subject.

"I shall do all in my power to shew you how highly I prize the convincing proofs you give me of your devotion and attachment to Sir Alexander while alive, and of your veneration for his memory now that he is no more.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your faithful friend,

"Montrose, Sept. 1844. "J. BURNES.

"Mrs. Burnes begs to join me in kindest compliments, and in assuring you of a kind welcome."

Oct. 23.—After a pleasant journey, partly by a steamer, partly by the railroad, and partly by the mail-coach, I arrived at Montrose, and found Messrs. Adam and David Burnes both waiting on the road for me. I had written to the good old gentleman, their father, not to trouble himself in the cold weather to meet me on the way, as he had kindly intended. However, I found him at the door of his house. My meeting with the father and mother of one whom I respected, and with whom I had passed much happy time while under his orders, was very exciting on both sides. The tears flowed from the eyes of his parents when they most affectionately embraced me, who reminded them of their beloved and highly-promising sons, assassinated at the outbreak at Kabul. I delivered them the papers and

private journal of Sir A. Burnes,* written down to the evening preceding his murder. I was also introduced to Lord Panmure. I met the parents of my regretted friend, Sir Alexander Burnes, again on the 22nd December, 1845, in Edinburgh, whither I was invited by my kind masonic brother, Mr. Laurie, secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. I received a most cordial and warm reception from his cheerful family and his friends.

Oct. 28.—I started from Montrose, and on my arrival at the Douglas Hotel in Edinburgh, I found an obliging letter from my old, kind and good-hearted friend, Sir John Macneill, and went next morning to reside in his house. I enjoyed all the time of my stay there with him and Lady Macneill. They introduced me to many of their friends, and took me to the house of Mr. Steel, the sculptor, where I saw some of his elegant statues. He also introduced me to his brother, the Lord-Advocate, to whom I am indebted for many letters of introduction to his friends in Ireland. It was a new sight to me in Britain, to see some of Sir John's rooms adorned after the Persian manner, and decorated with a beautiful display of Persian rarities, and carpets. Sir John kindly gave me a note to a friend in London, requesting him to point out to me a

* I was very much surprised to hear in England, that some unjust and most false stories were spread against the private character of this officer. I will mention, in my succeeding work, how far he was blameable, and how much his memory is abused.

jeweller who would repair my decoration of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, which was granted to me through his favour in 1832, when I was employed by him to confer with Shah Kamran, of Herat. In the Kabul disasters, this decoration was stolen from me, and re-purchased by me, after being much injured. A great many gentlemen in Edinburgh shewed me much attention, particularly Dr. Macwhirther, who knew my father; Mr. Alexander Ross, formerly member of Council, at Calcutta; Mr. George Swinton, secretary to the Supreme Government of India, and Major Davidson, whom I had seen with the late General Adam. Dr. Macwhirther and his amiable daughter took me to hear a sermon by Dr. Muir, which was delightful, containing good advice, productive of everlasting happiness. Captain Glegg accompanied me to all the places of note in the city. The mayor was so kind as to place me by his side to see how the business in his court was conducted. I paid a very hurried visit to the college, the hospital, the museum, the public library, and the castle. Each presented to me new cause for admiration.

Edinburgh is a beautiful town, and commands a charming view on all sides from its elevated situation. The streets are good, but do not appear much peopled. The inhabitants shew a healthier complexion than those of England, but cannot rival them in beauty or dress. They are a very hospitable and obliging nation, far from indulging in any unbe-

coming pride, and free from vanity. I regretted very much that I could not go to the Highlands, though I had many invitations from the chiefs of that country.

My fellow-prisoner at Kabul, Captain Drummond, favoured me with a visit, and the perusal of a very able paper he has written on the mines and productions of Afghanistan. Sir William Allan, the famous artist, begged my host, Sir John Macneill, to ask me to give him a few sittings, and he has drawn and painted a very good portrait of me, which appeared in the exhibition of pictures for last year.

Nov. 11.—I took leave of my kind host and hostess, Sir John and Lady Macneill. Captain Glegg accompanied me to Glasgow, where I received every civility from Sir James and Lady Campbell. His brother, Mr. W. Campbell, shewed me the manufactories belonging to his brother, and innumerable specimens of different sorts of cloth. Here were about 700 girls doing work which could not properly be done by the steam-machine. In the evening I was invited to dinner at the Club of Highlanders, where every member appeared in the national costume. It was a most striking scene, and their manner of living, their robes, their conversation, and their arms altogether, made a fair shew of their bravery, their hospitality, and their kind disposition.

Glasgow is not a clean place, but the manufactories in its neighbourhood have made it a rich town.

Nov. 12 *to Dec.* 12.—After a calm passage, I landed in Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, and took up my quarters in the Bilton Hotel, Sackville-street. Lady Jemima and Lord Eliot (now Countess and Earl of St. Germans) invited me to their dinners, and to their splendid balls, frequently, and have shewn me ever since the most kind and friendly attention. They introduced me to many people of distinction in Ireland; and, wherever I went, I found these amiable personages respected and beloved by all. Lord and Lady Donoughmore and Lady Charlotte Wolff treated me in a very friendly manner, as well as Captain and Lady Emily Seymour, whose lovely children were the only ones who would sit on my knee without fear or hesitation, and they still remember me as "the foreign gentleman in the beautiful dress." To these kind friends I may add the names of Colonel and Mrs. Browne, Colonel Macgregor, the Right Hon. T. B. Smith, the Right Hon. Frederick Shaw, the Right Hon. T. B. Kennedy, and the Right Hon. T. B. Blake. The Provost accompanied me, and shewed me the college and library; both are magnificent, and look prosperous under his superintendence. The Earl of Clare, to whom I was not personally known, having heard of my arrival, honoured me with a visit. Mr. R. P. Williams, a wealthy merchant, and his excellent parents, invited me to their beautiful house, named Drumcandra. From Dr. Palmer, and his brother, T. Palmer, Esq., I received great attention, kindness,

and courtesy. The latter was of much use to me in Dublin and London ; his friendly conduct towards me gave me frequent proofs of his good breeding, sense, honour, and benevolence; and I feel overpowered by a sense of gratitude for his generous appreciation of my good wishes. He mentioned, one day, that he had married the sister of a very high person, a captain in the army, who was in Afghanistan. I found afterwards that he was right, when that officer wrote, that while he was in India he had in his service many servants, and one munshi (though I never had that title officially since 1832) like myself; meaning, of course, at my salary of £80 a month, which no officer in a regiment, but of an independent and hereditary fortune, can afford to pay. Mr. Palmer has kindly given me much friendly advice, and taught me how to behave, and how far to trust and oblige friends. His letter, of date 10th July, was exceedingly kind, and showed the nobleness of his mind. I cannot find it to insert here at this time.

In company with Mr. Curran I paid a hurried visit to the Model School in Dublin, and was received very kindly by Mr. Macdonald, the secretary, and the young students, about 600, of both sexes. Their answers to the numerous questions in the examination were wonderfully correct and astonishing. His Grace the Archbishop was present, and kindly sent me a great number of the various books studied in

the school. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Curran at dinner in the house of my very kind friend, Dr. Fleming, who has ever since been very obliging to me. He is truly an amiable person, of great sense and integrity. I also received very kind attention from Mr. Brewster, as also from Mr. Needham.

Before my departure from London, Mr. Melvill, secretary to the Honourable the East-India Company, sent me two letters, which I found were from Lord Altamont (now Marquis of Sligo), inviting me to visit him at Westport. Sir George Arthur, and his son, Captain Arthur, in Bombay, had informed his lordship of my coming to England, and the letters will shew that I had never seen him in India, nor in the cantonment of Meerut, as the noble officer, the relative of my friend, Mr. T. Palmer, wrote. The letters are as follow:

"Lord Altamont presents his compliments to Mohan Lal, and having heard that Captain Arthur had been so kind as to favour him with an introduction by letter to Mohan Lal, he takes the liberty of addressing him at once to know if he can be of any service to him in any way; Lord Altamont regrets that his absence from London will prevent his calling in person, but will gladly hear of any opportunity of seeing him. Should Mohan Lal visit Ireland, he will be most welcome at Westport House (Lord Altamont's father's house) for as long as it may suit him to stay."

"*Westport House, Westport,*
"*Sligo, Ireland.*"

"*Westport, November* 16*th*, 1844.

"My dear Sir,

"I have this day received your letter, and regret very much that you should have been delayed by any mistake about my not being here. I am staying here, though without the rest of my family, and shall be most glad to receive you here as soon as convenient, and hope at some future period to introduce you to my family in London. With best wishes for your journey here, which I am looking forward to with much pleasure,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"ALTAMONT."

Accordingly, I set out by mail-coach to Westport, county of Sligo, and after a tedious journey of eighteen hours, reached Westport House. The Marquis of Sligo was waiting on the road in his carriage, and my interview with him was very satisfactory. He drove me to his princely residence, which is larger than any other house I have seen. I passed a very happy time with his lordship. He and all his relations afterwards behaved most kindly to me.

Ireland is a beautiful country, and always green, on which account it has received the name of "the Emerald Island." The land and the people towards the county of Sligo are very poor; and it was heart-rending to see the men and women, with large families, walking without shoes and sufficient clothing in the most piercing cold. The natives of Ireland are hospitable, and I was welcomed in every cottage, and the farmers appeared delighted to present me with a piece of bread and some porter; but generally I saw the poor inhabitants living entirely on

potatoes. Ireland is undoubtedly not in better condition, and is suffering under great distress; therefore, the people unhappily but too reasonably complain. I was told afterwards by the English that the Irish are neither constant nor judicious in their words or manners; it may be so amongst the lowest class, but for my part, I found all my friends and acquaintances in Ireland kind-hearted and hospitable. The English say that the men and women in Ireland become familiar sooner than those of England, and then, forgetting the obligations of intimacy, suddenly break the ties of friendship. They may be right in this opinion with regard to some, but I declare that the families of the noblemen and gentlemen with whom I am acquainted in Ireland are perfectly free from this accusation.

Dublin, the pretty capital of Ireland, contains a most beautiful street, named Sackville-street. The natives are not so gaudy in their attire as those of England. The ladies have good features, and amiable manners, and might be distinguished from crowds of any other nation. Father Mathew and Mr. O'Connell are men of high principles in Ireland. The former has recommended water in preference to wine, and the latter has devoted himself to the welfare of his distressed countrymen.

I must not leave Dublin without recording the unfeigned sentiment of heartfelt and everlasting thanks for the kindness and hospitality I experienced from Sir Hopton and Lady Scott, and their

cheerful family. I often passed days and nights with this lovely circle in their romantic residence named Woodville. I am deeply indebted to her ladyship for her kind admonitions, and her good wishes for my welfare. There are several other gentlemen and ladies to whom I owe thanks for their kind treatment, but the mention of their names separately would enlarge the work beyond due bounds.

Dec. 13.—I embarked on board the *Iron Duke* steamer, and after a rough passage, landed next day in Liverpool. Mr. Lawrence, the Mayor, kindly sent his carriage for me, and also ordered the Government steamer to take me and shew me the docks. He asked me to stay another day to meet Sir Henry Pottinger, who has ever shewn me every civility and attention, when I happened to see him in different parties. At dinner, the speech of Lord Stanley was splendid, and the speeches of Lord Sandon and Sir Henry, eloquent. I passed very agreeable nights in the house of Mr. Cropper, a relation of Mr. Trevelyan. The whole family forms a true picture of the happiness and peace found in the Christian faith, and their morning prayers before breakfast, before daylight, with candles burning, pleased me beyond any thing, and I always felt myself happy to be present at that time with them. They shewed me every place worth seeing, and above all, Mr. Smith, their friend, conducted me to a manufactory, where I was astonished to see large

mirrors of glass made. The process is wonderful, and I cannot describe it well.

Liverpool is a large sea-port and commercial town. Here are ships of all nations, and people of different countries. The docks are very large, and some of the streets well paved. I went with Mrs. Cropper to visit the School of the Deaf and Dumb, and indeed I was struck with wonder at their progress, and the rapidity with which they replied to questions in writing, and understood their teacher, and conversed with each other, by numbering the letters of the alphabet on the fingers. Here were some very handsome girls, of high family, placed separately from the rest; one of them wrote a note to me in a beautiful style and penmanship. The Mayor took me with him to witness the launch of the *Queen*, a steamer just built. She went down the shore so smoothly that I was astonished by her rapidity; it was a new sight to me.

Dec. 20.—After passing through several manufactories in Manchester, where all sorts of flowered and plain muslins, as well as chintzes, are made for the Indian market, I came to Birmingham. I there saw manufactories of guns, cannon, and needles, all done by the steam-machine. The towns of Manchester and of Birmingham are not very clean, but are marts of considerable trade.

Jan. 1, 1845. London.—Sir Robert and Lady Inglis possess really kind and benevolent hearts. They invited me frequently, and I was introduced

to some very high men at their table. The relations of the late Sir William Macnaghten treated me with great kindness, and I often dined with his good sister, Mrs. Chapman, and also with Mrs. F. Macnaghten, the sister of my most lamented friend Captain John Conolly, to whom I was much attached. It is hardly in my power to describe the cordial treatment I received from Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir John Hobhouse, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Auckland. They invited me to their evening parties, and to dinners, and shewed themselves desirous to promote my interests.

March 4.—Mr. G. E. Anson, secretary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, sent me a note desiring me to wait on his Royal Highness, at Buckingham Palace. The elegant and agreeable manners, mingled with kind and generous feelings, of the Prince, are beyond any praise. His knowledge of passing events in Asia, and the outbreak at Kabul, surprised me. The popularity and affection which he has gained from all parties in England are wonderful, and shew very rare and extraordinary qualities. He received me very kindly, and after a long conversation, I left the palace with sentiments of deep respect and grateful satisfaction. I had the honour of meeting the Prince at Lord Northampton's *soirée*, and other places, frequently afterwards, and the more I saw of his Royal Highness, the more kind I found him.

March 5.—Mr. (now Sir Emerson) Tennent

wrote a very kind note, stating that the Earl of Ripon, president of the India Board, had a high opinion of my humble services; but that as the result of my claims was pending upon the decision of the Court of Directors and his lordship, it would be advisable that I should be presented to her Majesty through some channel independent of Government. It was therefore that the noble and benevolent Lord Ashley took me in his carriage, and presented me to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I was also invited to her Majesty's ball in Buckingham Palace. The court was very full, and the rooms exceedingly warm. All the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and the nobility and gentry of England, in their different costumes, bowing and passing before her Majesty, exhibited a magnificent sight; but the rooms are not well adapted, nor sufficiently spacious. The drawing-rooms of her Majesty, where all the ladies are presented, exhibit a great profusion of beauty, of rich dresses and jewels. The royal balls are beyond any thing of the kind in the world. One who is as fortunate as myself to be invited will see an assembly of noble ladies with charming countenances, and elegant robes covered with diamonds, joining in the dance, which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful when her Majesty and her royal consort, Prince Albert, take part in the dance. In so large a company the Queen appeared to me the most graceful in the

dance, smiling and looking now and then graciously towards her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unweariedly fixed upon her Majesty and the Prince, while they were dancing, and I read with inexpressible delight in their countenances that they have a deep attachment to each other.

I submitted to the Court of Directors a memorial of my services while employed by the Supreme Government of India, in Central Asia, and in various diplomatic missions and capacities. The Chairman and Court, in conjunction with the President of the Board of Control, took an impartial view of my statement, and granted me a reward for my services. The Chairman added, that, as I was yet a young person, I should have many other opportunities of establishing further claims by good services to the Honourable Company, and when I get old, or retire, the Government would take all my services into re-consideration, and reward me accordingly. All the authorities at the India-House and the Board of Control, after a full consideration of my case, treated me with marked kindness, and admitted me to an interview whenever I desired it. For these favours I beg to tender my humble and grateful thanks to these high authorities. Mr. George Clerk honoured me with his visit, and as he knew my services, he stated that, "I fully deserved the reward Government gave me."

It would be tedious to mention the names of the gentlemen and ladies who have been attentive

to me, and to describe the unceasing kindness, civilities, and support I received from them. There are many noblemen, naval, military, and civil officers, here and in India, who have shewn me the highest consideration. Captain J. Lewis, of Madras, nephew to the late Sir Charles Wilkins, the great orientalist, assisted me materially. We became acquainted on board the steamer, and lived very agreeably together for a long time. He has an excellent taste and capacity, and I discovered, on many occasions, that his head was always full of most amusing anecdotes. He has a great quickness in writing and fluency in speaking, and his mind is stored with extensive knowledge. These talents, and his comely figure, make him to be admired and respected by both sexes. He has been already in the service of his country for twenty-seven years, twenty-three of which in India; yet he is regardless of the comforts of private life, and though he has a private income, he talks of serving his country two dozen years more, and then returning to marry, and live with his family. He was of great service to me, and I feel thankful to him, while we lived together. He held a staff appointment at Vellore, and had charge of the Mysore families. In returning thanks, or making a speech, he is a most eloquent person, and has a wonderful command and flow of words. Lord and Lady Bolton, and Mr. John Orde and his lady, have shewn much civility to me. Mrs. Orde has been

excessively kind, and treats me as a son. She has given me much good advice. My humble thanks are due to the Oriental, Carlton, Travellers', Junior, and United Service, Star, and Victoria Yacht Clubs, for inviting me as an honorary member; and I have enjoyed a great many advantages by the privilege of that distinguished name which the members have bestowed upon me.

The manners, customs, life, and modes of society in England are of an elegant and refined style. No country takes such pains in cultivating knowledge, and no parents are so desirous of rendering their children accomplished, by expense and anxious care as those of Britain. They ask and find out from a son his taste and wish, and educate him to meet the duties of the profession he chooses, whether in civil life, in the law, navy, army, or whatever it may be; and then using their best influence, will have him launched into the world. They never expect his support themselves; the only thing wanted afterwards from the son is, that he should prosper. The girls are brought up under the careful eyes of their mother; and when they are accomplished in languages and manners, the parents spare no expense or fatigue to introduce them into society, where they have a difficult office to perform. The young lady must have agreeable manners, and be able to sing, dance, and read, write, and speak French, if not other foreign languages. The parents give parties, and invite all their fashionable acquaintance, and

feel proud if their daughter wins the heart of a respectable person. But, alas! these accomplishments, added to miracles of beauty, are considered matters of secondary value; the lady must have money for her husband, or have a prospect that he will have it when the parents die! In all the Asiatic countries, if a woman remains unmarried after her proper age, she is looked upon and respected as a saint, and this is very rare too; but England will astonish Asiatics by producing thousands of saints, or unmarried ladies of mature age, bearing the name of "Miss," and wearing the dress and ornaments of a young lady of fifteen years of age. When I first arrived in England, I felt myself in an awkward position, when addressing an old lady by the name of "Miss," and using the same word to a younger one who looked like the grand-daughter of the older lady. When people talk of marriage, the first question is, "Has she money?" A gentleman will dance with and flatter many ladies in parties, but he will prefer and marry the one who has, or will have, most money, even though she be ugly and not accomplished. In this case the lady is sensible that she has no charms but those of her bank-notes; and yet the rule of society keeps all these things buried in the hearts of the newly married, and their style of addressing and of writing to each other will be just as if mutual love had wrought upon each other's mind. Age, also, is not considered a matter of consequence, if he or she be rich. Yet there are many instances of true affec-

tion, and of happy marriages. There is a place named Gretna Green, in Scotland, where a person, not a priest, who is called in the newspapers a blacksmith, by the law of that country, has a right to marry parties under age, without the sanction of their parents, and without any of the forms necessary in England. In my sojourn at London a circumstance of true attachment happened, and a lady of noble family was married at Gretna Green. The ladies in England are sincere and pure-hearted; they are adorned with every accomplishment, and deserve the highest honour and respect that is paid to the fair sex. No intrigues and false show of flattery find any place in their mind, and if any thing disreputable happens, it is generally the fault of the man. This is my opinion of the sex in England.

England boasts of the truthfulness which its natives are stated to possess, and I fully believe that this is the fact in general; yet there are some falsehoods which the people commit, and which by practice are tolerated. For instance, when a person goes to visit a friend, who is not inclined to see him, the person visited tells the servant to say to the visitor that he is not at home, and there are other examples of this nature. England has a great advantage in one thing over other countries, that even its lowest-born native is educated in some respects. I have seen a cab-driver and a footman on the coach-seat reading a newspaper. They feel this to be their duty as well as amusement in their leisure hours,

and form their opinions respecting the proceedings of governments!! India will never regain the zenith of its former glory, nor even prosper, until the whole population becomes acquainted with the language of the Government, and then, entertaining the pacific sentiments of loyalty and homage to her present honourable British masters, claim and enjoy her rights like the other subjects of Britain.

It is wonderful that, in other countries, I have found the time hanging on hand, for want of business or amusement; but in England it is the contrary. Here is so much to do, to see, to read, and to amuse, that, for my own part, I could not find sufficient time for what I wished to do.

Most heart-rending was it to me to see the poor people suffering under poverty. If the wealth of this country and the enormous number of its rich people were compared with those of other nations, especially in Asia, the comparison is greatly in favour of England, and yet none has so many starving people. Many societies are formed, with the charitable view of collecting subscriptions to support the destitute, and large sums are raised at public dinners; yet all this is neither sufficient to relieve the poor, nor equal to the wealth which the natives of this country possess. There is, however, I am informed, a kind of tax called poor-rate, levied upon those who possess property throughout the country for the support of aged and infirm paupers, and those who cannot find employment.

When the season of Parliament is over in London, then Brighton, Dover, Bath, and Cheltenham are visited by all the fashionable and wealthy gentlemen and ladies. When I was invited by General Briggs to witness the wedding ceremony of his daughter, who married Mr. Macdonald, of the Madras civil service, I returned by Bath. It is a most charming town in respect to the houses and the neatly paved streets, excepting a few.

Here I repeat, that I cannot offer adequate thanks for the civilities and consideration I received from the English, Scotch, and Irish, both ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were hospitable and kind to me.

One day a friend of mine, a member of some of the clubs, called upon me, and stated that he had read in some of the Indian newspapers that I had done no service in Afghanistan, and that my statement in the Memoir was erroneous; that, therefore, I must write to the editors respectively, and defend myself. I replied that I had a great respect for the editors of the papers; that they are men of talent; but, also, that they had too much business to be troubled with my trifles; that if I am abused, it is the usual treatment experienced in political life from those who are strangers to the real state of the case, and I have been always prevented by my superiors from making any appearance in the public papers. Whatever services I performed in the disasters of Kabul were in accordance with my duty, and in obedience to the orders of

Government, and of my immediate political superiors; I have their acknowledgments in my possession; and the Home Government were informed of the merits of my proceedings. I sought and expected no other reward for those services than from the Government, with which I am satisfied.

Sept. 21.—I quitted London, and after a stormy passage, arrived at Antwerp, in Belgium. I was dreadfully sea-sick, and suffered so much that I that night repented coming hither. In Antwerp I saw a wonderful cathedral, containing pictures by the celebrated painter Rubens, which exhibit his extraordinary skill.

In the cathedral the service was performed quite differently from that of the Protestant churches. The lights, the burning of incense, the ringing of small bells, and the ornamenting and worshipping small images of Jesus and of the Virgin Mary, roused my mind, and brought to my recollection the mode of adoring practised by the idolaters in Mathra and Bindraban, in India. The harbour presented an amusing sight, and the manners and dress of the people are quite different from those of England.

Sept. 23.—I went by railroad to Brussels, the capital of Belgium. It is a beautiful town, but the people are not handsome. Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, the British ambassador, called upon me, offered his services, and gave me a seat in his box at the Opera.

Sept. 25.—After passing many beautiful towns, we came to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Sept. 26.—We arrived in Cologne, and took up our quarters in the Hôtel de Rhine. It is a large and populous, but not a clean town. The people are handsome, possessing good features.

Sept. 27.—We proceeded by railroad to Bonn. Here I was shewn the small house where Prince Albert resided and was educated. Bonn is a very beautiful town; the air is pleasant.

Sept. 28.—We went on board a steamer, and began to ascend the Rhine. The scenery on both sides, and on the banks of the river, was lovely and picturesque beyond any praise that pen or words can give. Beautiful towns are seen in succession, and among them, those of Coblentz and Mayence are remarkably handsome. The hotels are better furnished than those of England.

Sept. 29.—I proceeded to Wisbaden, and, having enjoyed the mineral baths, came by railroad, on the 30th, to Frankfort, a most beautiful town. The Honourable W. F. Strangeways, the British ambassador, honoured me with a visit, and offered his assistance to facilitate our journey. The Hôtel de Russie is richly furnished, and well conducted, and I lived comfortably there.

Oct. 2.—We got post-horses, and commenced travelling in our own carriage. We passed many charming, airy, and long avenues in the forests, and halted for refreshment in many large and pleasant towns; and, after two days' journey, we came to Dresden. The Honourable F. R. Forbes, the British ambas-

sador at the court of the King of Saxony, invited me and my friend, Captain Lewis, to dinner. The good-hearted Captain Colin Mackenzie shewed me all the wonders of the place.

Oct. 7.—Having completed my business with Captain Colin Mackenzie, and returned to Leipsic, we started by railroad and came to Berlin, the capital of the King of Prussia. Here the British ambassador, the Earl of Westmoreland, and his countess, behaved nobly towards me. After dinner they presented me with their portraits, and shewed many other civilities which I shall always remember with gratitude. Baron Humboldt is an old scientific gentleman, of extraordinary talents. His views regarding the Russian mission, or that of Captain Vicovitch, to Dost Mohammed Khan, in Kabul, amused me; I shall describe them in my next work. Count Ross has made a collection of Oriental curiosities; he is the son of a German personage, who made his fortune in India during the government of Warren Hastings. He received me so kindly and affectionately, that I feel anxious to meet him again.

Captain Von Orlich, the celebrated traveller in the East, treated me with great friendship. He gave up all his occupations and made my visit to Berlin agreeable and pleasant. He accompanied me to all the notable places, and I am much obliged to him for his kindness.

Oct. 10.—His Majesty Frederick William the

Fourth, the King of Prussia, invited me to dinner in his palace; and in company with my kind friend, Baron Von Orlich, I proceeded to Potsdam. The royal residence bears the name of "San Souci" ('without sorrow'), and is surrounded by a most charming garden. Their Majesties the King and the Queen were both kind to me; the King spoke English so fluently, that there appeared to me no distinction in speaking between him and the sovereign of England. His Majesty squeezed my hand graciously, and said he was delighted to see me, as a descendant of the family of the Kashmirian Rajah, which was the dream of his youth. The King was good enough to ask me to stay longer, but unfortunately my business in London precipitated my departure. It is impossible for me to describe to my own satisfaction the gracious, kingly, and benevolent kindness which his Majesty shewed me at and after dinner. There was no shadow of pride, but every mark of liberality and condescension.

On my departure for Germany, the Chevalier Bunsen had informed his Majesty of my intended visit to his capital, and Lord Aberdeen kindly gave me letters of introduction to all the ambassadors in the different courts, which secured for me great consideration on the continent. My sincere thanks are due to the noble earl and the Prussian minister in England.

After five days' journey, we came by the same

route back to Ostend, and on the 16th proceeded by the steamer to Dover, and thence by railway to London, where I found my friend Major Macgregor, with his bride, preparing to start for India; and he kindly made a fair statement with regard to my claim on account of grain purchased by direction of some functionaries.

Jan. 24, 1846.—The Prussian minister honoured me with a visit, and delivered a most charming likeness of his Majesty the King of Prussia. It was exquisitely carved in ivory, in a frame of solid gold, richly embossed and enamelled, and bearing the following inscription, in the German language:—

AN
MOHAN LAL MIRZA,
AUS DEM STAMME
DER FÜRSTEN
VON KASCHMIR,
FRIEDRICH WILHELM IV.,
KÖNIG VON PREUSSEN,
M.DCCC.XLV.

It was indeed a most gracious and generous token of his Majesty's favour, and I was lost in speculation how best to offer my humble thanks to this benevolent monarch.

Nothing is more surprising here than the education of ladies; among them a most amiable, handsome, and highly respected young lady astonished me with her accomplishments. She and her good parents have been excessively obliging, and I

wish her every happiness, and a long life, with my sincere heart, and shall esteem her always.

Feb. 15.—I received a very kind and polite invitation from Lord Combermere, whose name I had heard with terror connected with the capture of Bharutpur, when I was a very young boy. His lordship possesses an extensive estate in Cheshire, with a large lake, and a beautiful residence, formerly an abbey of the Roman Catholics, founded, according to an old history (of which his lordship gave me an extract), in the year 1133. In 1533, Henry the Eighth, who destroyed all the monasteries, sequestrated this abbey with its estate, and granted it to George Cotton, Esquire, who stood high in that King's favour. The present owner is of the ninth generation from the above-mentioned Cotton. It is called now Combermere Abbey, and is altogether a charming place. The park is about twenty miles round, and the lake four miles. It abounds with sport, and the scenery is rich and luxurious. The house is full of Indian curiosities, and of weapons of war from the fort of Bharutpur. His lordship has also the history, in manuscript, of Soruj Mal Jat, the founder of the dynasty of that tribe, and of the fort. Lord and Lady Combermere, and their excellent son and daughter, were very kind to me, and asked me to come down in the summer and stay longer with them.

I cannot conclude without expressing my unlimited thanks to many accomplished ladies, for the

style of address in commencing letters, with which I was formerly, in a great measure, unacquainted. The following note, which a lady favoured me with, will give an idea of their chaste mode of address, and pure language:—

"My Esteemed Friend, Mohan Lal,—Before thou leavest a country where thy nobleness and generosity have made a deep and lasting impression, might an entire stranger entreat of thee a small individual favour, one which she might keep, and prize as a personal memento of thee? I mean a verse or so from one of those two great poets of thy country, Hafiz or Ferdousi, in their native tongue, and in thy hand-writing. Shouldst thou grant me this, it would be an honour and a kindness, for which I should feel very grateful to thee. Excuse, I pray thee, the liberty I have taken; but I have been stimulated to it by my high esteem for thy character; and remain, believe me, as I crown my farewell with hope, thy very respectful friend, &c. &c."

Before I add "Finis" to these pages, I repeat my apologies for errors, and beg pardon from those gentlemen and ladies of whom I have spoken in this book if they do not approve of it. This I have merely done to shew my grateful remembrance of their kindness.

FINIS.

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